

BRITISH GQ

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

MAY 2015

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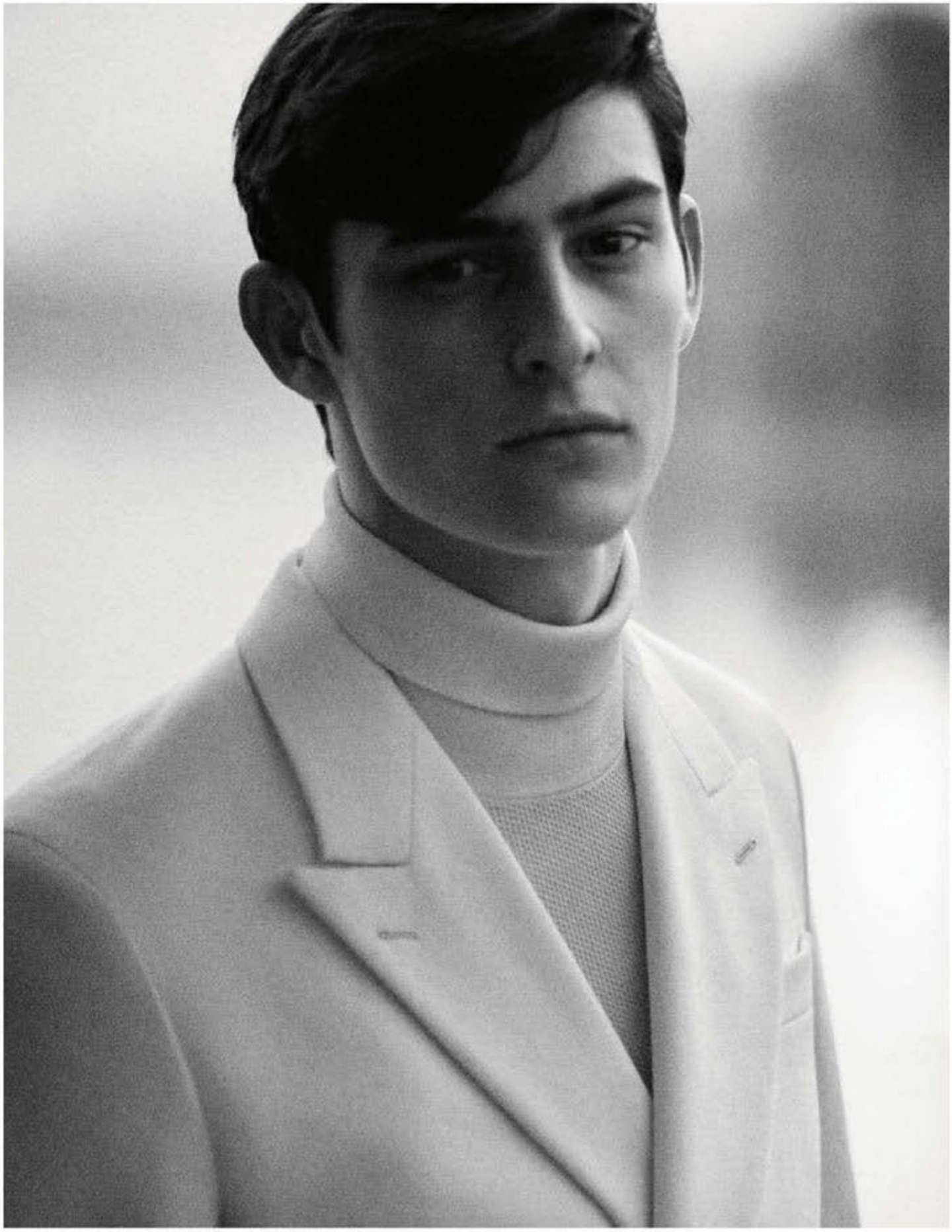
REPORT

DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY!

Bruce Jenner's transition

BY MICHAEL WOLFF

CHRISTOPH WALTZ PHOTOGRAPHED FOR BRITISH GQ BY MATTHEW BROOKES



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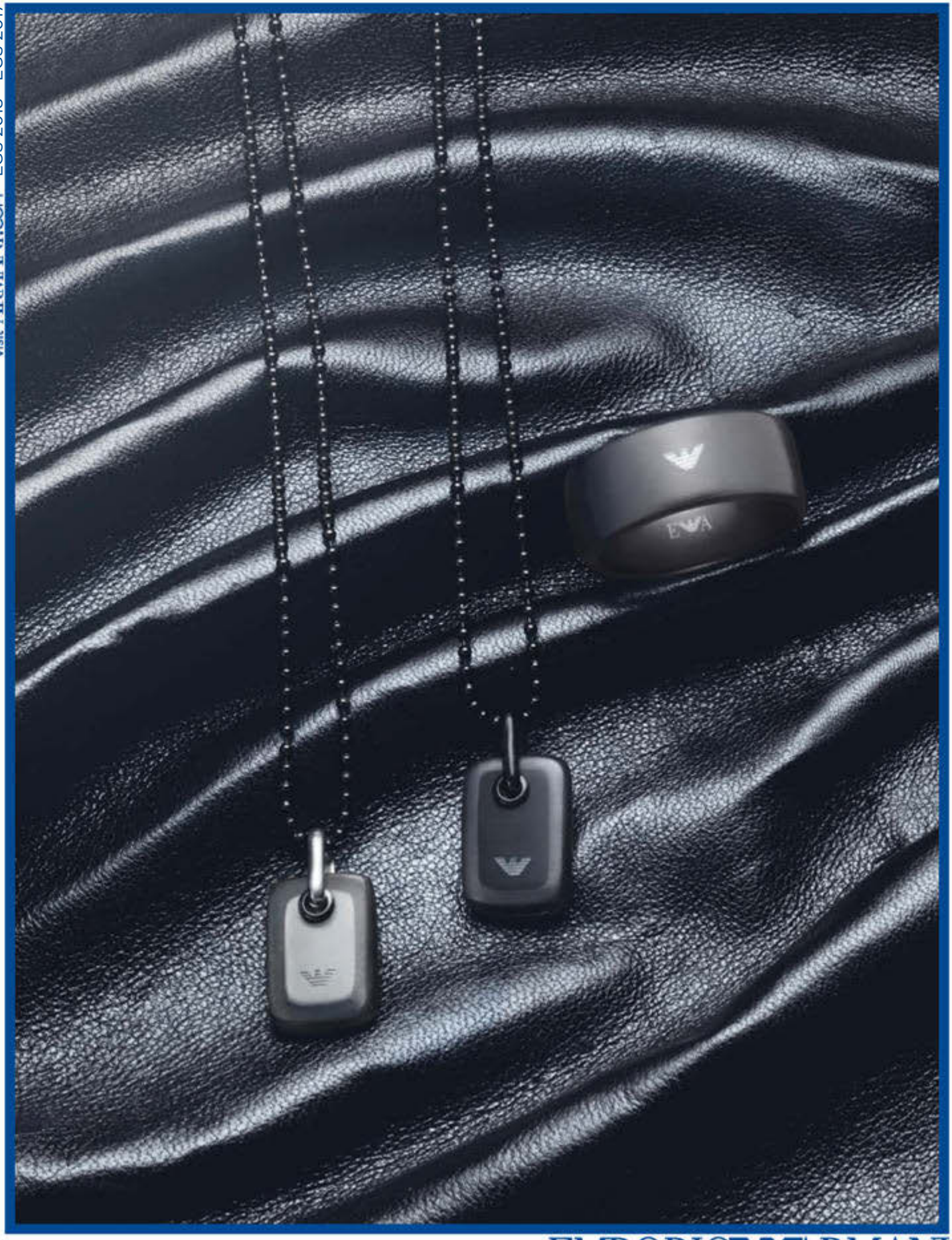
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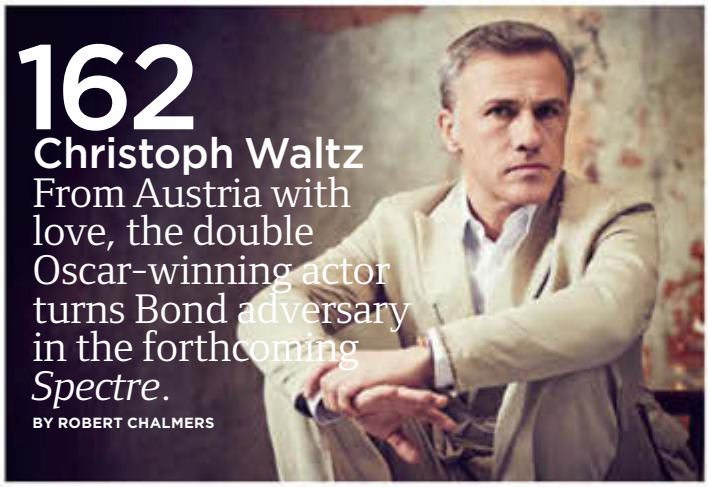
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Jack O'Connell
London, October 2014

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On the cover:
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PUBLISHED UNDER JOINT VENTURE:

BRAZIL
Published by Edições Globo Condé Nast S.A.
Vogue, Casa Vogue, GQ, Glamour, GQ Style

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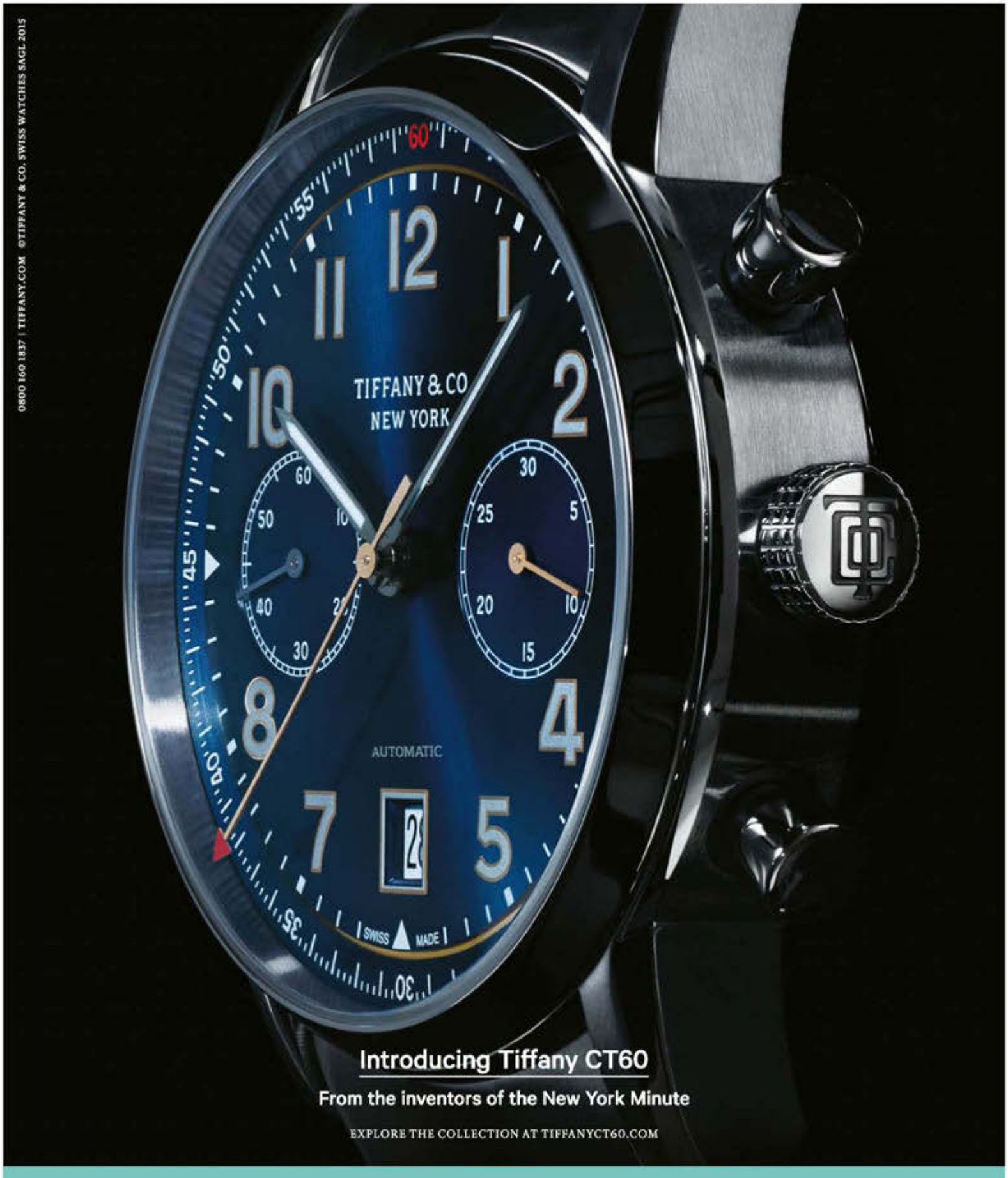
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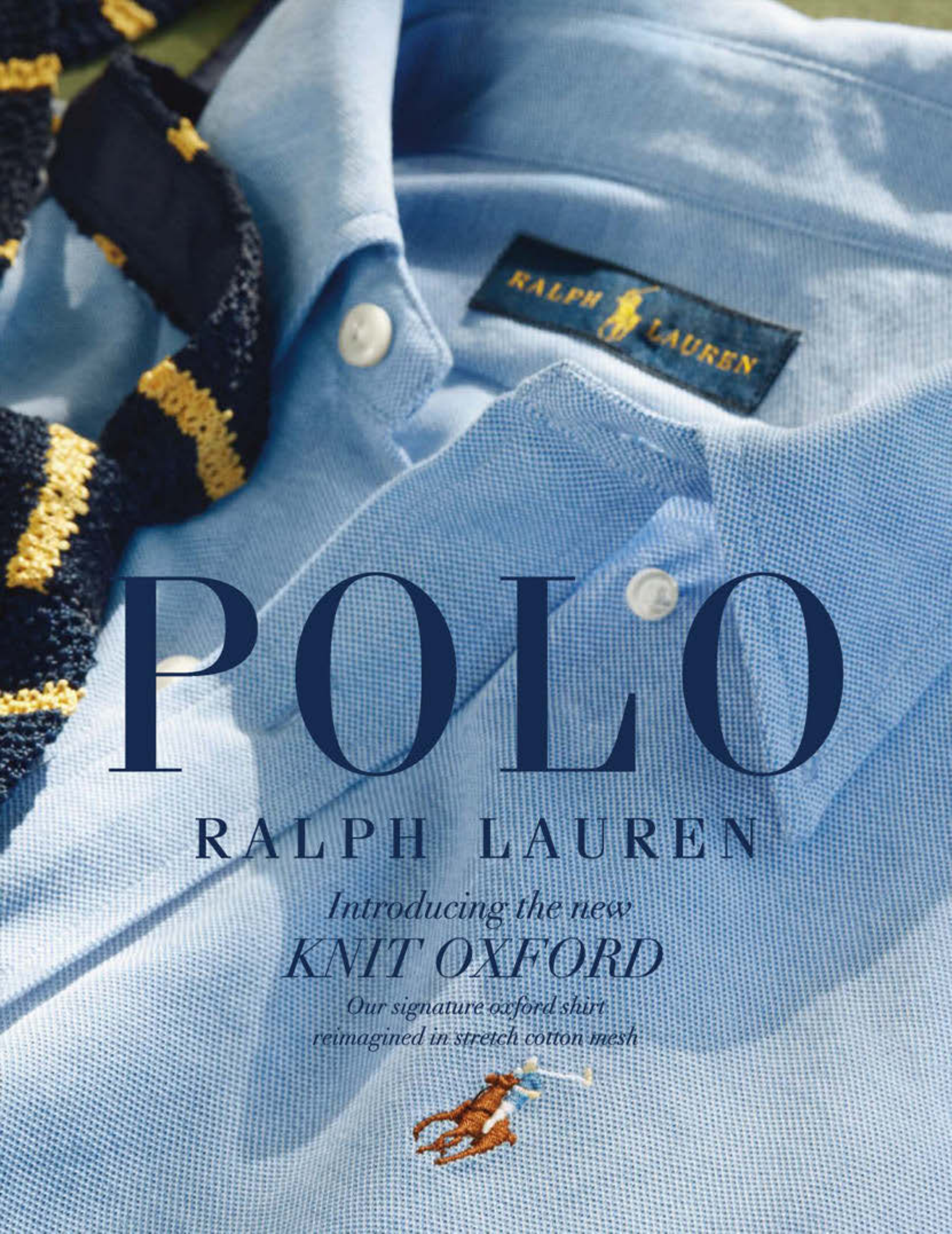
don't think you'll find anyone to disagree that this is the most intriguing general election in years, possibly since 1997, when New Labour swept into power in a much-anticipated putsch. This time, though, unlike 18 years ago, there is no great sense of expectation, no anticipatory feeling of momentous change.

Frankly, the election this time promises the threat of another coalition, the fragmentation of the traditional two/three horse race, and various mathematical possibilities involving UKIP and the Scottish National Party that are going to make 7 May potentially the most exciting night of terrestrial television since the last World Cup final. OK, well at least since Red Nose Day.

The election has also been clouded by the rather undignified squabble over the televised debates, with David Cameron acting like an imperious monarch, refusing to meet his people (or indeed even acknowledge them), and the BBC, never afraid to act in a partisan manner, managing to appear both smug and petulant at the same time.

Considering what a hash Cameron made of the TV debates five years ago, at the last election, it is perhaps not surprising he was so reluctant to appear in front of the cameras again. First he made the mistake of sanctioning the inclusion of the Liberal Democrats in the debates – and thus allowing Nick Clegg to not only introduce himself to a nation who had previously had almost no relationship with him, but to also come across as a more palatable version of Cameron – but he then proceeded to present a heavily airbrushed version of himself. I had always maintained – and indeed, when given the opportunity, had told Cameron myself – that by the time of the debates, most people had already made up their mind about him (thinking that he was simply a chinless wonder in a nice new suit, or that they were prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt). So, rather than trying to appear conciliatory, he

Poll position: As part of GQ's election special, Andy Coulson dissects future Tory leadership contenders and Alastair Campbell interviews Nick Clegg



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The growth of social media has meant that transparency is now less of a marketing tool and more an occupational hazard

should have tried to present the more aggressive side of his personality, the side he tended to show whenever he was arguing with Gordon Brown during Prime Minister's Questions in the Commons. I suggested he should act like a general, and instead he acted like a diplomat. Heigh ho.

The political climate is very different five years later, however, as it has been complicated by the rise of Nigel Farage and UKIP, a party that many seem to be gravitating towards purely as a way of letting the other parties know how irritated they are with them. If at first it was just the Tories who were losing ground to UKIP, in the past year or so, Ed Miliband's party has also started to lose significant traction. And what was once a protest vote now looks as though it may affect the entire election (with UKIP coming second in a significant number of constituencies).

Honestly, UK politics in 2015 makes *House Of Cards* and *The Thick Of It* both look like children's programmes.

It was with this spirit that we put together this special issue of the magazine. As with most spring issues, we have devoted a fair amount of space to style, and what you may want to be wearing as the weather changes; but we've also tried to give a broad approximation of the issues concerning the major parties as we head towards the general election – sending the legendary broadcaster John Simpson to spend a day with the prime minister (*below*), asking our resident suave rottweiler Alastair Campbell to spend a couple of hours with deputy prime minister Nick Clegg, and getting Cameron's former spin doctor Andy Coulson to anticipate what may happen when his old boss finally falls of his perch. Plus, of course, we have the country's finest political commentator, and our regular Westminster correspondent, Matthew d'Ancona – who now writes for the Guardian as well as *GQ*.

Politicians love the oxygen of publicity, especially in the run-up to an important election, so it was no surprise when we were approached by their respective teams. Indeed, we were also offered a whole raft of other, slightly less boldface names, who we felt were probably surplus to requirements. The only major political leader who didn't appear interested in appearing in *GQ* was Ed Miliband himself, even when asked by Alastair Campbell. One may have thought that the Labour Party would have been interested in speaking to the several million consumers of brand *GQ*, but apparently not. One may have thought he would have been keen to try to lure some of the huge swathes of the electorate who remain undecided, an electorate which has never been more ambivalent towards the major parties. People distrust politicians more than ever, as the growth of social media has meant that transparency is now less of a marketing tool and more an occupational hazard.

This reminds me of the only other political leader to spurn our advances (and in the past 20 years we have interviewed everyone from Barack Obama to Vladimir Putin), the former Tory leader Iain Duncan Smith.

And look what happened to him.





MOVING UP IN THE WORLD

This month we bid farewell to *GQ*'s esteemed Publishing Director, Jamie Bill. As the Publisher of *GQ*, Jamie has brought a dynamism and an integrity to the commercial side of our business that is unparalleled in our sector. He has been a marvellous colleague, a fabulous ambassador and a great partner in crime. *GQ* is more successful now than it has ever been, and as the co-custodian of the brand, Jamie leaves the magazine in more than rude health. Jamie will now take up the position of Executive Director Of Condé Nast Global Development, with responsibility for generating new business across borders, platforms and categories, and reporting into London and New York. I, my team, and everyone at *GQ* wish him well. DJ

Dylan Jones

Dylan Jones, Editor

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Contributors



Robert CHALMERS

GQ contributor Robert Chalmers went head-to-head with notoriously private actor (and upcoming James Bond villain) Christoph Waltz for this month's cover story. "He guards his secrecy like Fagin would have guarded his own pocket book," he says. "I was pleasantly surprised to find him funny, likeable in a mischievous sort of a way, and relatively forthcoming, by his own standards. I think he will make a superb Bond villain. He has that ability to exude a sort of highly civilised, urbane sense of menace that is chilling and effective."



Shireen JILLA

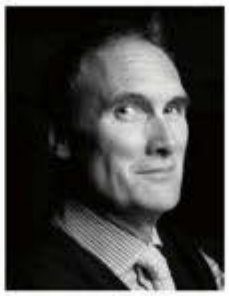
Journalist-turned-novelist Shireen Jilla, who writes for the *Times* and has recently published a novel, *The Art Of Unpacking Your Life*, explores the not-often-discussed topic of bigamy for *GQ*'s Foreword. "Not my special subject," she admits. "But I'm fascinated by the secrets stored inside relationships, rarely exposed even to close friends. Bigamy is the biggest, because it is extreme, but not sexually exciting."



Nigel RAYNOR

aka PESKY KID

Illustrator Nigel Raynor, aka Pesky Kid, has drawn for major comic publishers Marvel, DC and Dark Horse, as well as Britain's premier sci-fi comic *2000AD*, but turned his pen to the UK's political leaders for *GQ*'s elections coverage. "I've been a lifelong Labour voter so I approached this commission, drawing Tories as super-heroes, as a sort of perverse parody," he explains. "Unfortunately, it's all come out far better than I'd hoped – sorry, Ed!"



AA GILL

AA Gill's travails in the golfing community leads him to ruminate on the lack of fashionable choices in the sport on GQ.co.uk. "Golf is a blissful, Zen chill-out space. There are no chic choices to be made. In golf, all men are equal and hideous. Golfers are the only men who look better naked. There is a calming rightness about it all. Nothing to snag your eye. You're never going to say, 'Where did you get those fashion shorts?'"



Andy COULSON

David Cameron's former director of communications gives his take on the men and women most likely to succeed the prime minister as Conservative leader. "This year's general election is unpredictable, but questions over the leadership of the three main parties after 7 May is proving just as big a challenge for the pundits," he says. "Under David Cameron's stewardship a rich and varied crop of potential successors have been encouraged to grow. The Tories now have strength in depth."

Matthew BROOKES

Photographer Matthew Brookes, who has shot for the *New York Times Magazine*, Armani and Paul Smith, this month led *GQ*'s cover shoot with Christoph Waltz. "I'm a great fan of his," Brookes says. "His performance in *Inglourious Basterds* really sticks out in my mind. Waltz was funny, playful and really a great pleasure to work with. I'm an even bigger fan now."



Team Bond-ing (from left): GQ Style Fashion Assistant Emily Tighe, cover star Christoph Waltz, GQ Features Director Jonathan Heaf, GQ Creative Director Paul Solomons, GQ Style Editor Luke Day, GQ Picture Editor Cai Lunn, Matthew Brookes and GQ Style Senior Fashion Assistant Sophie Clark

Photographs Matthew Brookes; Rex; Getty Images


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Double trouble: History is peppered with accounts of bigamy and second families. But morality aside, how would you explain it to your accountant?

TWO GIRLS FOR EVERY BOY

Bigamy – or even polygamy – may go well beyond certain faith-based traditions and amoral powerbrokers, but that doesn't stop it being a joke. It really is the last taboo

STORY BY **SHIREEN JILLA**

There are few subjects that have the "Jesus wept" factor, especially for journalists. But my old friend, who is a radio presenter, happily married, avowedly highly sexed, visibly squirms as his neighbour explains why her husband isn't with us for dinner. "It's one of his nights with Maggie and their son," she says calmly, forking her salad.

My friend is silent. I can see him frantically skimming through his articulate vocabulary for some choice words. He reluctantly settles on, "Right. Cool." But he instantly regrets the obfuscation. It's beneath him. His toes curl but he continues. "Really? How did that happen then?"

Her husband fell into an affair with a work colleague – opportunity knocks – which ticked over for eight years, until his lover pushed him for a baby. He already had a family: wife plus two kids. But he went ahead with it. Only here's the rub. He had no intention of leaving either woman. Years on, he judiciously divides his time between the two families – three nights one week means four nights the next.

This situation is surely enviable. Talk about gorging yourself on cake. Marriage is still the desirable endgame for the vast swathe, even if it's after a more prolonged period of sexual deviance. At best, it's the ideal: you get a soul mate, sex on tap and satisfy the primeval urge to procreate. It follows that if one family is great, two gives you even greater gratification. Right?

Only it seems to be quite the reverse. It's not only social media, Tinder etc, that has taken the bite out of bigamy. (Quite literally in Brian Frain's case, when his first wife spotted pictures of her successor on Facebook, in the same Tameside registry office where Frain slipped the ring on her finger. Duh.) Bigamy's roots are sex based, but it is not >

Photograph Trunk Archive

remotely sexy. In fact, it feels more like an unspayed tom cat peeing on one too many territories.

What defines bigamy from your more regular case of adultery is the second family. Smoky-eyed Fifties aviator Charles Lindbergh flew his single-engined monoplane 5,800km, making him the first man ever to be in New York one day, Paris the next. His polygamy was also an early prototype. Leaving one wife and five kids in the US, he shacked up with not one German sister but two, Brigitte and Marietta Hesshaimer, distributing five children between them before adding a couple of extras with a secretary, also in Germany. With a transatlantic total of 12 kids, Lindbergh was like a crazed gunman running amok.

What's with the desire to procreate with more than one woman? It's just not right. Those of us who claim to be socially liberal, solidly behind the legalisation of same-sex marriage, would honestly shudder if bigamy followed suit. Even the word is laced with *Daily Mail*-sized censure. Bigamy is a crime under Section 57 of the Offences Against the Person Act 1861. And in our minds the word refers to the crime of getting married to more than one partner rather than the double family act. You are not a bigamist until you are caught.

Bizarrely, polygamous marriages are recognised in the UK if – a big if – the weddings take place in countries where it's legal. There are apparently more than 20,000 polygamous Muslim men here right now, a fact highlighted by the recent Channel 4 documentary *The Men With Many Wives*. You can only officially sponsor one spouse to get a partner visa, yet multiple wives clearly slip through passport control. To boot, in 2008, the government gave the go-ahead to claim extra, if lower, welfare benefits for Wife 2, Wife 3 and so on.

The documentary's director, Masood Khan, tracked down independent Muslim women who claimed it was a liberating option – fewer domestic chores and less servicing of the spouse. Indeed, Mayor Boris Johnson's ex-wife Allegra Mostyn-Owen married a younger Muslim man in secret. Shortly afterwards she wrote in the *Evening Standard*, "I realise that I am unlikely to conceive children [at my age] so we agreed that, so long as he chooses a good partner, then I am happy to live together in an extended family."

There is obviously some interest out there. Last autumn, Yusuf Khan set up a website devoted to find British Muslim men more wives: secondwife.com. It already has 3,000 users. However, less than five per cent of Muslims actually practise polygamy.

Charles Darwin insisted that primeval man was instinctively polygamist. As far as modern man is concerned, divorce is easy to come by. And modern dual living is too fraught with practical complications. How would you determine which is your main mortgage? How would you explain it to your accountant? It is a taxman's wet dream.

Exposed British bigamists – disproportionately featured in the *Manchester Evening News* – are more like characters in a *Carry On* film than *Fifty Shades Of Grey*. Former glamour model Emily Horne told her fourth husband the truth after an all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet in Oldham. Christ, you couldn't make it up.

Perhaps only politicians have the charisma and ruthless IQ to upgrade bigamy and stylishly whip between multiple homes. The French president François Mitterrand had a daughter with his mistress, Anne Pingeot. Mazarine Pingeot was a secret until she was 20, when a tabloid tracked her down. The French, who rarely raise a waxed eyebrow at any extramarital setup, were outraged that la deuxième maman et sa fille were housed at the expense of the government.

Anglo-French financier, politician and big-time buccaneer Sir James Goldsmith was Britain's most flamboyant polygamist. The ultimate alpha, abetted by vaults of cash, Jimmy unashamedly shuttled in his

Bizarrely, polygamous marriages are recognised in the UK if – a big if – the weddings take place in countries where it's legal

Boeing 757 between a triangle of women: his French ex-wife Ginette Lery, Lady Annabel Birley and Laure Boulay de la Meurthe. His affair with French aristo and journalist Boulay de la Meurthe produced two children and he regularly introduced her as his wife, while he was married to his third wife, aka his previous mistress, Lady Annabel Birley, the mother of three of his children (Jemima, Zac and Ben). The sound bite "when a man marries his mistress, he creates a vacancy" is often miscredited to Goldsmith, though it is highly appropriate. In 1997, both Birley and Boulay de la Meurthe were by his bedside in his mansion in Marbella, when Goldsmith, still at it at 64, died of a heart attack induced by pancreatic cancer. Touché.

In stark contrast, Hollywood A-listers are shocked to discover bigamy in their backyard. In 2012, Reese Witherspoon was in court with her father when he was sued for bigamy. He had never divorced Reese's mother, although they had lived apart for 16 years. Despite his alcoholism, overspending and infidelity, Witherspoon's mother fingers bigamy as the final straw that drove her to court.

Kim Cattrall discovered her grandfather was a bigamist on the BBC's genealogy show *Who Do You Think You Are?* Let's face it, more humiliating than on Facebook. And the icy blonde lost her cool over her own brush with the B-word. "How does one prepare for an awful truth?" she has said. "It's unimaginable."

Indeed. Hollywood shares her horror. And there is no desire to catch the bigamist on camera. Not since the Fifties has bigamy been tackled by a mainstream movie. Ida Lupino's *The Bigamist* portrays Harry Graham (Edmund O'Brien) as a lost salesman in the grip of a midife crisis. Harry and his wife, Eve (Joan Fontaine) are trying to adopt a baby. The head of the adoption agency suspects Harry of hiding something and sets out to investigate his background. After discovering that Harry does a hell of lot travelling from his San Francisco home, he is tracked down in his LA pied-à-terre, complete with his second wife and baby. The movie is rather depressing. Certainly it isn't on the slate for a remake.

We could never take bigamy that seriously. We associate it with cults and fanaticism. Look at the happy-clappy smiles of reality-TV star Kody Brown and his four freakily identikit "wives". (Though he does live in Utah, where there's a beer called Polygamy Porter.) Brown exposes his polygamy on the TLC television show *Sister Wives*, and is – yes, how did you guess – a member of a Mormon fundamentalist church, the Apostolic United Brethen. In 2013, Brown, plus Meri, Janelle, Christine and Robyn, won a federal law suit to overturn the section of Utah's bigamy law that decreed polygamous relationships were illegal. However this does not mean you can legally pitch up at a Utah registry office for a second wedding.

Ultimately, bigamy is just too Mormonic. It smacks of a certain insanity and lack of judgement. In the end, is it really worth all that effort? GQ

The Art Of Unpacking Your Life by Shireen Jilla is out now (Bloomsbury Reader, £6.99).

JACOBCOHEN.IT



JACOB COHËN



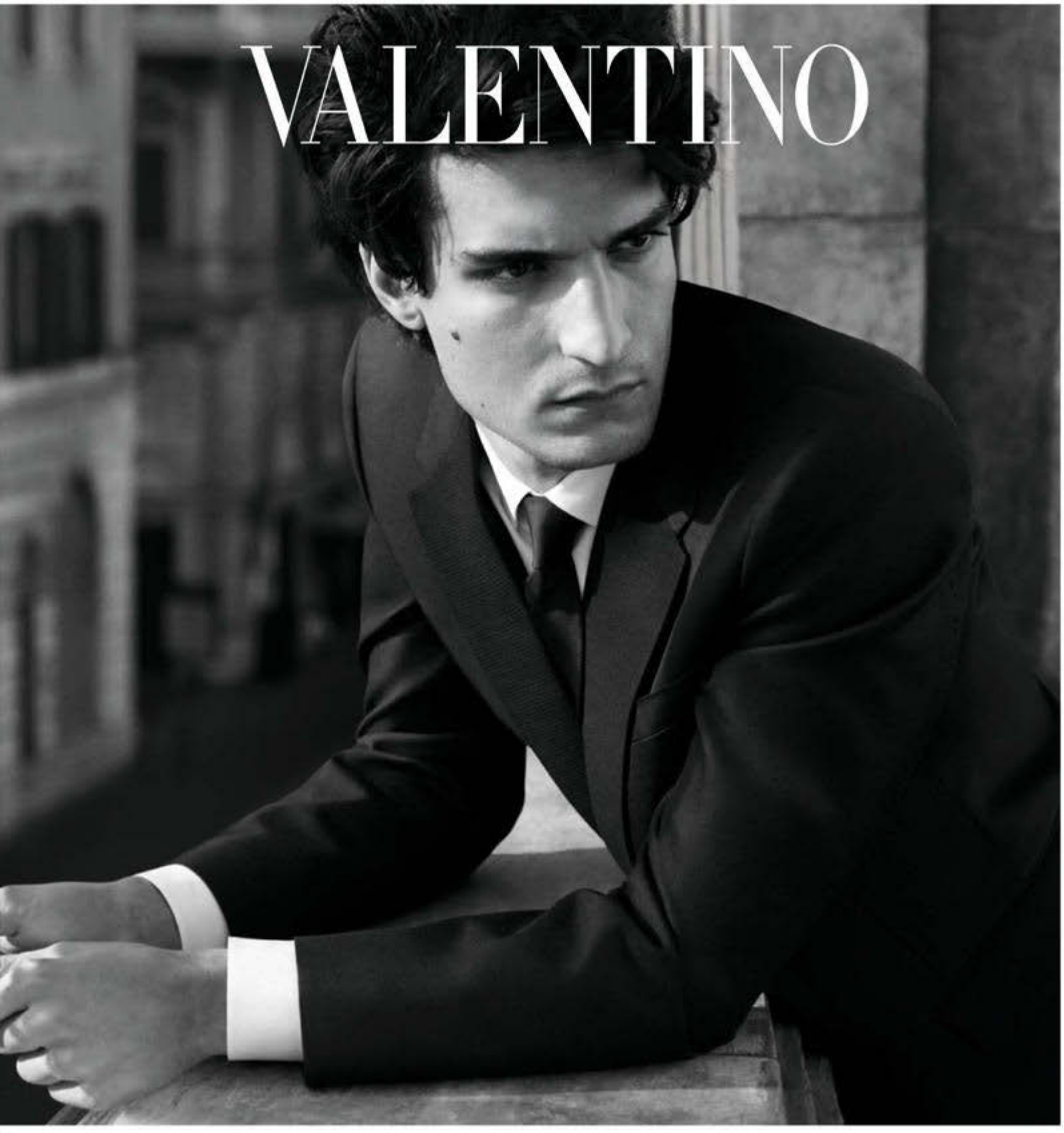


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GQ DETAILS

EDITED BY **CHARLIE BURTON**



Unchained melody: Django Django's Vincent Neff beams musical psychedelia from the stage of the Summer Sundae Weekender

Photograph Getty Images

THE LIVE SHOW

DJANGO DJANGO grabbed attention partly for their adventurousness (unorthodox tunes, often played on unorthodox instruments), partly for the **Dylan-esque** imagery of their lyrics (borderlands, women's hair, dreams of avarice), but mainly for their freewheeling, tremendously **visual live performances**. Ahead of the tour for their upcoming album *Born Under Saturn*, they took us on a mini space odyssey... *See page 41*

THE DINING ROOM

SECRETS OF THE IVY: THE MAÎTRE D' SPEAKS!

IT'S been the gravitational centre of theatreland dining for a quarter of a century – and now, for the first time since 1990, The Ivy is getting a floor-to-ceiling refurbishment. To mark its reopening this month, its maître d', Fernando Peire, shares three favourite celebrity stories from years of running the show...*



THE FORK INCIDENT

"**Julian Belfrage**, who was a major agent for people like Judi Dench, was having dinner with his wife and smoking a **big cigar**. There was an American on the next table, and Americans hated smoke. So this guy took a glass of water and poured it over Julian's cigar. It ended up with the American grabbing Julian – so Julian grabbed a fork and stabbed it into the man's hand. There was blood everywhere and the women were screaming! I moved the Americans on to another table; Julian said he wasn't moving, and there was this standoff across the room. People are funny!"

A BIT OF FRY AND GRAY

"**Stephen Fry** was in a play called *Cell Mates* written by Simon Gray. Stephen had a panic attack after an early performance and drove overnight to Belgium. He was meant to be on stage the next day and he didn't come in. So they closed the play for a few days and then his understudy took over, but Simon was furious. Furious! One night Simon came in to have dinner with **Harold Pinter** and I thought, 'Oh no, Stephen Fry's in the building!' So I went up to Stephen and told him Simon was here. He immediately said, 'Oh, I'll just have the bill please.' He scarpered straight away because he thought it could end up in a fight."

BILL MURRAY, BIN MAN

"**Bill Murray** came in and he saw there were **paparazzi outside.** We ended up in conversation and he said, 'I don't want to leave through the front door and walk past those guys with the cameras. I just don't want to do that, OK?' I told him we had a back door. He said, 'Alright, but I'm gonna need some help.' So he got us to give him a handkerchief and tie four knots in it, which he put over his head, and he left carrying two bags of rubbish, straight out the back door and into Soho." **Quotes have been edited for brevity.*





HOW TO GIVE THE FOURTH DEGREE (IN FOUR EASY STEPS)

FORMER CIA officer Philip Houston's new book, *Get The Truth* (*Icon, £12.99*), explains how to become a master interrogator. Here are four techniques we learned. **1. Strike early:** Cover the key issues fast to take advantage of the subject's anxiety, which is generally highest at the start of the conversation. **2. Pass the baton:** People don't confess to crowds, so create the sense of a one-on-one when interviewing in tandem by having one person take the lead while the other observes (before switching). **3. Pause:** Silence between questions gives a guilty person room to blurt out something crucial. **4. Stop scribbling:** Not only does note-taking distract your attention from their body language, but it reminds the subject they are being recorded and will make them tread carefully. **Max Williams**

THE JOKES SLOT

TAKE a picture; it lasts longer. Even better, let **Instagram** do it for you. Here are the three **funniest** 'grams we've seen this month.

Follow us
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@dylanjonesgq



@TREVSO_ELECTRIC
Get swole with us, danny.



@THEFATJEWISH
You know your Monday sucks when even your moisturizer comes out looking like a person weeping.



@SBELLELAUREN
Worst tindr match ever

Photographs Camilla Akrans/Management + Artists; Rex



Penny drops: Eva Green reprises her role as Vanessa Ives in Sky Atlantic's horror pastiche

THE DARK STAR

THE GRACEFUL DEAD

Alongside her film Salvation, Eva Green is back on the small screen this month in Penny Dreadful and as bewitching as ever

WE'RE sure you have plenty of good reasons for explaining why you watch *Penny Dreadful*. Perhaps, in more loquacious moments, you eulogise about its ability to grave rob from 19th-century supernatural fiction – how it mashes together potentially cartoonish characters such as Victor Frankenstein and Van Helsing – while nevertheless delivering smart, slow-build television. Maybe you also talk about the production values, which rival *Boardwalk Empire* in their lavishness and attention to period detail. But let's be frank: like us, you know there's one real draw. Whether she's playing a Bond girl (*Casino Royale*), a femme fatale (*Sin City*) or a sinister clairvoyant, as she does in this award-winning drama, Eva Green has a habit of stealing the spotlight. Corsetry notwithstanding. **CB** *Series two starts on Sky Atlantic on 28 April.*

FIVE DEGREES OF EVA GREEN

How she fits into the horror heritage.

1. Boris Karloff was in...
2. *Curse Of The Crimson Altar* (1968)...
3. with Christopher Lee...
4. Who was in *Dark Shadows* (2012)...
5. with Eva Green!



DJANGO DJANGO HAVE A HANKERING FOR SPACE SEX

Ahead of the new album *Born Under Saturn*, Jimmy Dixon (bass) and David Maclean (frontman) talk life, the universe and everything.

You're known for your wide-ranging, hard-to-categorise music. How did you switch it up for the second album?
DM: It would be difficult for us to change what we do, because we're not even sure what we do. Anything's up for grabs – a calypso beat, a synth line, a surf guitar. Anything goes.

You borrow sounds from multiple periods and continents. If you could travel anywhere in time and space, where would you go?
JD: I'd go back and stop George Lucas putting CGI in *Star Wars*. I just need a half hour window. If it needed to get violent, I'd get violent.

If you went into your own past, what advice would you give to your younger self?
JD: Don't support Leeds United.
DM: Don't wear black and navy blue together.

If you were offered the chance to be the first man on Mars but you'd never return to Earth, would you do it?
DM: If everything went wrong and I had no responsibilities or family, I would go. I'd potter about, go on recon missions, look for Mars rocks.
JD: You'd do that in the first half hour. "I thought there'd be more."
DM: You could get drunk a lot, try out space sex...

In a parallel universe, what would you be doing right now?
DM: We'd be in Bingo Bongo, the parallel version of Django Django. **BT**

Born Under Saturn is out on 4 May.



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THE ART BOOK

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They might portray themselves as Robin Hood-like mischief-makers, but art fraudsters are responsible for a criminal enterprise worth more than £1 billion a year. Noah Charney's new coffee-table book, *The Art Of Forgery*, tells the stories of the most important pieces and people in the history of the game. Honest. CB

Out on 18 May.



THE OTHER DALÍ
Sometimes artists losing their talents enlist others to paint for them. Experts believe Salvador Dali may have outsourced this piece to his friend Antoni Pitxot.



THE GAMBLER
Few forgers risk flat-out copying. Well, except Ely Sakhai. Experts suspect these imitations of Marc Chagall's 1972 "La Nappe Mauve" were down to him.

TELL-TALE WHITE
Wolfgang Beltracchi's use of anachronistic titanium white on "Red Picture With Horses" (which he said was by Heinrich Campendonk) led to his downfall in 2010.





THE RUMOUR MILL

BY HARRY COLE

When a voice over a Eurostar loud speaker asked if there was a doctor on board, medic turned **Tory MEP Charles Tannock** leapt to his feet. Alas: three others beat him to the patient, leaving him rather grumpy that he didn't get to play the hero.

Congratulations to **Simon Hoare** who has been selected to fight the rock solid Tory seat of Dorset North – despite not being the local candidate. The fact that he's David Cameron's councillor in Witney, Oxfordshire is entirely coincidental.

Critics have attacked the government for their slow response to the **HSBC scandal**. An awkward time then to remind everyone that HSBC *literally* owns the Home Office thanks to a PFI deal.

Ed Miliband still needs to work on his stump skills – look at his recent Q&A session in Pendle. "Thanks Hannah," said the Labour leader to a question from Helen. "Great question Jill," despite being asked by Jan. And to think he gets upset when people call him David!

THE GREAT RETURN



After 12 years, Blur are finally doing what we all wanted and releasing a new album, *The Magic Whip* (*out on 27 April*). Here are five other bands we wish would follow their lead.

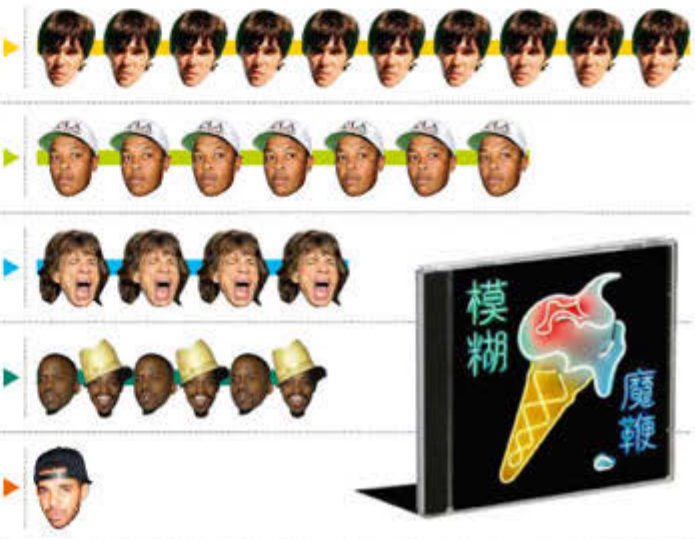
THE STONE ROSES
Wait: 21 years **Last album:** *Second Coming*
The baggy Madchester group reunited in 2011. No peep of new material yet, but we'd be mad fer it.

DR DRE
Wait: 16 years **Last album:** *2001*
Forgot about Dre? We suspect his chronically late LP *Detox* has been lost in an avalanche of headphones.

ROLLING STONES
Wait: Ten years **Last album:** *A Bigger Bang*
Headlining at Glasto then not writing any new music? Just cruel.

OUTKAST
Wait: Nine years **Last album:** *Idlewild*
Andre 3000 claimed Outkast's reunion made him feel like a sellout. He could try releasing a new record...

DRAKE
Last album: *If You're Reading This It's Too Late*
We've played it to death since it came out eight weeks ago. Come on, man – get back in the studio!



Photographs DeAgostoni/Getty Images; DPA; FBI; Rex **Illustration** Dave Hopkins

THE STYLE MANUAL

BLAZING SQUAD

It might be the most staple of wardrobe staples, but you've still got to sport a current look. We're getting behind these three blazer trends







PATTERNED

If you are wearing a statement piece (Mark Ronson, *left*), such as a patterned blazer, ensure that you keep everything else simple – otherwise you'll look like a walking migraine. For work, dress it up with a plain chambray shirt, knitted tie and chinos, or cool it down at weekends with a round-neck white T-shirt and jeans.

Blazer by **Atelier Scotch**, £349.95. At Michael Chell. michaelchell.co.uk. Shirt by **TM Lewin**, £34.95. tmlewin.com. Tie by **Next**, £10. next.co.uk



LEATHER

Tailored leather can be tricky to pull off, but looks and feels so great that it's worth it. Think stealth-wealth and keep the look casual: smart leather jackets on men can look a little "piano-key tie".



Jacket, £3,605. Cardigan, £600. Both by **Berluti**. berluti.com. T-shirt by **Sunspel**, £55. sunspel.com



DOUBLE BREASTED

Men are often scared of DB jackets but, truth is, they are very flattering for most body shapes and can be worn either super smart or casual (Tinie Tempah, *above*) For the latter, a lightweight summer version is perfect. NB: always keep the buttons done up. **Robert Johnston**





Jacket by **River Island**, £110. riverisland.com. Shirt by **Jaeger**, £65. jaeger.co.uk. Scarf by **Hardy Amies**, £120. hardyamies.com

Photographs Nicholas Kay, Getty Images, Rex, Trunk Archive **Styling** Holly Roberts



STYLE TIP

NOT INTO TRENDS?
No problem. You can give more traditional cuts a modern twist by simply popping the collar, as Eddie Redmayne demos here.

THE PARTY LINE

A word on the election by John Oliver's partner in crime and arch-satirist, Andy Zaltzman!

Never has the British electoral landscape been so open for a new political force to trampoline to prominence. To show up the parody parties such as UKIP – and to outperform more serious campaign groups such as Al Murray's FUKP. Here are some candidates we'd like to see...

The 'It'll Probably Be OK' Party (POK)
Politicians love to talk up the prospect of a future catastrophe. POK, however, would run on a simple ticket of muddling through and things being generally better than they are in Greece, Libya or Antarctica.

The Coalition Party
Decisive government is not always good government. This is proved by (a) history and (b) the visitors' book in The Hague. A new party that pledged nothing more than the avoidance of a working majority for any of the flatulent big beasts would be thumpingly popular.

Labour Party
Politics is crying out for a party that stands up for workers. By styling itself as the party of "labour", it would align itself clearly with those it represents.

The Finish Stonehenge Party (FSP)
Still needs a roof.

Andy Zaltzman performs three election specials of his stand-up show, Satirist For Hire, at the Udderbelly Festival with special guests on 16 and 23 April and 7 May. He begins a monthly residency at the Soho Theatre from 11 May. satiristforhire.com





THE BOOK TO READ

CROSSHAIR CULTURE



IN 2004, the journalist Iain Overton was in Somalia visiting a smuggler's market. It was a lawless country – the government had entirely collapsed, leaving it in the hands of Islamic militants and tribal warlords – and his armed bodyguards were high on khat. Through the cacti, he could see the wrecked fuselage of the US Black Hawk helicopter that was famously downed in 1993. He tried to film one of the loan banks that operated alongside the stalls of AK47s, drugs and fake passports. He heard the cocking of a semi-automatic behind him, warning him to put the camera away and he continued on his tour, logging the prices of the different firearms on display. "It was chaotically tense," Overton tells *GQ*. "I genuinely thought I was going to die. I remember thinking, 'What the hell am I doing here?'"

It's a question that could apply to most of the situations in which Overton finds himself throughout his new book *Gun Baby Gun*, which investigates the world of firearms through gripping reportage that's as disturbing as it is enlightening. There's the conversation over sandwiches and Coca-Colas with trigger-happy gangsters in San Salvador ("I'd kill a whole family," one of the men tells him. "If I just kill one and the others grew up, they'd kill you"); the clash with armed tribesmen in Papua New Guinea (Overton rips his shirt off because he had heard that it is harder to shoot a naked man); even the attempt to infiltrate an alleged arms financier (well, he gets as far as its basement). He corrals such encounters into chapters that each take on a different aspect of gun culture, whether that's its role in smuggling, for example, or hunting or recreation or police work, without – crucially – lapsing into anti-gun diatribe.



Shots fired: Iain Overton explores every aspect of gun culture, from trophy hunting to street violence

So what was the revelation that he found most surprising? "We tend to believe that there are these murky singular arms traders around the world. It's actually legitimate middlemen, who get hired by government to ship weapons into, say, Sudan or Ukraine," he says. "People like Viktor Bout – who was immortalised in the Nicholas Cage film *Lord Of War* – they don't exist any more." **CB**

Gun Baby Gun is out on 16 April.

GQ BAND O-MATIC

Your finds of three years ago have become arena acts. Time to refresh your playlists.



Into
BLACK KEYS?
Try
DRENGE

Yes, they're Tom Watson MP's favourite group, but the noisy Steel City two-piece are now winning over less embarrassing fans.

Undertow is out now.



Into
ELBOW?
Try
VILLAGERS

Irish indie-folksters, back with a third album. The first two were Mercury nominated. Third time lucky...

Darling Arithmetic is out on 13 April.

Into
JON HOPKINS?
Try
GEORGE FITZGERALD

A much-anticipated debut from the EDM maestro. Think Eighties synthpop in all its highly-coiffed glory. But not for too long.

Fading Love is out on 27 April.



Into
HOT CHIP?
Try
EAST INDIA YOUTH

Why does a band making such sunny sounds go under a name referencing a post-industrial dockyard? Just saying. **Joe Daniels**

Culture Of Volume is out now.

BRING YOUR 'A' GAME

NO 5

THE JOHNNY CHAN FLOURISH

At the poker table, use chip tricks (displays of dexterity) to psych out your opponents



1. This move is named after Johnny Chan (*above*) who popularised it in the film *Rounders*.



2. Hold six chips between little and ring fingers, or use a larger stack and rest against your palm.



3. Use your thumb to roll front three upwards. Pivot on to your middle finger, then up to your index.



4. Think of this part like an overhand shuffle. Using middle and ring fingers as guides, let the first chip fall.



5 Repeat with second and third chips until all six are back together. Looks cool. If you don't mess it up.

Illustrations Dave Hopkins







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Miami splice: Lenny Kravitz is one of four collaborators who have helped create South Beach's ultimate designer hotel

GQ TIP!
Women line the Hyde Beach bar like birds on a wire.

THE HOTEL STAY



EAT. STAY. RAVE. REPEAT.

Some places make a scene. SLS South Beach is the scene

WHAT happens when you play a version of "exquisite corpse", yet rather than using paper and pen to conjure some phantasmagorical being, you employ bricks and mortar, set square and paintbrush, to build the ultimate designer hotel? Well, that is precisely how SLS South Beach – housed in the tallest art-deco building in Miami – was conceived, the "players" being Sam Nazarian (the hotelier and CEO of the SBE "creative hospitality" entertainment company who also owns properties in Beverly Hills and Las Vegas), the designer Philippe Starck, chef José Andrés and rock god Lenny Kravitz. It's the ultimate luxury property mix tape, each of these wildly creative mavericks throwing their heart, soul and mind into building a unique (and surreal) boutique hotel experience. Take the bonkers-yet-brilliant rooms. For the mood of the guest suites Starck channelled – who else? – the ghost of Louis XV's mistress Madame de Pompadour, combining the sophistication of old French aristocracy together with kinky contemporary design tweaks such as mirrors on the ceiling (thanks, Lenny). For the food, chef Andrés employed an approach the hotel describes as "live culinary theatre"; its main restaurant, The Bazaar, is an indoor/outdoor experience that fuses the chef's Spanish heritage together with playful local Latin flavours. As you may have guessed this hotel isn't for wallflowers. But if it's Miami maximalism you're after, you'd be mad to stay anywhere else. Check in, go hard, then go again. **Jonathan Heaf**

Rooms start at £568 per night. slshotels.com/southbeach



THE BAR CODE

Barmen have secret methods for differentiating G&Ts from V&Ts. Here, three you'll see about town



Photographs Seth Browarnik/worldredeye.com; Skott Snider **Illustrations** Dave Hopkins


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THE LONDON SCENE

POWER PLAYS

Right now, there's a wealth of Hollywood names about to tread the boards. Entering stage left...

	DAMIAN LEWIS	CHIWETEL EJIOFOR	BRADLEY COOPER	BENEDICT CUMBERBATCH
WHAT'S HE IN?	**American Buffalo,** at Wyndam's Theatre from 16 April to 27 June. *wyndhamstheatre.co.uk*	**Everyman,** at the National Theatre from 29 April to 15 July. *nationaltheatre.org.uk*	**The Elephant Man,** at Theatre Royal Haymarket from 19 May to 8 August. *trh.co.uk*	**Hamlet,** at the Barbican from 5 August to 31 October. *barbican.org.uk*
WHAT THAT IS	David Mamet's 1975 **tragicomic heist** drama about a junk shop and a rare coin.	A **medieval morality tale** catapulted into the 21st century by poet laureate Carol Ann Duffy.	The tale of **Joseph Merrick** and his extreme deformities.	The **fastest-selling ticket** in London theatre history.
WHAT THAT ISN'T	A **wildlife doc**; an all-male cabaret act.	An English cinema chain; **a wellbeing supplement**.	A minor **Marvel comic.**	A miniature **cigar**.
WHY YOU'LL WANT TO GO	It's Lewis' first theatrical turn since 2009's **The Misanthrope** (*below, with Keira Knightley*).	It's central to the first season from new NT bosses **Rufus Norris** (*below*) and **Tessa Ross,** so they'll have given it their all. Or so one would hope.	The sheer curiosity of watching Cooper contort his face and body for the entire performance: he insists on doing it **without any make-up or prosthetics**.	It's girl-nip. Hello, **interval drinks**.
SHRINK-WRAPPED WISDOM	*American Buffalo* spurred the stars-on-stage trend when a 1983 production cast **Al Pacino** (*below*) as the main character, Teach.	Ejiofor's career clicked into gear while playing **Romeo** at the National 15 years ago.	Playing Merrick has been an ambition for Cooper ever since, at the **age of 12**, he watched John Hurt in David Lynch's film (*right*).	**100 seats** have been held back for each performance (contact the Barbican for more info).
TICKET HOTNESS LEVEL	Scorching.	Lukewarm.	Toasty.	Nuclear.

THE SCIENCE BIT

Modern technology has engendered a whole new set of modern ailments. Watch out for:



1 PHANTOM ALERTS
The false belief that your phone is vibrating in your pocket. Possibly a sign you need more friends.

2 MOBILE ACNE
Phones can cause spots through regular contact with the skin. Some devices carry more bacteria than bathroom fittings.

3 WI-FINFERTILITY
Radiation from Wi-Fi can kill sperm if your laptop is always on your crotch. Be safe, always use a table.

4 3-D HANGOVERS
TVs in 3-D can cause headaches and nausea – like the morning after a night out without actually having had a night out.

5 TECH NECK
Bending your neck while using your iPad can cause the skin to wrinkle and sag. Look out for a crease just above the collarbone.

6 PHABLET THUMB
Overuse of larger smartphones strains the hand. Counter by occasionally wiggling your fingers like a weirdo.

7 INSTAGRAM AMNESIA
Taking photos can worsen your recollection of an event. In some cases, obviously, this is a bonus.

THE VIEW POINT

AN INSTAGRAM TREND TO LET LIE THIS SUMMER

This time last year, men weaving flowers into their beards (yes, the **"flower beard"**) became, as millennials say, a thing. A **grooming gimmick** that was born in the Seventies then fell into hibernation for three decades, it sprang back to life courtesy of Instagram, hipsters and a heat wave. But let's be clear: it must not return. No, not because it's twee (although it is); nor because it's a gateway to harder forms of beard-object experimentation (cf the Tumblr blog "Will It Beard"). But because having lumberjack-length whiskers is no longer the look. Rule: your facial hair should not be able to accommodate a window box. **CB**

THE KEANU CODE

The shorter Keanu Reeves' hair, the better his film. That's why April's *John Wick*, in which he has middling locks, is – yup! – middling...

LONG HAIR

CHAIN REACTION (1996)
Keanu's proto-mullet goes rogue in this chase movie.
Rotten Tomatoes score: 16%

THE WATCHER (2000)
Keanu says he was tricked into making this slasher. Was he tricked into this haircut as well?
Rotten Tomatoes score: 10%

47 RONIN (2013)
His locks respect 18th-century Japan. The movie, which pits samurai against dragons, does not.
Rotten Tomatoes score: 14%

SHORT HAIR

POINT BREAK (1991)
A cop among hippies, his crop fits his character: respectable with a rebellious fringe.
Rotten Tomatoes score: 68%

SPEED (1994)
Keanu's SWAT operative sports a sensible buzz-cut throughout this thriller.
Rotten Tomatoes score: 93%

THE MATRIX (1999)
No matter how many blue pills they pop, computer programmers *never* look this sharp.
Rotten Tomatoes score: 87%

Stories Charlie Burton; Matt Glasby; Max Williams **Photographs** Getty Images; Rex



In the mood: Jack O'Connell left behind his tearaway past and has become one of Hollywood's brightest talents

He had an intensity, a grittiness, a realness that set him apart

THE STAR TO WATCH

ACTING UP

HATE to do this to you again, America, but this year's most exciting young actor is – yup! – another Brit. Not *just another* Brit, though – Jack O'Connell ploughs his own furrow. We've known as much ever since we first saw him as the teen tearaway James Cook in *Skins*: he had an intensity, a grittiness, a *realness* that set him apart. All qualities that made his role in Northern Ireland drama *'71* one of 2014's memorable performances and (alongside taking the lead in Angelina Jolie's *Unbroken* and prison drama *Starred Up* – oh, *and* winning a Bafta) a prelude to his *annus mirabilis*. So what does it hold? First up is *Tulip Fever*, which puts the Derby-born 24-year-old among Christoph Waltz, Cara Delevingne and Judi Dench in Tom Stoppard's tale of 17th-century Amsterdam. Then he's in hostage thriller *Money Monster* with Julia Roberts and George Clooney. Jack the lad? Meet Jack the man. **CB**

THE NIGHT OUT

ATLANTIC CROSSING

The special relationship isn't just about politics. Ahead of New York Fashion Week, a dinner in celebration of UK/US ties in the worlds of style, finance and tech was held at the Barclays building on 7th Avenue, hosted by the British Fashion Council and Barclays.


Harley Viera-Newton


Anna Wintour, Boris Johnson and Dylan Jones


Peter Andrew, Misha Nonoo and Steven Kolb


Anita Borzyszkowska


George Waud and Charlotte Tilbury

Boris Johnson and Andrew Rosen


Katie Grand, Katie Hillier and Pat McGrath


Matthew Hobbs


Dan Stevens


Thomas King


Munira Mirza


Lucky Blue, Lauren Santo Domingo, Jack Guinness and Alexa Chung


Marigay McKee


Yana Peel and Justine Simons




Zoe Jordan

Christopher Suarez


Caroline Rush and Anna Wintour


Jens Grede

Georgina Chapman


Boris Johnson and Rassi Mazdack


Keren Craig and Zanna Roberts Rassi

Photographs Hannah Thomson


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THE TV SHOW

END THE MADNESS

SAYANORA, *Mad Men*. The second half of the final series, starting on 5 April, marks the end of the coolest, realest, boldest drama on television. We've got our hopes and fears about how showrunner Matthew Weiner will choose to end it – and **Jesse Armstrong** (the award-winning screenwriter behind *Peep Show*, *Fresh Meat*, *The Thick Of It*, and *Black Mirror*) is no different. We asked him how he would wrap it up if he were in charge.

"With a TV series, you rarely know where it's going to end," says Armstrong. "After all, not many TV writers have the nuts to walk into HBO or Channel 4 and say, 'It's 13 series and this is the final frame. Take it or leave it, assholes!' Because even if you're Aaron Sorkin or David Milch, if it isn't working, it isn't working. Mostly, TV writers are like the *Lost* writers – making it up as they go along.

"With *Mad Men*, **I don't want to see Don hit the Seventies**. He's part of the buttoned-down, tranquillised Fifties. I don't want him to go on a voyage of self-discovery and start talking about his feelings at a Woodstock men's group.

"I don't want the finale to wrap up his complicated, always difficult to remember and oddly boring back story. No more revelations or breakdowns.

"No, instead, let's get all the best characters together – Peggy, Betty, Joan, his daughter Sally (interesting how in this most male of shows it is the women who are somehow most vivid). They can have a last little downbeat showdown. Don can't really articulate his feelings. Roger arrives to save him. They escape into a last hot New York night for **one last, very large scotch**, one last Marlboro, and then I think Don should check out with one last, large off-screen heart attack."



Jesse Armstrong's new novel Love, Sex And Other Foreign Policy Goals is out this month (Jonathan Cape, £12.99). *For more Mad Men see page 116*



Leaving on a jet plane: What will become of Mad Men's Don Draper?


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A Clash hit: Sharleen Spiteri's career highlights include Mick Jones singing her compositions back to her

PSST!
Texas are touring the UK from 18 April - 16 May. texas.uk.com

THE MUSIC ICON

SPITERI SILVER

Twenty-five years, 30 million records and one dangerous tango...



SINCE Texas emerged in Scotland in the late Eighties, they have become part of the national songbook. "We're one of those bands," says frontwoman and *GQ* family friend Sharleen Spiteri. "Love us or hate us, you know the music."

This year marks their **25th anniversary**, a landmark for which they recorded alternative versions of their hits alongside new tracks for a celebratory record, *25*, which shot into the top five of the album chart.

"We took all the songs from our career and made it one journey. Twenty-five years is a long time to be in the business, let alone be a female-fronted band."

Even after all this time, she's an ebullient character, still surprised that she made it from working as a hairdresser to becoming one of the faces of the Nineties.

Ask about her career highlights, and she'll mention winning praise from the **Bee Gees** ("Barry Gibb turned to me at the Brits and said, 'You guys are unbelievable'"), having The Clash's **Mick Jones** sing her songs back to her – and she'll also recall the time she almost caused **Alan Rickman** a spinal injury. Rickman danced with Spiteri for the "In Demand" video from 2000. The scene: a tango at a petrol station. The move: slamming Rickman into one of the pumps. "I threw him so hard that I nearly broke his bloody back!" she says.

For all her triumphs, though, she isn't always recognised in public. "People say, 'Have you been doing this long?' And I say, '25 years,' and they say, 'Have you sold a lot of records?' And I say, 'Yeah, about 30 million.'"

So what would Sharleen Spiteri be today if Texas had never taken off? "I'd be an unbelievably good hairdresser." **BT**

25 is out now.



Shall we dance: Alan Rickman with Sharleen Spiteri for 'In Demand'

THE DRINKS TREND

This just in: restaurants are selling more wine than ever. So where to go for the best bottles? We asked London's hippest sommeliers which *other* venture's cellar they rate...



1

GUS GLUCK
(Vinoteca, London N1)

The best wine list in town:
La Trompette.
5-7 Devonshire Road, London W4. latrompette.co.uk

"An old-school restaurant focusing on exciting wines like new-wave Portuguese. They were selling great Greek wine when no one else was."

Go-to bottle: "Mac Forbes' Hugh Cabernet [*£85*]. Lower alcohol, more poignant, lifted aromatics and elegance – but with a filthily tasty texture."



2

JONATHAN RAGGETT
(The Clove Club, London EC1)

The best wine list in town:
Mission.
250 Paradise Row, London E2. missione2.com

"It's mainly because of my obsession with North American wine, but also because I love the vibes the room brings. And they describe Californian wines in Old World terms – I don't know why, but that tickles me!"

Go-to bottle: "The Syrah 'Tous Ensemble' Copain 2012 [*£47*] from Mendocino County."



3

ROMAIN AUDRERIE
(Chiltern Firehouse, London W1)

The best wine list in town:
Andrew Edmunds.
46 Lexington Street, London W1. andrewedmunds.com

"They let you drink some of the finest wines from Burgundy and California but nearly at cost. Great for a wine geek."

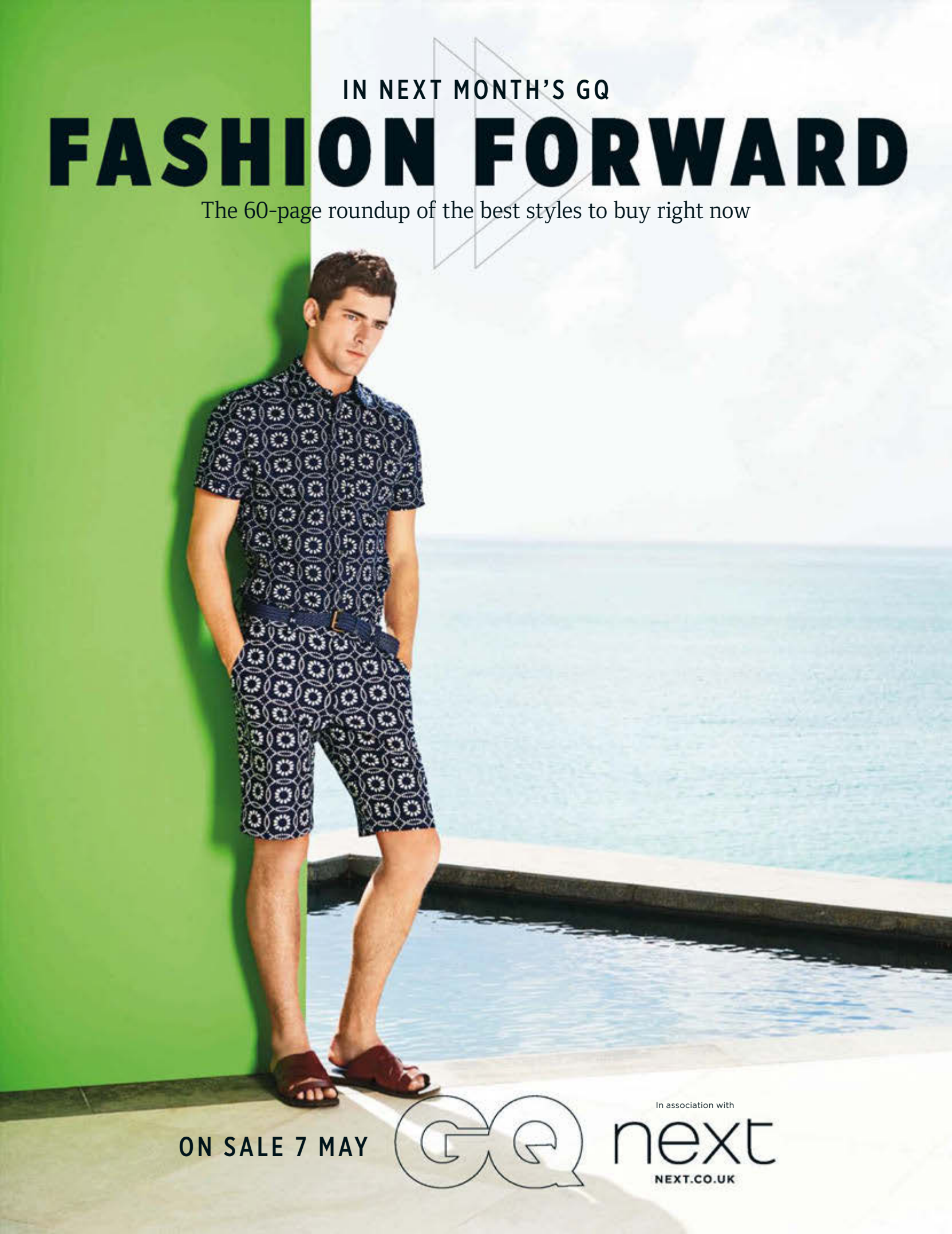
Go-to bottle: "The French Chardonnay from Vignoble Guillaume [*£38*]. It's a Grand Cru: rich, layered with tropical fruit and marzipan."

Photographs Sudhir Pithwa

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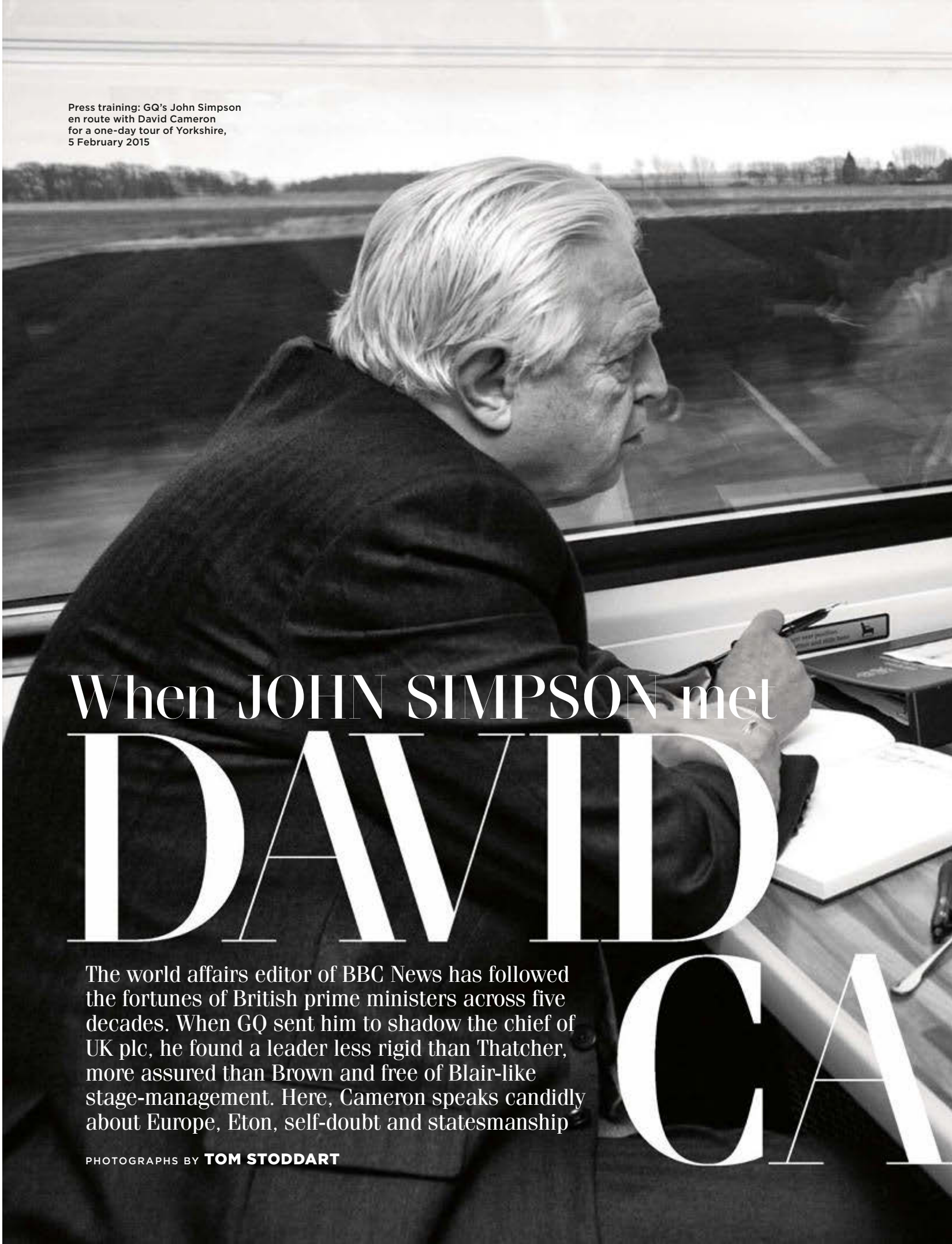


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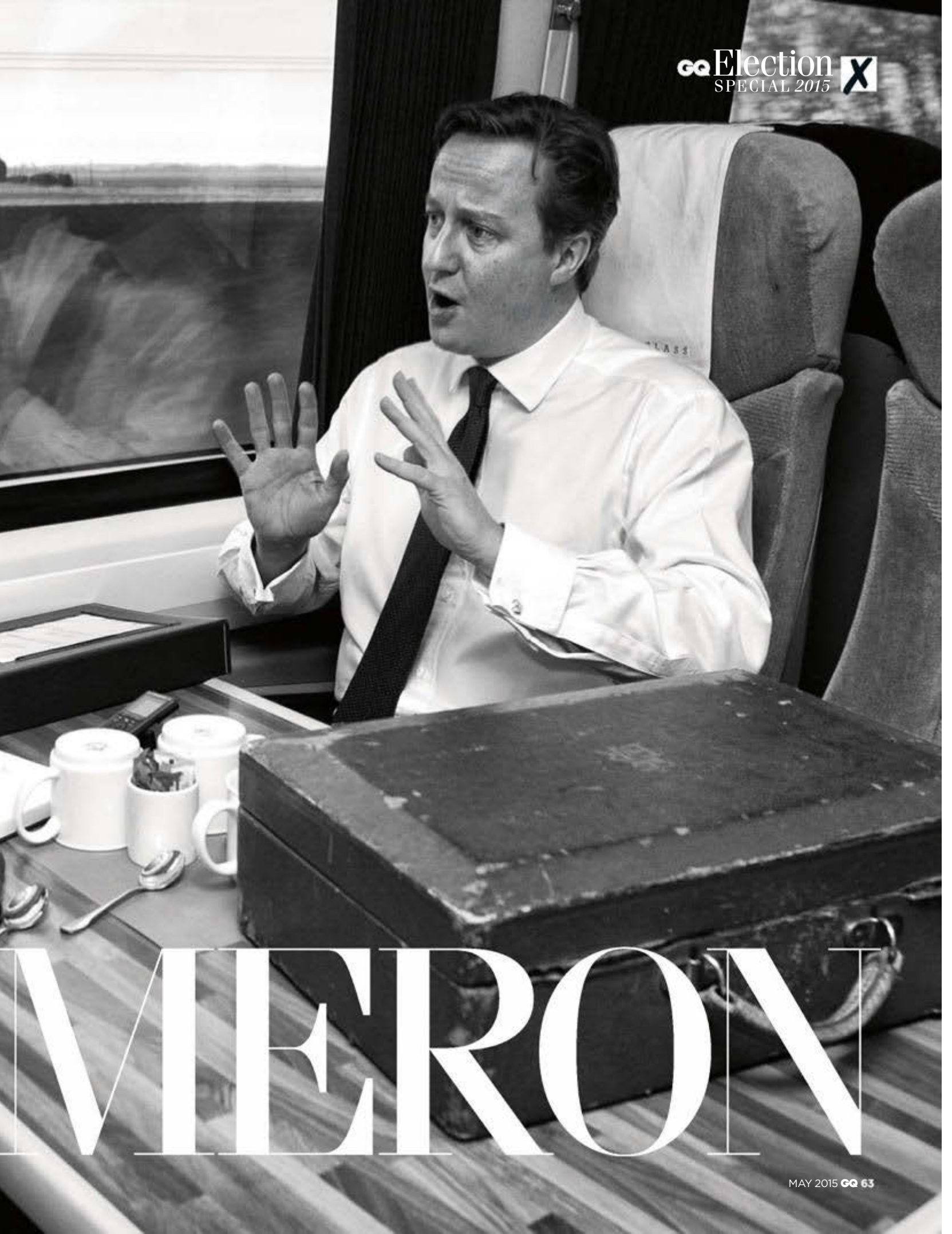


Press training: GQ's John Simpson en route with David Cameron for a one-day tour of Yorkshire, 5 February 2015

When JOHN SIMPSON met DAVID CA

The world affairs editor of BBC News has followed the fortunes of British prime ministers across five decades. When GQ sent him to shadow the chief of UK plc, he found a leader less rigid than Thatcher, more assured than Brown and free of Blair-like stage-management. Here, Cameron speaks candidly about Europe, Eton, self-doubt and statesmanship

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **TOM STODDART**



MERON

Look, it's whats'isname. You know. David Cameron."

"No, it can't be."

But it is. On a cold, grey Yorkshire morning, with a hint of rain in the air, his car has stopped outside a motorway service station near Doncaster, and he's dashed in for what his team call a comfort break. There are only a few people in the eating area, but most of them smile at him. A man halfway through a bacon butty waves, though Cameron doesn't see him. And when Cameron re-emerges from the gents they're all still sitting there, waiting for him.

Yet he doesn't embarrass easily. There's no time to go round shaking hands, but he'd willingly do it if he could. Some politicians, like Ed Miliband or, further back, John Major and Edward Heath, have had to wind themselves up to greet the crowds. But Cameron is affable by nature and it comes naturally to him. During the day that I travel round Yorkshire with him, he shows this again and again. "He's a people person," says one of his Downing Street officials. "He's a real charmer," says a middle-aged lady on the set of a television soap opera near Leeds, her eyes shining. "He's all right," concedes a late-middle-aged Yorkshire factory worker, flattered (possibly against his political convictions) that the prime minister should have come over and shaken his hand.

Still, Cameron ought to be an oddity in 21st-century British politics. He has the sort of profile that the Tory party has tried to avoid for half a century. A country where "posh" is a stinging term of abuse is now governed by its poshest prime minister since 1963, when Sir Alec Douglas-Home renounced the 14th earldom of Home to succeed Harold Macmillan. The Tory nexus between high birth, big money and dismissive attitudes to the poor and disadvantaged is something Theresa May famously warned about in 2002, long before she became home secretary. "You know what some people call us?" she asked the Conservative conference. "The nasty party."

In the run-up to the 2015 election, Miliband and Labour have had some success in reattaching the "nasty party" label to Cameron's Conservatives, following the HSBC scandal, the appointment of the bank's former chairman Stephen Green as trade minister, and the crass words of Lord Fink, the Tories' former treasurer, that "everyone does tax avoidance at some level". It doesn't look good; and when the prime minister himself is an Old Etonian who has appointed more Etonians to his cabinet than any time for years, it's not difficult for his enemies to claim it's part of a pattern.

I've been following British prime ministers around for more than 40 years. On my first outing as a reporter, in 1970, Harold Wilson punched me in the stomach and threatened to get the BBC to sack me, because I was unwise enough to ask him when he was going to call an election. I was with Edward Heath during the 1974 campaign,and Jim Callaghan in 1979. I covered two of Margaret Thatcher's three election campaigns, and was with John Major when he unexpectedly won in 1992, Tony Blair when he came to power in 1997 and Gordon Brown when he lost in 2010. But so far I've not had much to do with David Cameron, except at a distance; I wanted to see how this eighth prime minister compared to the seven others I'd known. Downing Street allowed me follow him on this day trip to Yorkshire in early February.

British prime ministers have always tended to move around easily and unobtrusively. David Lloyd George and Winston Churchill strolled unaccompanied from Downing Street to Parliament, and even during the IRA campaign Margaret Thatcher drove around with a single detective in her car.

At a time when everyone is obsessing about Islamic terrorism, it's a pleasure to see how calm and unexcitable Cameron's security is. The businessmen heading north in the same train compartment look up from their laptops in disbelief. He travels with just a little group of detectives and aides.

As we approach Doncaster, Cameron jokes with one of his close protection officers, "I'm surprised they're letting you back into Yorkshire." The CPO was with him in a Leeds street a few months ago, when a man cannoned into the prime minister. The CPO tackled him to the ground, but they soon realised he really was just a passing jogger who had reacted irritably when he found his way blocked.

"His mum wrote to me afterwards," Cameron says. "She told me she was very sorry and he hadn't meant any harm by it, and I think she was probably right – he was just annoyed at finding me in the way."

We all laugh. But is this really for my benefit, so that I'll write how friendly and down-to-earth Cameron is? Wilson, Heath and Callaghan would have been too old-fashioned for that kind of thing; Thatcher was too imperious; Major and Brown weren't grand, but they were too awkward. With Blair, although he could be relaxed and funny, I felt this sort of anecdote was intended to produce a particular result. Blair reminded me of a courtroom lawyer, always glancing over to see how the jury was reacting.







Snap decisions (from left): Joined by George Osborne, the prime minister takes questions from the press in Leeds and selfies with the public in Ilkley, February 2015; They join workplace apprentices on the set of the Yorkshire-based ITV drama Emmerdale

Cameron knows how to make an impact on his listeners, yet he seems more natural than any of his recent predecessors. Certainly he's a lot less driven: he is, as we've learned to say, chillaxed. Not for him the manic workload of Thatcher, going to bed at 2am and waking at 5.30am. She didn't just study her own red boxes, she studied the stuff that was going to her ministers too, so she could judge the quality of their decisions and boss them around.

I once filmed her when she visited a BP oil refinery, hectoring the unfortunate executive who had to show her around. "So this is where your oil comes ashore," she told him, "and that's where it goes for the first processing, through those pipes over there." All he could say was, "Yes, absolutely right, prime minister." She was never satisfied until she'd beaten you into admitting that she knew more than you did. There's none of that about Cameron, and he doesn't feel the need to treat his ministers like vegetables. Still, he's sensitive about the accusation that he's not a hard worker, and he seems nettled when I raise the subject.

"I work very hard. Today's a good example: I was up at a quarter to six; I was doing my red box; I signed 20 to 30 letters; I dealt with policy submissions; read some intelligence folders; dealt with a whole load of stuff that needs to be dealt with before a day when, as you can see, I'm visiting three different constituencies, making a speech about our long-term policy for Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire.

"I've got a meeting with some Asian business leaders, ending the day with two television interviews then rallying the faithful before collapsing on someone's sofa around 9pm.

"So, yes, I work hard. But I do believe you've got to have family time; you've got to get some sleep; you mustn't be too frazzled. Last night I took Sam out to dinner, which was nice. You've got to keep body, soul, family, marriage together – all these things."

Thatcher wouldn't have felt any obligation to keep the four things together: they would have to take their chances after her work had been taken care of.

David Cameron is being driven round the Yorkshire countryside in a convoy of three unmarked vehicles with tinted windows: no sirens or flashing lights. Other drivers never even spot us till we're past; they certainly won't be thinking to themselves, "I bet that's the prime minister." This is the key to his security: it's fast, unexpected and unobtrusive. The only time we have a motorcycle escort is towards the end of the day, when the traffic is starting to build up and we need to get through in order to keep up with our schedule.

No French or American president, no German chancellor, no Indian prime minister and certainly no senior Chinese leader would travel like this. For them it's not so much a matter of protection, as of status. But the British way is more efficient, and much safer. When Cameron is around, the police don't block off the area or make any obvious fuss. When we reached Doncaster he got off the train and walked through the crowd at the station almost entirely unnoticed, with his CPOs walking discreetly beside him and the officials trying to keep up. To the British mind, there is something satisfying about all this. But does it interfere with Cameron's ordinary life?

"I've obviously got a lot of security round me, but they try to let you live a normal life. At the weekend, when I go down to the constituency – because Downing Street is lovely but it's not really home – I get out and do the shopping round Chipping Norton on a Saturday morning with the kids. So I can have a relatively normal life, though I have to be careful."

If Cameron suffers from self-doubt, I couldn't really spot it. And yet he says he does

Careful in what way?

"You obviously have to tell people what you're doing. The thing I miss is just getting in the car and going to the post office to buy a newspaper. I can't do that. You have to plan things much more; you can't be so spontaneous. But you can have a relatively normal life."

People don't come up and talk to you?

"Yes, they do, but my constituents are used to seeing me, and they do come up to chat, but they let me get on with life. Nowadays, though, there's the curse of the selfie; it's sometimes quite hard to have a conversation with people. The picture thing is so important to them, you often don't get the conversation."

Here in Yorkshire, people come up to Cameron time and again during the day, holding out their cameras or mobile phones and making "Do you mind?" faces. He always nods and smiles: it's become as much a part of the deal as signing autographs used to be. And when the chancellor, George Osborne, who's also here for the day, joins him for a few meetings, they provide constant selfie opportunities together. It's a big waste of time, of course – just imagine how Thatcher would have reacted – but it helps to build up a picture of joviality and unstuffiness. And unstuffiness, in particular, is an important political issue for Cameron.

Tony Blair, with his blokeish consonants and glottal stops and his Scottish public-school education, mostly avoided accusations of poshness. But Cameron doesn't stand a chance; and Osborne, who went to St Paul's (which when I was there seemed much more like a grammar school than grander places like Westminster and Harrow), is always included in the posh list. Presumably it's because he appears in that famous photograph of Bullingdon Club members attitudinising in their finery.

Do you understand that lots of people dislike that you come from a posh background? >







"Yes, I do understand, but I've stopped worrying about it because you can't do anything about it. Look, I've never pretended to be anything I wasn't. I had loving parents who gave me a great start in life, sent me to an amazing school, and I don't regret any of it. They did everything they could to give me a great start. But, yes, I understand that for some people it can be a problem.

"In the end I think people judge you on whether you do a good job or a bad job. As an MP, I still hold a surgery. Tomorrow night I'll be in my office at Witney, doing my surgery at six o'clock for an hour or so, with people coming in with problems from tax credits not being paid on time to leaky roofs. So the idea that I lead some sort of rarefied life is not right."

Is it true that you have more Old Etonians in your cabinet than any other prime minister since Harold Macmillan?

"I don't know – I haven't counted. All that matters is are they any good at their job? In the cabinet today, of the Conservatives attending, a third or a quarter are women, so we've made a big breakthrough. Also we've demonstrated that you can come to Britain and in two generations can get a seat at the top table. Sajid Javid's father came to this country and drove buses, and now Sajid's sitting in the cabinet."

It's all slightly defensive, but if being an Old Etonian is a form of social disadvantage in Britain today, he has overcome it remarkably well. His is an upper class-lite accent, worn smooth after years of being made to sound acceptable.

The team from Number Ten have slotted in a trip to the specially constructed village outside Leeds where much of the ITV Yorkshire series *Emmerdale* is filmed: Britain's second oldest soap opera, with an audience of up to eight million. Is the aim to establish some kind of working-class credibility for Cameron and Osborne? If so, as they trudge round the village in their black London suits, it doesn't work. Neither of them, as they talk to members of the cast or crew, pretends he has ever watched *Emmerdale*, which is a relief; and if we half-thought their meeting with a group of apprentices around a table in the village pub, the Woolpack, might be a bit excruciating, it isn't at all. Both Cameron and Osborne are good at reaching out across the class divide, and seem genuinely interested in the lives and backgrounds of these young make-up artists, electricians and carpenters who are so different from themselves.

All the same, there are some odd parallels here. Cameron and Osborne have come to a sham Yorkshire Dales village, stunningly constructed for television on an empty hillside, in order to be photographed and filmed on the set of a show they have never seen and for social reasons probably never will. The occasion is as ersatz as the village – and yet, like the village, it's actually quite impressive. Meeting people is what Cameron likes doing, and there are plenty of people to meet here.

There is a less obvious problem that he, like top politicians everywhere, faces. Contacts like these, and he must make dozens of them almost every day, inevitably give him a false impression. Margaret Thatcher was always quoting the people she met, and according to her they were invariably supportive. "'Mrs T,' they tell me, 'we really want you to keep on and not to change direction.'" Well, maybe they did, though I personally never heard anyone say this or call her "Mrs T"; but either she only spoke to people who were likely to have this sort of opinion, or else she blanked out anyone who said anything different. For someone as isolated as a prime minister, this is the only contact they actually have with real people, and there's a natural temptation to believe that they represent the real deal: *vox populi, vox dei*.

Do people ever come up to you and say, "You're rubbish, you're ruining everything?"

"You get good and bad reactions. If I'm in the supermarket at Witney or somewhere, they come up to me. The British people are very fair. They know it's a difficult situation we took over in 2010, and their basic attitude is 'stick at it.'"

> 'When you're in a position to make lots of decisions you're not going to get every one right'

No doubt they do. But British people are possessed by a morbid fear of giving offence. Only one in 100 brought face to face with the prime minister of the day will say what they really think. And even if they do tell Cameron to stick at it, it's unwise to assume that this is what the nation as a whole thinks. Just before the First World War the Tsar and his family went on a long tour around Russia and found that the crowds knelt down before them in the thousands everywhere they went. The Tsar decided that this was the majority view. A few years later he found it wasn't.

Cameron's tutor at Oxford, Vernon Bogdanor, famously said that he was one of the ablest students he'd ever had. Watching Cameron talk briefly to his aides at every office or factory he visits, listening to the statistics about growth and output, and then hearing him weave these things into the few skilful words he speaks to the workforce or the interviews he gives to local journalists, is a masterclass in swiftness of mind. Cameron is far too intelligent to be bland, but he is certainly hyper-smooth. If he suffers from self-doubt, I couldn't really spot it. And yet he says he does.

Are there things you've got wrong that you bash your fist against your forehead about?

"There are, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. I've been leader of the party since December 2005, and inevitably you don't get everything right."

But do you wake up in the night thinking about these things and think, "Oh God, why did I do that?"

"I do sometimes, but you've got to be quite good at recognising that when you're in a position to make lots of decisions you're not going to get every decision right. I'm a great believer that the system needs you to make decisions. The whole government grinds to a halt if the boss can't make decisions. So I sort of make myself get into the mind-frame that part of my job is to go through the paperwork and decide between options A, B and C. I hope I'll get it right ten times out of ten, but I won't. I'll sometimes get it wrong."

He's so normal, I think: imagine how Thatcher would have answered a question like that. And when I start talking to him about his home life, it gets more normal still.

How much time do you have with your kids?

"I see more of them than many people who work in business or the public sector do, because I have the advantage of living over the shop. I got to see them all at breakfast time. We're going to Chequers this weekend, so I will see them more then. Samantha is the multitasker. How she manages to arrange everything to do with the homework, me, her business, the charitable work she does… She's amazing. I'm really blessed."

In 2006, at the Tory conference in Bournemouth, a sharp pair of eyes at ITN spotted that he'd worn four different outfits in a matter of a few hours. Things have changed now, apparently. How interested in clothes are you, and where do you get them?

"Samantha takes me to Gap, and clothes will be passed under the door like feeding time at the zoo. I'm not that interested in clothes. I like to look appropriately dressed but I don't want to make a statement."

You don't have your suits made?

"This one is Paul Smith, which I buy off the peg. I do have some tailor-made suits as well. I've just bought one from Marks & Spencer."

What about cooking?

"At the weekend I do a lot of cooking. I like to do slow-roast lamb, pork belly, and I love doing oxtail stew. I like to have lots of things bubbling away on the oven for hours on end. But in the week I'm much more simple – I'll just do chicken or fish, throw things together pretty simply. But I don't want to overstate it. I do more of the cooking; Samantha does more of everything else."

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You can tell a lot about politicians from their attitude to the media. We're in the back of Cameron's car, racing through the Yorkshire lanes, when I raise the subject. Cameron's aides don't insist on listening to your conversation and they don't fiddle menacingly with their tape-recorders or make warning signs at you, like Blair's and Thatcher's people used to. The Downing Street team leave me alone with Cameron in the car, and (except for a while, when we were on the train) they don't bother to put a tape-recorder of their own on us.

Historically, menace has always been an important Downing Street weapon. Alastair Campbell, Blair's man, could be manically abusive. Thatcher's press secretary, Bernard Ingham, exploded with volcanic rage if you asked her a question he didn't like. (She didn't care, though; in fact she enjoyed tricky questions, as long as you asked them politely.) John Major was disturbingly sensitive to the media, and especially to the brutality of the *Sun*. Gordon Brown had a bank of television sets in a horseshoe round his desk, so he could know what was being said the whole time.

Not so Cameron. True, he made the former *News Of The World* editor Andy Coulson his head of communications, hoping this would appeal to Coulson's former boss, Rupert Murdoch. The effort failed, of course; the old lizard always reacts with even greater contempt if you try to appease him. Nowadays Cameron employs a former editor of the BBC's *Ten O'Clock News*, Craig Oliver, who combines toughness with a minimum of aggression. Cameron doesn't even hate the BBC, as Wilson, Thatcher and Blair all did.

"I don't want to be consuming media all day. I want to run a country, not a television channel. With the modern tweeting and blogging, and 24-hour news, politics is in danger of being too short-term anyway. I sometimes take people into the Cabinet Room and say, 'This is the room where Churchill decided in 1940 to fight on, and they sat here for five days and discussed it.' And imagine now – after about half an hour the modern equivalent of Alastair Campbell will come in and say, 'Sky News are outside and they want to know if you're going to surrender or not.' And after an hour someone will probably have tweeted from the meeting.

"You can't follow the media all the time, because you'll never take a decision. So I find the [BBC] *Ten O'Clock News* quite good. I watch the headlines, and if something's interesting I watch that. Then I fall asleep."

He flicks through the newspapers over breakfast, he says, rather than reading them online. That means he doesn't see what people write about him under the news articles. I think he's wise; the comments underneath can be pretty savage.

What about the cartoonists? They can treat you pretty roughly.

"Sometimes you look at them and – ouf! – you feel it. They can reveal something quite visceral which doesn't come out in the news."

Like Steve Bell [in the *Guardian*] drawing you with a condom over your head.

"Yes, well, I bumped into Steve Bell at a motorway service station once and I said, 'Steve, what is this with me and the condoms?' I can't remember exactly what he said – something about having smooth skin or something – and then we both roared with laughter and got back in our cars and carried on."

I can see what Bell means: there's definitely a smoothness, a protected quality about Cameron, which gives him immunity. He either doesn't know the harsh things some people say about him, or else he finds them funny. He's the first British prime minister I've met who genuinely doesn't seem as though fighting their way to the top was something they had to do to make up for some deeper inadequacy. Cameron has simply glided there.

As a result, it's not been as difficult as it might be for Labour to portray him as leading a government that is soft on big business and brutal towards the poor, the weak, the sick. But for Cameron

it's water off a duck's back. Encased in Bell's protective condom, he seems to slip away every time.

At this election, if he doesn't win by a decent margin but still gets the most seats, his days of going to bed at 10.30pm and getting a decent night's sleep could be over. Governing with a wafer-thin majority, dependent on the whims of a few nut-jobs and committed to holding a referendum on Europe before the end of 2017, he could find that the condom will tear nastily.

Still, Harold Wilson managed something similar: three of the governments he formed had little or no majorities, and in 1975 he destroyed the anti-European extremists in his party by holding a referendum. The strategy was vintage Wilson. He staged a questionable renegotiation of Britain's terms of membership, while ignoring those aspects of Europe that couldn't be changed; then he announced that he'd got everything he wanted and recommended that people should vote to stay in. They did, by a two-thirds majority. Labour's anti-Europeans were dished for good, and British membership was secure for 40 years. For Cameron, this is a blueprint.

You've always struck me as someone who is basically pro-European but knows he's got to sound anti.

"I believe Britain is an international country, which has to be round that European table, but not at any price. And when Europe is changing so very fast, I strongly believe we need to change the relationship. It's a question we've got to answer."

Plenty of other questions will need answering if Cameron gets a second term. Basically, Scotland has gone, hasn't it?

"I don't think Scotland is gone, no. I think a better constitutional settlement, combined with a better promotion of what the United Kingdom is, gives Scotland the best of both worlds.

"There are two possible outcomes to this election: handing the keys back to the people who crashed the car or voting back the Conservatives. Competence on the one hand, chaos on the other. People are afraid we could end up with Alex Salmond, who actively dislikes the UK, having a part in governing it."

Over the last five years, Cameron has had a relatively easy time. Coalition with the Lib Dems gave him a constant alibi for not being more ideologically Tory. If he gets back now by a small majority and governs alone, he'll be able, like Wilson before him, to shrug and say he'd like to do all sorts of things if only he had the backing. Maybe – who knows? – Cameron would prefer living on a knife-edge to giving Labour an outright thumping. That would leave him out there in front, on his own, with no excuses.

The writer and broadcaster Charlie Brooker once described Cameron in the *Guardian* as "a hollow Easter egg with no bag of sweets inside". Certainly, the grandiose notions which Cameron once put forward, like the Big Society, never seemed entirely convincing and have long-since evaporated. He seems instinctively more comfortable with a Stanley Baldwin-style "steady as she goes" approach and, anyway, that traditionally appeals to a British electorate more than ambitious social engineering does.

Remember what Steve Bell growled to him when they met at the motorway service station: "something about having smooth skin"? David Cameron certainly seems comfortable in that smooth skin of his, and this helps him to be comfortable with other people. If so, in my experience, he's the first and only prime minister who has seemed entirely comfortable in his own skin since the day Harold Wilson punched me back in 1970.

It's a long time to go without a comfort break.

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WISHLIST
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TONY PARSONS

THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A GOOD WAR

Compared to the noble causes of the past, the conflicts in Iraq, Afghanistan and Libya seem futile. But now we must take sides in a generational struggle that will define our lives and liberties – and we cannot afford to run away

We have stopped believing in the good war.

"War, what is it good for?" asks the old Motown song. The post 9/11 wars in Afghanistan, Iraq and Libya all seem to prove – absolutely nothing.

In Iraq, Tony Blair – Islamic terror's supreme recruiting agent – lent British armed forces to George W Bush and together they replaced Saddam Hussein with bloody chaos that will outlast us all.

In Libya, David Cameron lent the RAF to anti-government rebels of whom we knew nothing and replaced Muammar Gaddafi with a rogue state where the graves of the British Eighth Army were desecrated by our Libyan chums.

In Afghanistan 453 British servicemen and women gave their lives – 35 of them dead before their 20th birthday – and yet it is the same miserable hole that Rudyard Kipling knew. When the Union Flag was finally lowered in Camp Bastion after 13 years of fighting the Taliban, no memorial to the fallen was left behind because of the total certainty that it would be desecrated. The Camp Bastion memorials to those who fell were all dismantled and shipped home to Blighty. All those lives left on Afghanistan's plains, and not a trace of them remains.

"[Our intention is] to help and protect the Afghan people to construct their own democracy," said Labour's defence secretary John Reid in 2006. "We would be perfectly happy to leave in three years' time without firing one shot."

But at the end we exited Afghanistan with the Taliban in robust health, opium production at an all-time high, and little girls being shot in the head for the crime of wanting to go to school.

Iraq, Libya, Afghanistan: what good did all that blood and treasure do? Where British servicemen died – and where they lost limbs to IEDs, and where young lives were shattered forever – we brought no freedom, or democracy, or an end to tyranny.

Public admiration for our servicemen has not been this high for generations, but we respect and revere the sacrifice of our fighting men and women in Iraq, Libya and Afghanistan while wishing with all our hearts that they had better wars to fight. Our country's finest are thrown onto the pyre of Third World hellholes and then we come home, knowing that if we leave behind a memorial then a little film of it being trashed will be uploaded on YouTube.

Even the noblest war in human history is now being called into question by the revisionists

And it is not just these grubby, unwinnable 21st-century wars that have shaped our thinking. It is the collective memory of a war we never knew. We are just at the start of four years of centenaries of the greatest bloodbath in human history, one hundred years since the theatres of epic slaughter of the Great War, a century since the Somme (1,219,201 casualties), Verdun (976,000 casualties), Passchendaele (848,614 casualties) and all the rest of those human abattoirs, and the mind still struggles to comprehend the mountains of the maimed, the blinded and the dead.

Many contemporary historians argue that the Great War was worth fighting – a necessary stand against pure aggression. But far more convincing voices are the poets who were actually there and recorded the meaningless horror while it was still happening. Siegfried Sassoon's "Suicide In The Trenches" appeared in February 1918, when the war still had almost a year to run, and his battle-sick despair sounds as relevant today as it ever did.

"You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye/Who cheer when soldier lads march by/Sneak home and pray you'll never know/The hell where youth and laughter go."

If you grew up in the second half of the 20th century, then you were raised in the shadow of the Second World War, and with the belief that sometimes good men must fight necessary wars. But from the mass graves of Flanders to the desecrated graves of Libya, and from the sectarian violence of Iraq to the medieval sadism of Afghanistan, we sense today that good men are sent to fight pointless wars, that the bravest and the best are packed off to stupid conflicts that do more harm than good by the likes of Blair and Cameron, who never heard a shot fired in anger in their soft little lives.

"The experience of two world wars has done much to define national character in that the people revealed an astonishing tenacity and intensity of purpose," writes Lawrence James in *Warrior Race: A History Of The British At War*. "This matters and sets Britain apart from the nations of the rest of Europe that have suffered defeat, occupation and calculated humiliation." >

Illustration Piotr Lesniak

> But today the British are losing their appetite for war. What is it is good for? Five million people visited the sea of ceramic poppies that surrounded the Tower of London but I doubt if there was one among them who wished they had experienced the Great War.

Even the noblest war in human history, the Second World War, a war fought against a regime that built factories to murder millions of men, women and children because of their race, is now being called into question by the revisionists.

"One year of remembrance has exaggerated the tragic futility of the First World War and preserved the dangerous idea that the second was noble and heroic," sniffed Geoffrey Wheatcroft in the *Guardian*.

You mean the Second World War *wasn't* noble and heroic? If you grew up in the second half of the 20th century with a father or grandfather who fought in the Second World War then you never for a moment doubted that it was a good, noble and righteous war – a war that had to be fought and won. But even that old national certainty feels like it is slipping into history.

"What, above all, characterised the 1939-1945 war was the fact that so many more civilians than soldiers were killed, something that should have a special resonance in Britain," wrote Wheatcroft. "Because the most distinctive British contribution to the war was the bombing that destroyed the cities of Germany and killed hundreds of thousands, mostly women and children."

That was our major contribution to the war against Hitler? Dropping death on women and children from 30,000 feet?

What about standing alone against Nazi Germany when Russia and the United States still waited on the sidelines? What about enduring the Blitz, when 30,000 civilians – many women and children, as in Dresden and Cologne – died in London alone?

What about The Few in the Spitfires and Hurricanes as the Battle of Britain raged in the skies above southern England, or the heroic retreat from Dunkirk, or the men who stormed ashore on the Normandy landings? If we truly can't see the righteousness of what this nation did in the Second World War, then we are all pacifists now.

Scar tissue covered the top half of my father's body, a constant reminder of when he was a teenage Royal Naval Commando on a raid on the German-held island of Elba in June 1944. There was a Distinguished Service Medal in the back of a drawer but it was the scar tissue covering his torso that truly recorded what he had done in the war.

In many ways my father was a bitter man. He saw so many of his friends die that the land they fought for was always going to disappoint him. He desperately wanted to emigrate, so we went down to Australia House and filled in all the forms, and were seven days from sailing when my mum burst into tears and said that she would never see her mother again if we moved to Australia. So we stayed and it was never mentioned again. I think my father regretted not trying his luck in Australia, and he regretted that the country he came back to was not truly fit for heroes. But he never regretted fighting in that war.

And now our generation have our own war. The War on Terror would more accurately be described as terror's war on us. The defining images of Islamic terror are unarmed civilians being slaughtered by men with weapons. The planes flying into the World Trade Center on 11 September 2001. The suicide bombs exploding on three London tube trains and one London bus on 7 July 2005. Commuter trains in Madrid. A café in Sydney. A magazine office and a deli in Paris. Even Fusilier Lee Rigby was in mufti and unarmed when he was run down and butchered in Woolwich. Our war is an aid worker, journalist or photographer kneeling in the desert in an orange jump suit before some coward in black hacks his head off and uploads the images to YouTube.

Our war is an aid worker kneeling in the desert before some coward hacks his head off

These are our glorious dead. American James Foley. Britons Alan Henning and David Haines. Kenji Goto and Haruna Yukawa of Japan. And American Steven Sotloff – who spoke better Arabic than the jihadist who murdered him. This is our war, if we like it or not, and it will endure for a lifetime.

It sometimes feels as if we lack the will for what lies ahead. Tarik Kafala, the head of the BBC Arabic service, has defended his decision to avoid describing the *Charlie Hebdo* terrorists as, er, terrorists.

"We try to avoid describing anyone as a terrorist or an act as being terrorist," said Kafala. "What we try to do is say, 'Two men killed 12 people in an attack on the office of a satirical magazine.' That's enough... Terrorism is such a loaded word."

Are we really so gutless? Are we honestly too afraid of making value judgements to stand up against the men who would cheerfully see us burn? Terror's war on us is a generational struggle. And by that we mean that it is the challenge of our lifetimes – an implacable, fanatical enemy that has to be faced down as surely as Hitler's Germany had to be confronted.

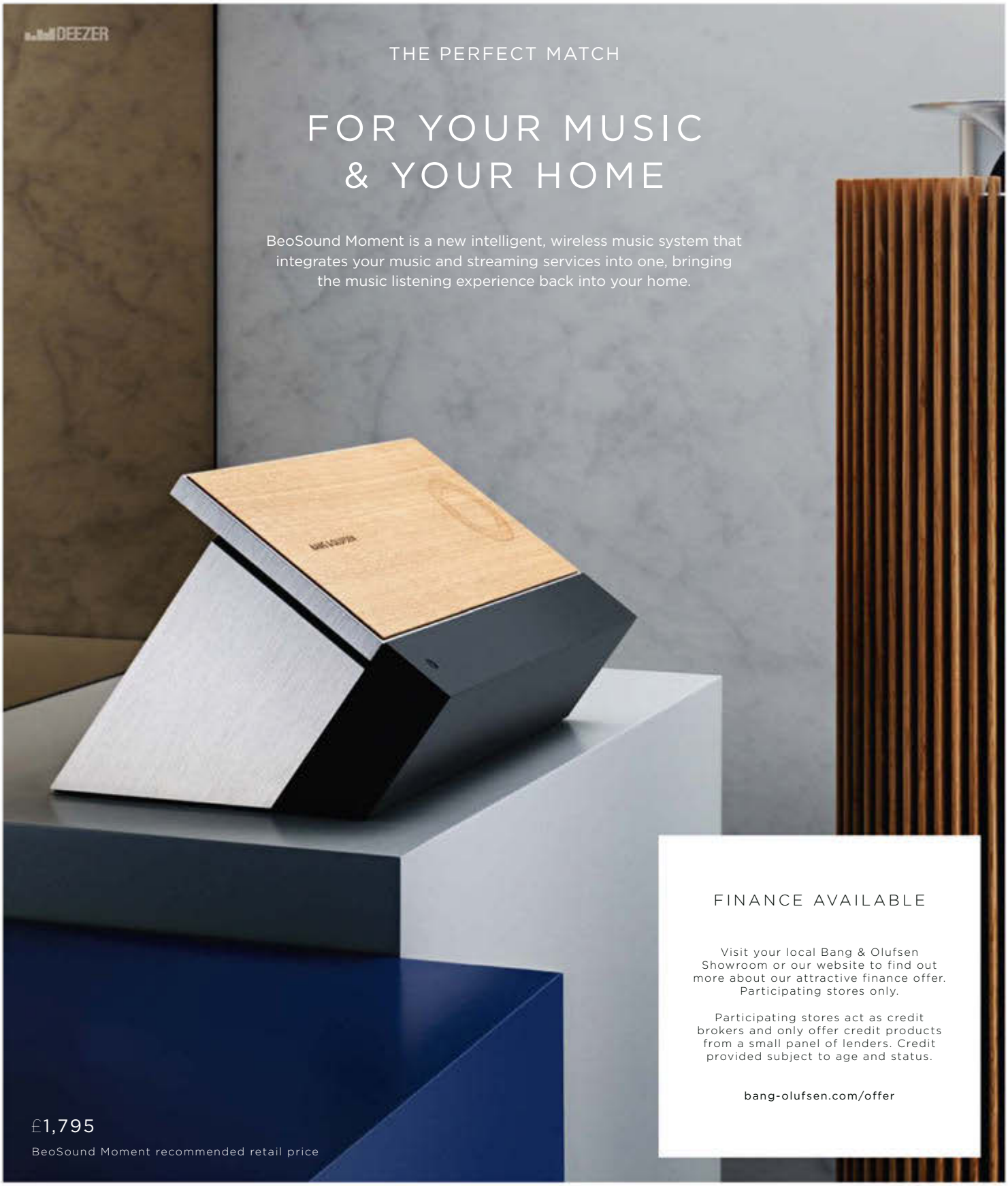
Nobody knows what this means. It might simply mean having the guts to go to work the day after terrorists have killed some more of us. Perhaps that is how we fight our war – by carrying on with our lives, catching the Tube, working in tall office blocks, keeping calm and ploughing on. Or it might mean supporting British troops in some foreign land if the terrorists can't be annihilated from long distance: boots on the ground, despite all the errors of the past, despite Blair's Iraq and Cameron's Libya, despite the lack of war memorials in Helmand. This war will not end in our lifetimes, and perhaps not in the lifetime of our children.

You might not read it in the *Guardian*, but some wars are worth fighting. They are the wars where your enemy would happily dance on the grave of everyone you love. They are the wars where you have no choice but to fight.

War, what is it good for? Fighting for your national survival. Defending those you love. Confronting bigotry, fanaticism and murder. Preserving democracy. Fighting for the rights of women to not be obliged to dress in black bin bags. Fighting for the freedom of everyone to live the life they choose without being butchered or stoned to death or herded into a gas chamber.

A Japanese journalist is beheaded by a British man who hides his face even as he struts before the camera and if there is any difference between Jihadi John and the Nazi guards at Auschwitz and Dachau and Treblinka then I am unable to spot it. Don't believe what the pacifists tell you. It is not a myth.

Some wars are good wars.



BEOSOUND MOMENT

BANG & OLUFSEN

GQ AGONY AUNT

Bending the rules of the Mile High Club? Edging closer to a comb-over? Afraid your co-workers will expose your sporting inadequacy at five-a-side? **Victoria Coren Mitchell** cuts to the chase...

Dear Victoria,
Does having sex on a private jet count as joining the Mile High Club? If there's no risk of being caught and I tell the stewardess not to disturb us, is it cheating?

VCM: Well, I'm terrified of flying. Amid the horror of being suspended 30,000ft above the ground in a roaring metal tube, the thought of a stewardess catching me topless doesn't add much frisson.

If you joined the Mile High Club with me, you'd have a partner who's shrieking with fear from the neck up and insensible with Valium from the chest down. Luckily, my husband finds this a very erotic combination.

But well done for knowing "a risk of being caught" is part of the thrill. Not every man grasps this kind of nuance.

I remember an old friend telling me that, as a teenager, he'd had midnight sex in a graveyard. "Ooh, why there?" I asked, fascinated. "The spookiness? The sacrilege? The chance of being spotted? The life-affirming dance on the margins of death?"

"Bloody hell, what's wrong with you?" he spluttered. "We just couldn't do it in my mum's house and the park was locked."

So, congratulations for respecting the complexity of "unusual-location sex". Most women like a bit of quirky narrative occasionally to spice things up.

When it comes to Mile High action, you're right that if it's your own plane, the stewardess is pre-warned and nobody on board has a phobia, the whole experience is tamed and therefore pointless. You'd need to fly commercial to put the danger back in.

However, you don't mention who you're having sex with. If it's the pilot, you've ticked that box.

Dear Victoria,
The strap has broken on my man bag. Can you recommend a good place to take it?

VCM: Yes. The bin. It's not 1997.



Dear Victoria,
My office has a five-a-side football team that plays at weekends. I've been offered a game. I am terrible at all sport. Should I play anyway, to be one of the guys?

VCM: Of course play! Unless you work in a four-person office, you aren't *needed* on the team. Your only role is as an object of ridicule.

To fulfil that function, you should turn up wearing the most extreme sportswear you can find – mostly football-related, but with the odd deft touch of golf. Consider striped shorts; perhaps a bold shoe. Try to get some chants going and, when you fail, continue loudly alone. This will bring great pleasure to your colleagues, plus they will trust that you are no kind of threat. That will be useful in the future as you slide noiselessly up the greasy pole, take over the company and have them all fired.

Dear Victoria, do you have any advice for getting into the film business?

VCM: Don't be silly. If I knew how, I'd be in it.

Dear Victoria,
I am 28 and thinning on top. It's the same age as Prince William was when he started going bald, but I don't have his money. Should I get a hat?

VCM: A vexed question indeed. I pine for those elegant times when men went about in smart trilbies, but you'd stand out as a bit of a wazzock if you did that now (unless you're in Hoxton, where everyone looks a bit of a wazzock).

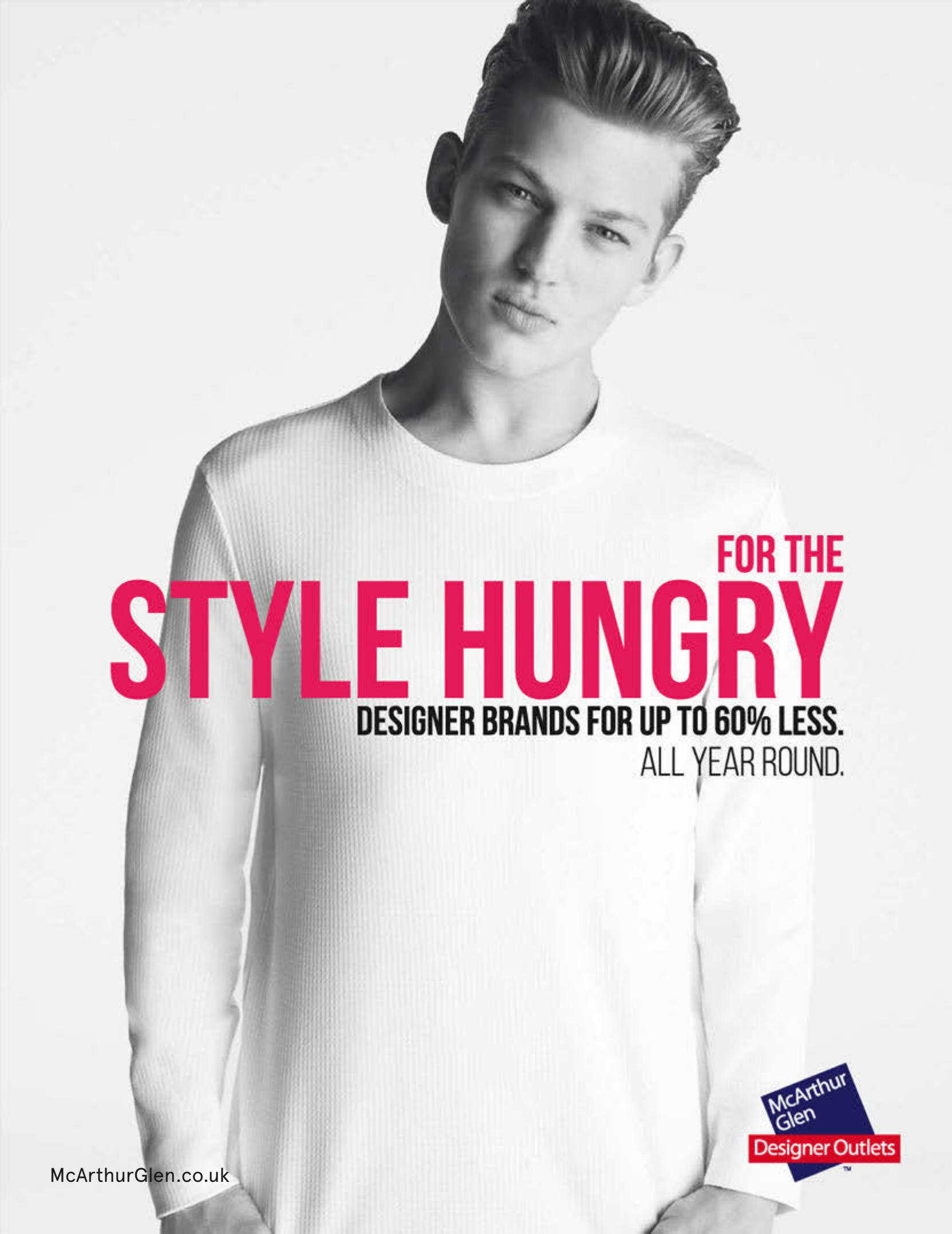
One clever trick is to spend your whole summer at Ascot and formal weddings, then your whole winter skiing and rambling. Thus you would quite naturally be top-hatted from May to September, then beanie-cloaked from October to April. Problem is, what if you wanted to come indoors?

You could consider Orthodox Judaism. The yarmulke does wonders for the back-of-the-head bald spot. Prince William went a different way – marrying his university girlfriend so he never had to attempt a new seduction bald. But that seems a radical solution. The simplest method is to just have a bit of perspective. Some men are murderers; some are child abusers; some use the phrase "I love to party". Relatively speaking, hair loss doesn't matter at all.

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HOW NOT TO... ...remember

We forget our formative years, even if the reason why is a little bit hazy. Total recall is best left to science fiction...

If it was my early twenties that was full of blanks, that would be fair enough. Indeed, had a visiting alien scientist studied my behaviour between the ages of 18 and 24, then his major report back to the mothership would probably have concluded that I was actively trying to excise the very faculty of short-term memory from my system, as one might a disease or a fungal infection.

"There's no other explanation, Commander Oxzzzkzkzz," he'd have said to his hideous octopus overlord. "He's obviously desperately keen for a future in which he'll occasionally find himself stopping dead in front of houses in places like Streatham. And then staring at them for a while, perplexed, taunted by a distant recollection that he might have once slept on their porch. Oh, and he appears to think he saw somebody who looked just like you the other night, commander, by the way. Driving a minicab. Although he had been drinking absinthe."

Actually, though, I remember that period of my life in fairly excruciating detail. Too much detail, really. I remember, for example, one very heavy-lidded night in a south London garden, where I was in earnest, rambunctious conversation with a group of my flatmate's friends, and my flatmate, who was not ten feet away, sent me a text which just read, with a terse coldness, "That's rich." Which was my cue to look up, in petulant annoyance, and go, "What's f***ing rich?" before realising from the look on the faces of everybody that he was helping me out with the name of the guy I'd been shouting at for the past ten minutes, who was called Rich. And if I remembered less of this sort of thing, believe you me, I would not be complaining.



Mind games: Your poor old brain can let you down as one decade rolls inexorably into another

But no. The bit that has gone is what came before. Age 15-18. The formative years. When I must, surely, have been formed, although I find myself increasingly buggered if I can remember what by. And the really scary thing is that I didn't notice it go. I thought it was all still there. Until just the other day, when I finally got bored of perfect strangers idly calling me a shitbag on Twitter, and for the first time in years went back on Facebook.

All my old friends were still there, obviously. The thing was, so were all of these... other people. I looked at the list of "suggested friends" and it was like being the guy in *Memento*. "You!" I kept thinking. "You look familiar!" Women in Boden pastels and pashminas – always, always waving babies around – whom I felt, dimly, had once worn faded jeans and plastic jewellery, and been the people at teenage parties who always had fags. Men, still with faces I once knew well from epic, underage nights in pubs, but now with bodies twice the size, and lives I know nothing of at all.

We all have these people in our pasts. The people whose lives touched our own, and with whom we could have formed bonds more lasting, but just... didn't, somehow. And probably none of us remember them, because why the hell should we? What's the use? "Hey, um, Neil?" you can't say, dialling on a whim. "Remember when we met at that party? In 1993? No? Well, it turned out we'd both just been dumped by our girlfriends for much cooler guys? And we spent the whole night telling each other what bitches they were? And it was hilarious? In 1993? Yeah, well, I see you live in Northumbria now, with a wife, three kids and a Labrador. How about I come and stay?"

And the women? My God, so much worse. Frankly creepy. "No, no," you'd end up saying, probably to their incredulous husbands. "I just faintly remembered, quite out of the blue, that your wife and I both used to like The Lemonheads. No, I have not been keeping a shrine. Anyway, it's been 20 years. So, does she want to come for dinner? But remind me, what's her name?"

Though I could, of course, be completely wrong about all of this. Perhaps, rather than remembering that period of my life the least, I in fact remember it the most, because I carry from it at least a dim recollection of that which I have forgotten. This raises the horrifying spectre that all the bits of my twenties I wish I had forgotten may in truth be far, far less cringe-making than the bits I actually have. I'll have to ask Commander Oxzzzkzkzz, should I ever see him again. "That's rich!" he may have thought, reading the above. Though this time, just in case, I'd be pretending I knew that already.

● **Hugo Rifkind** is a writer for the *Times*.

Illustration André Carrilho



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GQ Cars



Ford Perfect: At 1,200kg and a likely 600bhp, the GT's secret weapon is its power-to-weight ratio

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE OVAL

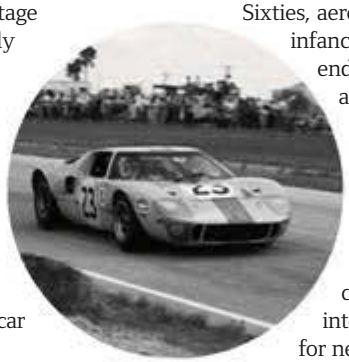
Ford is stepping up a gear. While the Focus get its RS badge, stand back for the all-new GT supercar and a Euro-friendly Mustang

STORY BY **JASON BARLOW**

There's a long pause at the other end of the line. "I'm not sure what 'turning native' means, but I was wearing cowboy boots yesterday," Moray Callum, Ford's Scottish global design director booms. "Mind you, there's a packet of haggis-flavoured crisps on the table at home."

Ford is an American brand. Its F-150 pick-up has been the country's best-selling vehicle since Bob Dylan first spilt blood on the tracks and Bruce Springsteen was searching for the exit sign out of Asbury Park. But here's a weird thing: in Britain, Ford has an equal emotional pull, with deep industrial roots in the Thames estuary, and all sorts of popular culture tendrils. Most of all, though, it means performance. The sort of performance that doesn't require a secret Swiss bank account to buy into.

"Ford's sporting heritage is arguably more closely aligned with Britain than the US," Callum concedes. "But Ford is about innovation and technology, and performance marries with those targets pretty well."



Post-crash, pretty much everyone in the car industry iced anything deemed non-core. If Ford's plans are anything to go by, we can finally park austerity. The Blue Oval is about to unleash not one or two new high-performance cars, but *three*. Give it another 18 months or so, and all bases will be covered: carbon-fibre race-bred mid-engined exotic, all-wheel drive hot hatch rocket-ship and, for the first time, a house-trained, Euro-friendly iteration of Ford's most poetically potent performance icon, the Mustang.

It's only taken them 50 years to get round to that, and it's a half-century anniversary that's spurred the reboot of another legend, the GT40, a car steeped in motorsport lore. It was the Machiavellian wiles of Enzo Ferrari that pushed Henry Ford II into building this immortal motor car; in 1963. Ferrari had approached Ford about buying his tiny company, agreed terms, then rudely rebuffed the American titan. "All right," Ford said, "we'll beat his ass. We are going to race him." In the mid-Sixties, the Le Mans 24 Hours endurance race was as symbolic as any Formula One GP, and Ferrari owned it. Until 1966, when Ford scored a 1-2-3 victory. And then won again in 1967.

The GT that rocked the Detroit motor show earlier this year was a rare surprise in an industry that prefers to eternally drip-feed information. Not only that, but barely 30 people in Ford's byzantine organisation even knew about it, as Callum attests. "It really was a skunkworks operation, done out of a basement studio," he says, "and the team working on it did so in secret, on pain of death. You can recognise GT40 in it, of course, but if we were doing that car from scratch today, this is how it would be."

Low, long and gut-punchingly desirable, in other words. Back in the Sixties, aerodynamics was in its infancy, and those beautiful endurance racers – still an influence on the car design community today – could get traumatically airborne at three-figure speeds. The GT – which will almost certainly transmogrify into a racing car in time for next year's Le Mans 24 Hours – owes most of its form to its vast downforce and cooling needs. In plan view, not only does the full scale of Callum and his team's achievement become obvious, so do its aero properties. The gaps and apertures in its bodywork are almost as interesting to look at as the bits that are physically there. It's a sublime piece of sculpture, all the lovelier for being fully functional.

The GT uses Ford's clever 3.5-litre, twin-turbocharged EcoBoost V6, a lightweight, compact riposte to the V8 and V12 supercar orthodoxy that's cradled in a carbon-fibre chassis. Although the GT will likely run in excess of 600bhp, it's the power-to-weight ratio that really counts. And with the GT likely to weigh a skinny 1,200kg, this thing is going to be monumental. Do the math...



The Focus RS will be only slightly less seismic, and a whole lot more affordable. This one is the latest in a rather more blue-collar lineage: it's the 30th Ford to wear the RS badge since those magic letters first graced an Escort 45 years ago. That car made vivid use of its 120bhp; its successor will have closer to 330bhp, although Ford won't yet confirm exactly how much it's planning to squeeze out of its blown 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine.

What we do know is that the new Focus RS will be funnelling that grunt to the road via all four wheels, with a torque vectoring system, and a "rear drive unit" – effectively a limited slip differential – that monitors the wheels' behaviour 100 times per second in order to maximise the available grip. The system also uses a pair of electronic clutches, similar to the solution Ferrari offers on the £250,000 FF, to help the driver tailor the handling. Translation: you can power-slide the RS without ending up with a face full of hedge. Further translation: it can generate more than 1g of lateral grip, enough to reposition significant anatomical features.

The Focus RS arrives early next year, trailing the new GT but still capable of keeping it honest on the Essex back-roads which the Ford mythology is steeped in. Forget digital connectivity, this is about attaining thrills through the one interface that outdoes others: the steering wheel. GQ



Fast lane (from top): A Ford GT40 wins the Sebring 12 Hours, Florida, 1969; the new right-hand drive Mustang, coming to the UK for the first time



The big reveal: The new £200k Ford GT supercar was a rare industry surprise when it was unveiled at January's Detroit motor show









The GT will transmogrify into a racing car in time for next year's Le Mans 24 Hours. It's a sublime piece of sculpture, all the lovelier for being fully functional



Road runner: The more affordable (to most) new Focus will have close to 330bhp





Best seat in the house: The Mulsanne Speed follows in the Bentley tradition of installing no-expense-spared interiors

HIGH LIFE AT HIGH SPEED

What looks like a limo but handles like a sports car? The Bentley Mulsanne finally finds its niche



Since it launched in 2010, the Bentley Mulsanne's been a bit lost for a USP. On the one hand it's massive and decadent, and one of civilisation's all-time best ways of getting somewhere sitting down. On the other, the £229,360 land yacht occupies an uncomfortable space between the Rolls-Royce Phantom (£310,200) and more driver-focused (and marginally less profligate) Rolls-Royce Ghost (£216,864). And with no exceptional virtues beyond exceptionalness and a B badge, you'd be forgiven for asking why you'd want to buy one.

Which is why Bentley added the Speed. Now, the Mulsanne's never been particularly slow – the standard car winds out 752lb ft of torque (equal to ten Ford Fiestas) and despite its vastness, gets from 0-62mph in 5.3 seconds. But the Speed's been turned up to 811lb ft and gets this 2,685kg beast from 0-62mph in 4.9 seconds. That's Porsche 911 Carrera 4 fast.

But then a sports car this isn't. Inside, it's still the sort of place that makes you feel like you're smoking a cigar when you're not.

The narcoleptically comfortable seats are trimmed in 14 bull hides and there's even a new (optional) iPad and keyboard mount built into the seat back, which unfurls automatically on your lap.

On the outside, only some discreet darkening of the chrome-work and the choice of three Speed-only 21-inch alloy designs differentiate it from the standard limo.

Pleasantly restrained, blisteringly fast and comfort worthy of the price tag. Finally, a compelling reason to buy the Mulsanne. **Matt Jones** GQ

£252,000. bentleymotors.com





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Coaching inn: GQ's Chef Of The Year 2014 hands the reigns to his new team of gastro pioneers including The Coach's Tom De Keyser (left) and head chef Nick Beardshaw









Tom Kerridge rides again

What do you call a pub that's gone beyond gastro? Whatever you call it, the man behind the two-Michelin-starred "pub" in Marlow – the celebration of "lushness" that is The Hand And Flowers – has done it again with The Coach (*overleaf*). The menu might say "shepherd's pie" and "moules marinière", but you won't have tasted anything like this. No reservations? No problem. This is one local worth hanging around in. **Jonathan Heaf**



High class (clockwise from top left): Aqua Shard; the towering exterior; a Beijing Fizz; Hutong's Level 33 vistas; 23-year-old bar manager Myles Donneky

THE BARS

Aqua Shard and Hutong

MYLES Donneky is taking cocktail creation to bold new heights. Specifically, 31-33 floors up. As the bar manager for two of London's hottest spots right now – Aqua Shard and Hutong – he looks after nine bar managers and 60 staff, and has created two of the most eclectic and creative contemporary cocktail menus we've seen in years. He also happens to be just 23.

"Although I'm relatively young, I started at a young age and have worked in hospitality all my life," he says. "I started as a waiter at a catering company and the bartenders always looked like they were having more fun, so I grafted and worked incredibly hard to get to where I am now." It also helped that his parents liked visiting classic cocktail haunts, namely The Ritz and The Savoy, while he was growing up.

So what's the Donneky touch? His drinks menus boast a range of cocktails that use locally sourced ingredients as well as rare Asian delicacies. At Aqua Shard you can sip on the Flat Jack, served in a steaming Italian coffee pot, or if you're dining at Hutong, the Dragon Tail with asparagus, oyster sauce and sesame seeds will make your usual Filthy Martini look tame.

His drinks are a feat of design – from the ingredients, to the presentation, to the delivery. Just ask for the aged cocktail Andrea's Marvellous Medicine and the bartender will bring the barrel to your table and create the drink right in front of you.

Although venues such as The Nightjar and The London Cocktail Club are also at the forefront of cocktail design in the City, there really is something different about enjoying an art-deco beverage 31 floors up. **Alice Howarth**

● **Aqua Shard (Level 31, 020 3011 1256, aquashard.co.uk) and Hutong (Level 33, 020 3011 1257, hutong.co.uk), The Shard, 31 Saint Thomas Street, London SE1.**

THE PUB

The Coach

WHEN is a pub a pub and when is a pub a restaurant? Well, if you've been to **Tom Kerridge**'s famous "pub" in Marlow, the only one of its kind to have been awarded two Michelin stars in the UK, you'll realise that it is not, in fact, a pub. **The Hand And Flowers** is a restaurant. An extraordinary world-class restaurant that offers food that will blow most people's preconceptions of what gastronomically intelligent food served in a room alongside beer and exposed timber should look, cost and taste like.

Ten years on, a mantelpiece creaking with silverware (not to mention **GQ's Chef Of The Year 2014**) and **The Coach**, about five minutes down the road, is Kerridge's new venture. And it's a pub. Not a pub restaurant. A pub pub. Bookings and waiting lists have been **vetoed** to give way to plastic place mats and plasma screens. Whether you are a peckish local with a pang, or a Londoner on a full food pilgrimage (Kerridge looks set to become to Marlow what Rick Stein is to Padstow), you can walk in, wait and be served some of the best pub grub this side of Chipping Norton.

The **menu is split into "meat" and "no meat"** (both "lush", obviously) and all the dishes are starter portions, the idea being that you mix and match to suit your mealtime (The Coach is open from 8am till late) or mood. The best *GQ* sampled for Saturday lunch was the pot of **moules marinière with warm stout** (*£6.50*) and a dinky brown bread loaf, the shepherd's pie (unctuous, tender and just sticky enough round the sides) and a bowl-lickingly good **yellow-pepper soup with almonds and salsa verde**. The only slight niggle was the **Coach burger** (*£9.50*), where the meat for the "burger" had been prepared sous-vide rather than using a flame. Best save that sort of thing for the restaurant up the road, Tom. This here is our pub. **JH**



● **3 West Street, Marlow, Buckinghamshire SL7. thecoachmarlow.co.uk**



THE BOTTLE

Vondeling

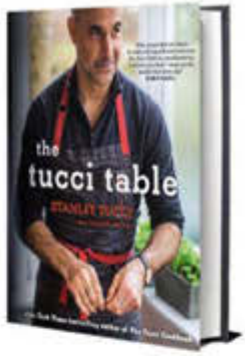
POP culture-obsessed quaffers will have already noted that South African winery Vondeling's well-received Shiraz is called Baldrick (for no other reason than they could), but the region's real bounty is referenced in this enterprising winery's appetising white. Babiana – a blend of Chenin Blanc, Chardonnay, Voignier and a dash of Grenache Blanc – is named after the *Babiana noctiflora*, a species of Capeland shrub typical to the area. The typicity extends to the style: spicy, floral with a velvety fruit-laden finish, which works well with Asian dishes. **BP**

Vondeling Baldrick Shiraz (2012), £10.50. Vondeling Babiana (2011), £14. At Vinotopia. 01666 502262, vinotopiawine.co.uk

Photographs Sudhir Pithwa; Rex

THE BOOK

The Tucci Table by Stanley Tucci



Golden Globe and Emmy-winning actor Stanley Tucci is a star of stage and screen, and he is no slouch in the kitchen, either. This month he takes the lead in *The Tucci Table*, a recipe book of classic Italian and English dishes written with his wife Felicity Blunt (sister of Emily) and inspired by the couple's life-long passion for food and cooking. It might just be the role he was born to play...

"Does the world need another Italian cookbook? Sure, if it is written by Giorgio Locatelli. But me? I just wanted to write about all the recipes I love to cook and eat. I hope it works."

"Everything is a recipe if it tastes good. There is a celery salad in the book that is so stupid and simple I hesitated before putting it in... but it is so delicious and refreshing everyone has to try it."

"I love English food. My mum made shepherd's pie when I was a kid, but my wife introduced me to sausage rolls, beef Wellington, Yorkshire pudding... fantastic!"

"One of the first times Felicity and I cooked together we roasted a 26-pound suckling pig. It was so big it wouldn't fit on the rotisserie, so we had to decapitate it. My kids were disappointed to miss that."

"While filming *Fortitude* in Iceland I ate smoked puffin, and minke whale. You aren't supposed to but they were dead already. I didn't eat the shark meat fermented in urine, though. God no!"

"The one dish that every man should know how to make? Definitely risotto. The secret is to be patient with it. And use a silicon spatula... it is gentler on the grains." **PH**

● The Tucci Table by Stanley Tucci and Felicity Blunt (Orion Books, £25) is out now.

THE ROUNDUP

Catch of the day Posh fish and chip shops













Lure Fish Kitchen
56 Chetwynd Road, London NW5.
lurefishkitchen.co.uk

The setup: High-end but stripped-back fish restaurant in London's well-to-do Dartmouth Park (local Ed Miliband pops in regularly... sadly).
Eat this: Easily the fillet of gilt-head bream marinated in lemon grass and sweet chilli (*£9*). But the huge bowl of mussels (*£7.50*), miso salmon (*£9.50*) and homemade fish-finger brioche sandwich (*£9*) are all excellent.
Drink that: Only four choices of white wine, but the most expensive, Picpoul de Pinet, is still only £25.50, and well worth it.

The Fish & Chip Shop
189 Upper Street, London N1.
thefishandchipshop.uk.com

The setup: Legendary restaurateur Des McDonald's original (there are now two) stylish old-school chippie delivers classic fried feasts with a sophisticated cheffy twist.
Eat this: No question. Haddock (*£9.75*), chips (*£3*), mushy peas (*£2*), spicy tartare sauce (*50p*) and, trust us on this, a battered "wally" (*£2*).
Drink that: We could tell you to try one of the many local Camden Town Brewery beers, but we won't. You have to drink dandelion and burdock (*£4*). You *have* to.

Kerbisher & Malt
59-61 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1.
kerbisher.co.uk

The setup: Named after an old fishing boat, this is the newest outpost of this deservedly popular modern chip-shop chain (there are four more across London) which has helped breathe new and sustainable life into the battered-fish business.
Eat this: Try the grilled and planet-friendly pollock (*£6.80*), with a chip butty (*£2*), pickled onion rings (*£3*) and zesty lemon mayo (*50p*).
Drink that: Go for a bottle of Greenwich-brewed Meantime Yakima Red (*£4*).


RIVER ISLAND
#IMWEARINGRI





Mackerel pasty with gooseberry relish at The Bridge Tavern (above)





Red House's steak and ale pie (above); the restaurant's interior (left)





Glazed ribs (above) and the Maple Collins cocktail (right) at the Hop & Cleaver; artisan pub The Broad Chare (below)



THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

The Quayside {Newcastle & Gateshead}

Train:	Time:	Taxi:
London King's Cross to Newcastle, £112 return. *virgintrainseastcoast.com*	Two hours, 50 minutes.	From the station to the Quayside takes less than five minutes.

Cutting through the **North East** and creating a dividing line between Newcastle and Gateshead, the **River Tyne** provides the picturesque backdrop to some of the region's best food and drink outlets. The Quayside offers a bracing but **postcard-perfect** setting for the things that the area does best: pubs, fine dining, pubs, **hearty British classics**, and more stunning pubs.

VENTURING down to the Quayside from the city centre, make a left turn into **(1) The Bridge Tavern** (*7 Akenside Hill, 0191 261 9966, thebridgetavern.com*) under the Newcastle end of the Tyne Bridge. Among the ales on tap you'll find a selection made in the pub itself – see the fermentation tanks as you head in, labelled with the current brew. If the fog on the Tyne shifts, be sure to sit upstairs on the roof terrace.

Even in summer, the blistering winds can call for comfort food. Look no further than pie and mash specialist **(2) Red House** (*32 Sandhill, 0191 261 1037, theredhousencl.co.uk*), which offers 1,365 combos, serving Northumbrian meats in one of the city's oldest (and most labyrinthine) pubs – perfect for a bit of Northern ballast.

Two doors down, the same owners' **(3) Hop & Cleaver** (*40 Sandhill, 0191 261 1037, hopandcleaver.com*) serves American-style slow-cooked meats in a hall that's pitched midway between a log cabin and a stonemasonry. The pork ribs are a bit of a jaw work-out, but the zinging Buffalo wings are stupendously moreish.

Tucked away from the river is cosy artisan pub **(4) The Broad Chare** (*25 Broad Chare, 0191 211 2144, thebroadchare.co.uk*), stocked with local ales galore, including citrusy house brew The Writer's Block. Best of all are the bar snacks – complement your pint with a hot, gooey Scotch egg.

When the evening calls for something more spectacular, try **(5) Six** (*South Shore Road, 0191 440 4948, sixbaltic.com*). Across the river in Gateshead, the sleek, modern restaurant sits on the top floor of the **Baltic Centre For Contemporary Art**, offering fine dining with riverside views from floor-to-ceiling windows. The food is top-notch (our tip: the pork tasting plate), matched by the stunning vistas from the gents'.

On the other side of the river, **House Of Tides** (*28-30 The Close, 0191 230 3720, houseoftides.co.uk*) is the home of *Great British Menu* chef Kenny Atkinson. A relatively new addition to the Quayside, it's already winning awards and gunning for a Michelin star.

If you're hankering after a spectacular Quayside view, walk east along the river and up a small verge to reach **The Free Trade Inn** (*Saint Lawrence Road, 0191 265 5764*). It's a friendly, unpretentious pub with guest beers that often require the staff to disappear down a trapdoor to pour, and at night its beer garden has the best view in all Newcastle of the moonlit Tyne and illuminated Millennium Bridge.

There are various familiar hotel options on the Quayside (**Malmaison**, **Hotel Du Vin** and **Hilton**), but for a personalised experience go to **Jesmond Dene House** (*rooms from £140 a night. Jesmond Dene Road, 0191 212 3000, jesmonddenehouse.co.uk*). A 19th-century Grade-II listed building, it offers a luxury country house experience while only being a five-minute taxi from the city centre. Calm, secluded, and surrounded by greenery, it's more than worth the short trip. **Ben Travis**





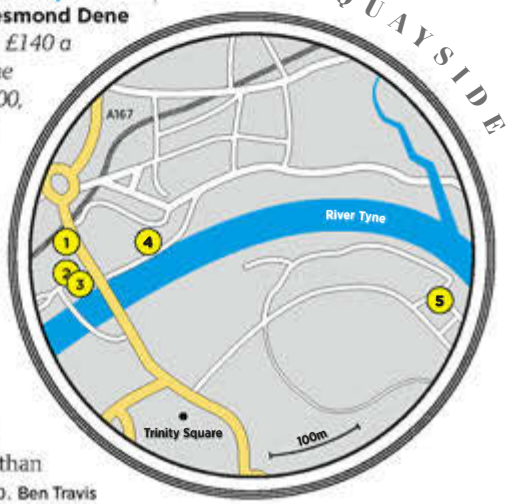
The Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art (top); the Fallen Angel cocktail at Six (above)



The Free Trade Inn (above); Jesmond Dene House inside and out (below)







THE RECIPE

Rabbit

172 Kings Road, London SW3. 020 3750 0172, rabbit-restaurant.com

Having grown up on a farm with its own vineyard, it should come as no surprise that brothers Oliver, Gregory and Richard Gladwin decided to get into the London bistro business. Dividing their talents accordingly – Gregory grows it, Oliver cooks it and Richard sells it – the West Sussex siblings started off with The Shed in Notting Hill, and have now added Rabbit in Chelsea to their fledgling rustic restaurant chain. This tempura duck liver recipe will give you a flavour of what they can do...



Tempura duck liver with red wine lentils and bacon jam

by Oliver Gladwin



Ingredients (serves 6)

- 500g duck livers
- 1 large black carrot

For the tempura batter

- 200g rice flour
- 200g gram flour
- 500ml sparkling water
- 12g bicarbonate of soda
- 15g ground coriander seeds
- 15g ground star anise
- 20ml cider vinegar
- 20g sugar
- Salt

For the bacon jam

- 40g butter
- 2 large onions, diced
- 4 cloves of garlic, diced
- 300g smoked bacon lardons
- 300g pork belly, diced (no skin)
- 200ml cider vinegar
- 200g demerara sugar
- Handful of fresh thyme

For the red wine lentils

- 300g puy lentils rinsed with water
- 150ml veal stock
- 200ml red wine
- 100ml of water
- 30g allspice
- A bunch of chopped lovage

Method

1. Make the bacon jam by adding the butter to a heavy-bottomed pan on a low heat. Once melted, turn the heat up and add the onions and then garlic. When golden and caramelised, add the bacon and pork belly. Cook slowly for 20 minutes. Then add the vinegar and sugar, cook for a further 30 minutes until thick and sticky (it should hold together on a spoon). If the jam looks split, add a little water and then blitz it in a blender until it stabilises. Finish with the picked thyme. Leave to stand.

2. For the red wine lentils, rinse the lentils well. Put all the other ingredients into a pan and bring to the boil, add the lentils and cook for a further 10-15 minutes. Be careful not to overcook. The lentils should be coated with a rich, sticky sauce. Leave warm, ready to plate, then finish with the fresh chopped lovage.

3. For the tempura, add all the ingredients together, whisking the water into the flour. The batter should be smooth and coat the back of a spoon.

4. The final prep should be to trim the duck livers, then pat them in flour. Fill a pan with 2cm of cooking oil, then heat to 165C-170C. Dip the duck livers into the batter and fry them for 30 seconds on each side until golden brown. The duck livers should be cooked but pink.

5. To serve, spoon the warm lentils down the centre of the plate. Put dollops of the bacon jam, then the crispy duck liver, then raw, very finely sliced black carrots (optional), building the levels of the dish with colour, flavour and texture.



THE HOTEL

The Treehouse, Chewton Glen

JOHNNY Weissmuller, five-time Olympic swimming gold medallist and legendary big-screen Tarzan, would have loved Chewton Glen. Not because of its setting in the beautiful New Forest. Not because it has a pool. And not even because he must have had a penchant for luxury treehouses.

No, the reason "Big John" would have enjoyed the arboreal five-star splendour is that, as a five-times-married ladies' man, he would have rejoiced in the romantic privacy of this stilted oasis of wooden beauty.

Although Chewton Glen has long been considered one of the UK's premier spa hotels, the addition of six impeccably appointed treehouse suites has taken the luxury to a new level. Visitors can make use of the hotel restaurant (don't miss executive chef Luke Matthews' imaginative menu), as well as availing themselves of various massage treatments, but amorous couples may prefer to cut themselves off completely.

Once checked in by your own personal concierge, you need not suffer any human interaction for the remainder of your stay. All treehouse amenities, room-service requests and spa bookings can be accessed from a tablet, so there's no need to call the front desk. With a huge decked balcony, dining facilities and a Jacuzzi, you don't have to mix with other guests. And thanks to a secret serving hatch, meals can be delivered direct to your room.

A word of warning: if you put up the "Do Not Disturb" sign, strip down to a loincloth and try your best "me Tarzan, you Jane" impersonation, just remember... check-out time is 11am. **PH**

Treehouse Studio Suites start at £750 per night. New Milton, Hampshire BH25. 01425 275341, chewtonglen.com

Photograph Dan Matthews

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• SMALL BITES •

Where GQ has been eating this month...



TAMARIND

The first Indian restaurant in the world to pick up a Michelin star has a new five-course tasting menu (£65 per person).

STANDOUT DISH

Elliot Farm lamb chops with raw papaya

20 Queen Street, Mayfair, London W1. 020 7629 3561, tamarindrestaurant.com



CHAI WU

This luxury Chinese-meets-Japanese on the fifth floor at Harrods is a challenging proposition. Great food, even greater prices, but Ian Pengelley's cooking makes it (almost) worth it.

STANDOUT DISH

Coconut prawns

87-135 Brompton Road, London SW1. 020 3819 8888, chaiwu.co.uk



FERA

Simon Rogan's three-courses-for-£30 lunchtime special triumphs in the (sadly under-contested) good-value Michelin dining stakes.

STANDOUT DISH

Reg's guinea hen, salt-baked celeriac, buttered kale and cider sauce

49 Brook Street, London W1. 020 7107 8888, feraatclaridges.co.uk



French connection: No.41 is steeped in plush, Parisian decadence

THE CLUB

No.41

£20 entry for nonmembers. 41 Conduit Street, London W1. 020 7629 4496, no41mayfair.com. Thursday–Friday, 10:30pm-3am. Saturday, 11pm-3am

The subterranean dance floor at 41 Conduit Street (hidden underneath Brasserie Chavot) has long felt like a missed opportunity: one of the best locations in London, but under-used and underpowered. Until now, that is. Through the new leadership of basketball-pro-turned-international-nightclub-svengali Sasha Devic, No.41 is finally attracting the kind of starry crowd it has always deserved. Here's the need-to-know before you head down...

Who has been recently? New York Knicks players after the London NBA game, Wiz Khalifa, Anthony Joshua, Tom Ford and a roll call of Victoria's Secrets models.

Want to join them? Membership is one possible way in (the fees are £500 a year), but nonmembers are welcome at the discretion of the door staff. Tip: dress smartly.

What's the music policy? House dominates, though there's a smattering of hip-hop and R&B, too, courtesy of special guests, such as Rihanna-favourite DJ Spade.

Drink it while you can: The club stocks one of only 18 methuselahs of Dom Pérignon Rosé Gold 1996 (£47,000) in existence.

Going with a Russian model? Don't worry, sushi is available.

Who did the interior and what was the brief? Alex Kravetz, whose portfolio includes work for the Dorchester Collection. The theme for No.41 was Parisian decadence. Motifs include deep red-velvet upholstery, Corinthian columns and chandeliers; the walls are adorned with mirrors and paintings. There's a plush carpet, too. Brave.

To sit down at a table, you'll need to drop: £1,000 upwards.

Drink this: The menu specialises in delicious pre-Prohibition tipples. Mule No41 is the signature choice – a twist on the classic Moscow Mule that won the barman a top-three place in Russian Standard's recent bartending competition.

Best time to turn up? Between midnight and 12.30am, when the dance floor is full and the DJs are firing on all cylinders. **Charlie Burton**

Club class: *The science of going out...*



Arc de Triomphe × Basketball + Victoria's Secret = No.41

THE RESTAURANT

Parlour

TUCKED neatly alongside the more famous Paradise, **Parlour** is a welcome addition to the not particularly well served **Kensal Rise** area of northwest London. It's open from breakfast right through to after-dinner drinks, and once inside you can pick where you would like to settle depending on your mood. One option is the **chef's table**, which allows you to see the experts at work and, above all, sample the very best from the man behind it all.

The chef's pass is an old desk, a fitting feature as the man who presides over it, **Jesse Dunford Wood**, is extremely well read in his field. This classically trained chef enjoys coming to the table to present his dishes, and sharing the history and etymology of the huge range of ingredients he uses. This is especially helpful when it comes to items such as **Chinese artichokes** (they look like tiny snail shells and, much like their Jerusalem cousins, are not actually artichokes at all) and **monk's beard**, an Italian spinach-like vegetable that has an unusually short (five-week) season.

Dunford Wood's dishes don't disappoint – even the bread is great. "Back-door" smoked salmon (so named because it's smoked outside the restaurant) is oily, smoky and sliced perfectly to let texture play its part. An interesting salad of **bull's blood leaf** and **sunflower root** is both clean and earthy. Well-executed **duck parfait** with blood orange is the standout dish.

Pudding is otherworldly, not due to the incredible sweet treats on offer (though **Fisherman's Friend arctic roll** doesn't work), but because the chef's table has a super party piece. With the lights dipped and some **headphones** on, you can't help but smile when the chefs construct a **pantomime dessert** on a roll of tin foil directly at the table (complete with appropriate soundtrack and smoke machine). This colourful finale is certainly novel entertainment and ideal for a group of friends. **Charlie Tee**



● **5 Regent Street, Kensal Green, London NW10. 020 8969 2184, parlourkensal.com**



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Sheikh Zayed Road, Dubai

gqbar.com |

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A Hospital stay to look forward to, and a new business-only route to **New York** taking off this month



Club nights: London's Hospital Club offers stays to members and nonmembers

Members' clubs have offered rooms for as long as they've offered memberships. They're a redoubt for those "up from the country" and requiring B&B in ostensibly familiar surroundings – or a useful excuse to avoid doing the housework when the significant other is away. But, today, clubs are doubling up as hotels by offering stays to nonmembers, a useful revenue driver that offers guests the chance to enjoy a necessarily more rarefied stay than the run-of-the-mill norm. The latest to take advantage of recently renovated "backstage" space in **LONDON** is **The Hospital Club**, hub of the biannual London Collections: Men seasons and thus a likely staging post for fashionistas wishing to stay close to the action. Accordingly, rooms are agreeably large, mid-modern in design and come with ready-made cocktails, ultra-HD 4K TVs, contemporary artwork and good-sized marble bathrooms. *Members stay for £99 a night (nonmembers £124). thehospitalclub.com/bedrooms*





Compagnie man: Classic catering and flat-bed seating are part of the French firm's new transatlantic flight plan

Taking off on 24 April will be business-only airline **La Compagnie**'s second route across the Atlantic – London Luton to **NEW YORK** Newark (it launched its inaugural Paris-NY route last summer). Outbound service follows *GQ* Travel's avowed mantra ("early to Europe late to the States") by departing at 5.45pm (landing at Newark at 9pm in time for a martini and bed). It departs for the UK shortly thereafter (10.30pm), getting business travellers in love with the "red eye" into London by mid-morning at the earliest. Relax, says its French owner, La Compagnie is as much for the well-breeched leisure traveller as the cash-strapped corporate client, suggesting there's longevity to the proposal (something you couldn't say about EOS, Silverjet or MaxJet, the last three attempts at launching a low-cost business-only airline across the Atlantic). *£1,599 return. lacompagnie.com*



Ill manors: The Oak Room Bar & Lounge is among The Hospital Club's home-from-home hangouts



DUTCH AND GO

When it's spring in Amsterdam, the place to stay is **The Dylan** hotel. Set on the Keizersgracht canal, behind an **elegant stone façade** (all that remains of the 17th-century theatre that once stood here), the Dylan is clustered around a charming courtyard.

The hotel's Vinkeles restaurant is excellent and if the weather's good enough (and you ask nicely) they'll serve its Michelin-starred menu aboard the hotel's private saloon boat as you cruise sedately round the city's waterways. What could be more delightful? How about the hotel's delightfully decadent version of high tea – **high wine**? Available every day between 3pm-5pm, high wine features a selection of four wines by the glass and four different *amuse-bouches* for €39.50 (£29.50) per person.

There are more bicycles than people in Holland (18m vs 16m) so make for Mike's Bike Tours in Kerkstraat and take to the streets, either on your own or as part of its City Bike Tour (*mikesbiketoursamsterdam.com*).

Be sure to stop at **Wynand Fockink** in Pijlsteeg (*wynand-fockink.nl*), just off Dam Square. This exquisite tasting room has remained unchanged since 1679 and has the widest and tastiest selection of jenevers and liqueurs in Holland.

A quick *rijsttafel* (literally, "rice table") in **Tujuy Maret** (*new.tujuhmaret.nl*), one of Amsterdam's hundreds of **Indonesian restaurants**, followed by a hand-crafted cocktail at Door 74 (call +31 6 34 04 51 22 for reservations and location) and then it's time to head back to the Dylan. The Rijksmuseum can wait until tomorrow... **Jonathan Ray** GQ *£251 per night. dylanamsterdam.com. British Airways flies from Heathrow, Gatwick and London City to Amsterdam. From £72 return. ba.com*



Live export: Noma's René Redzepi served flavours of Japan in his Toyko outpost, including 'botan ebi' – still-twitching shrimp, peppered with 'citric' freeze-dried ants

Noma's new ECOSYSTEM

STORY BY **BILL PRINCE**

When the master of site-specific menus took his high-concept localism to Japan, the rest of the world took note. GQ reports on **René Redzepi**'s six-week Toyko shift

HOW WILL we remember René Redzepi's daring kitchen-break to Japan at the beginning of the year, when he temporarily relocated Noma – voted the best restaurant in the world four times in the past five years – from its harbourside home in Copenhagen to central Tokyo?

Will it be the skyline setting, 37 floors up in the city's Mandarin Oriental hotel (*inset*)? Or its deliberately unobtrusive dining room, resembling, appropriately, a white-cube gallery space and furnished with locally sourced tableware and cutlery, much of it sold on to eager souvenir hunters following its five-week, wildly oversubscribed run?

Or perhaps (and with justification) it will be the menu itself that ensnares the imagination, a sort of "Noma 2.0", for which the restaurant relocated its site-specific "High North" cuisine – long ago overburdened with talk of foraging, but made more remarkable for having replaced the tropes of contemporary flavouring with domestically sourced alternatives – to take advantage of Japan's rather more fêted food store?

Here, to be fair, the hedonic stimuli was suitably overwhelming. The set meal of 15 courses – matched with wine, saki or juice – started with unripe "white" strawberries, before going on to encompass (deep breath): still-twitching "botan ebi" (prawn) seasoned with citric-like freeze-dried ants; shaved monkfish liver served on sourdough; cuttlefish "soba"; a cloud-light two-day-dried scallop with beech nut and kelp; and a three-week-aged, net-caught wild duck, roasted and served whole, then returned to the table with head, neck and feet presented as an (almost) edible encore.

Certainly, you would need to have amnesia not to recall, on demand, the liquorice-like flavours of black garlic fashioned into delicate leaves, or the otherworldly succulence of a superbly fresh sea urchin served with wild kiwi.

But perhaps most memorable of all – and the real reason foodies flocked from all over the world to taste Noma's take on Japanese ingredients refracted through Redzepi's unique counterpoint to "international cuisine" – was the scale of the project. Because, far more than an interregnum in the life of a celebrated chef in search of inspiration (and perhaps a financially useful foot in the door in a new market), Noma Tokyo has redrawn the boundaries along which the entire world culinary stage is set.

> 'There are not many chefs who can do what René's done. There are not many that can commit to it'

Or, to put it another way: imagine if all those "starchitects" who've helped gloss the reputations of concerned conurbations craving a little creative stand-out were joined by a new signifier of global excellence: in this case a revered chef cooking in a one-of-a-kind kitchen to a standard unlikely to be repeated anywhere else – at least anytime soon.

Granted, Redzepi has done this once before, when he staged a two-week "Taste Of Noma" pop-up at London's Claridge's hotel in 2012. But this time he shut down his entire operation to properly immerse its approach in a new environment, and took his team on numerous in-country tours in the year prior to opening, the better to familiarise them with the necessary ingredients and, more importantly, their producers.

Cultural differences aside – "Everything is about relationships here," the chef told a table of international diners one lunchtime. "Back home it's all about transactions" – the pressure had been on to source their provisions in sufficient quantities. Or, as Anthony Costa – the general manager of the Mandarin Oriental Tokyo and the man who invited Noma to Japan – told *GQ*, "There was a particular pumpkin René wanted, and he told the guy he would need 500 kilos of his pumpkins. And the guy was like, 'I can give you five…'"

For his part, Redzepi spotted another hurdle: "Every day is like Thanksgiving here," he told the table of diners. "Food has real meaning."

It's why he adopted an approach he described as "respectful travellers, rather than stupid tourists. The first thing we said was, OK, if there was a 'Danish Town' in Tokyo, how would a great restaurant look – at least food-wise? We wanted a restaurant that looks like it fits here, that the locals know – they know the ingredients, they feel comfortable – and yet surprises them."

But the biggest surprise was the reaction. "We thought we would go under the radar," said Redzepi. "We were so nervous we only opened a month of reservations. And then it exploded."

"When [René] arrived, there was some really serious coverage," confirmed Costa. "Then all of a sudden social media went wild for it. This must be the most posted meal in the world."

Which is why All Nippon Airways (ANA) chose to facilitate Noma's travels throughout Japan in the run-up to the opening. And why, in addition to developing its own Connoisseurs in-flight catering concept, featuring dishes designed by 26 of the world's top chefs, it will be partnering with Noma on further projects.

But those looking for a repeat of Noma in other territories may well be frustrated: "I won't say never, because who knows what's going to happen," said Redzepi. "But I'm fuelled to go back and work [in Copenhagen]. I'm not fuelled to go back and work and travel ten times a year. I'm happy at home. I'm not looking for more work. I'm looking for more challenges and experiences."

Anthony Costa agreed. "I'm not sure you'll see something like this again. There are not many chefs who are going to do what René's done. Do you think [US chef] Thomas Keller is going to close his restaurant for three months and move to Tokyo? And come a year in advance to check his produce and check his fish? There are not that many that can commit to that.

"But I don't think René went into this to make money. I think when he goes back to Denmark he's going to think about his business differently. And, for me, I've just worked with the most inspirational culinary talent in the world." GQ







Wild ideas (from top): Noma Japan's 'petit four' – chocolate and cep mushroom with cinnamon branches; the net-caught, three-week-aged duck; unripe strawberries, cucumber and sake





Rooms at **Mandarin Oriental, Tokyo**, start from £338. (081 3270 8800, *mandarinoriental.com/tokyo*). ANA flies daily from London Heathrow to Tokyo Haneda, from £839 (*ana.co.uk*).

Photographs Satoshi Nagare

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Including GQ's midterm report on the latest timepieces

ON SALE **7 MAY**

MICHAEL WOLFF

Harsh reality: Bruce Jenner in New York, 1982 and (below), on his way to an Elton John concert at the Staples Center, LA, October 2014



An *all-American* IDENTITY CRISIS

Bruce Jenner's journey from Olympic hero to reality TV's transgender triallist is more than the story of one man's battle to be himself – it reflects an insatiable appetite for private suffering as public entertainment. In the end, is keeping up with the Kardashians just a zero-sum game? STORY BY **MICHAEL WOLFF**

Photographs Getty Images/Barcroft

Kris Jenner may have tried to pick me up. This was at a *Vanity Fair* Oscar party in the Sunset Tower several years ago. At least I think it was Kris Jenner. Several people said, "Do you know who that was?" This battle-axy, almost feral, wild-eyed woman standing way, way too close to me, and making extremely demanding small talk. "That was Kris Jenner."

The follow-up to this was: "You know, Bruce Jenner is becoming a woman."

That feeling of sensory overload – this garrulous para-celebrity (amid one of the highest concentrations of real celebrities) in your face, and then the unasked, unbidden way-way-way too much information about Jenner (That Bruce Jenner? The Bruce Jenner?) – quite marks the whole Kardashian phenomenon. You're pummelled by what you never thought you would know, or would want to know, to such a point that meaning or significance and, indeed, the very line between real and not real dissolves. Wide-eyed, you just watch the car crash.

As it happened, I didn't know. In fact, I assumed Bruce Jenner was not becoming a woman – that this was mere supermarket tabloid two-headed alien stuff. No, that is not correct. I didn't assume anything. I used no deductive or analytic powers. Part of the success of the Kardashian phenomenon is that it discourages mental exertion – you just accept. But I did have a fleeting impression that, even for these people, Bruce Jenner as a woman was a little far-fetched. But no.

Or perhaps yes. It is absolutely possible that this is all made up, that Bruce Jenner is as much on his way to transgenderdom as I am. Or, he is. Or he isn't really, but why not? That is, maybe the idea floated out there seemed so good that he just had to go with it. The Kardashian formula is to invent plot lines that they can live out in their real lives (something arguably all of us do, but with less calculation and much more ambivalence). Their talent, their art, is that they do actually live them with verve, enthusiasm and full commitment. Bruce doesn't have to want to be a woman to be a woman.

But perhaps I am getting near political thin ice: what's wrong with him becoming a woman? Why can't he be one? You got an issue with that? No, none. But let's just say it isn't unfair to assume that transgender issues in the Kardashian family are not the same as transgender issues in your family.

I would guess, based on nothing but the obvious, that the hit Amazon show *Transparent* actually was inspired by or pushed along as the result of the Jenner rumours. That hearing as I heard, as I think pretty much everybody in the media biz had heard, that Jenner was becoming a woman suggested the kind of plot line that, if you're in the media trade, you might have wanted to get out in front of. Asap. That was surely part of the pitch. I'll bet it's first line: Bruce Jenner – pause – is becoming a woman!





Strike a pose (from top): The Kardashian and Jenner clans together for a family portrait in 1991; Kim Kardashian's Instagram picture from 20 January 2014 of (from left) herself, Kendall, Bruce and Kylie Jenner, and Kourtney and Khloé Kardashian

All the more reason for Jenner, with *Transparent* suddenly a big hit, to want to push his transformation along, to make it reality. Asap. Art imitates life which imitates art. Of course. But why am I still doubting Bruce Jenner? Would a former athlete, now part of a theatrical troupe, turn into a woman just for the money? Just for the notoriety? Quite incredibly, you might actually be inclined to answer no. How could he? Who would do that?

But really, let's be logical. How is it that such perfect, series-sustaining, totally gob-smacking, couldn't-be-more-perfect plot twists so reliably happen to the Kardashians? Seriously, you can only make this stuff up. These are exhibitionists. These are pathological self-dramatists. These are the most fabulous self-promoters since… there is no since. They are *sui generis*.

Of course, just because you are an exhibitionistic, self-dramatising, self-promoter, doesn't necessarily mean that you don't also have big-time identity conflicts. Actually, who, if not you?

Anyway, there is yet the very timely issue of gender confusion, and the ever more numerous, difficult and poignant personal tales of life in a topsy-turvy gender-transformed world. The issue is certainly real.

Just the other day, I was with some fusty members of the Garrick Club intent on defeating efforts to admit women. But even they seemed stumped as to, and even concerned by, what the policy ought to be if a male member became a woman, or if a man, who had been a woman, sought membership.

Hence, for this issue, Bruce Jenner now becomes poster person No1. It's been a long, hard road to total mass-media fascination and acceptance (fascination is acceptance). But does Jenner elevate transgender status or trivialise it? If you are a transgender person do you want to identify with Bruce Jenner or recoil in horror from him? Has your life's drama been turned into low farce? Does he make it seem more or less unconventional?

Again, these are the Kardashians. Not so much high/low, but a low so low, so unimaginably reductive and banal, that, in critical theory, it becomes fascinating, even if only like a car crash, and therefore acceptable – breaking through the clutter to high media status and even aesthetic worth. (At the *GQ* Men Of The Year Awards last September, Kim Kardashian, that gargoyle, sashaying by my table, seemed… beautiful. Really.)

But what exactly does Bruce Jenner say about gender roles? What does he teach us? What help is he? In one way, Jenner's transformation may seem regressive, not destiny but peer pressure. He might have been turned. After all, Jenner has been living in a hyper-feminine household, surrounded, even crushed (how could you not be?) by Kardashian feminine mystique. It's the ultimate Stockholm syndrome. His body has been snatched – literally – by all these women. Not just any women of course, but women with feminine superpowers.

Jenner, in his role as Kardashian supporting player, has been the good dad, the nice dad, the cosy dad. The feminine-side dad. And in many ways that was surely an unrewarding role. The only person of actual, or at least traditional, accomplishment in this bunch (1976 Olympic decathlon champion) was reduced to mere house husband. A great competitor… on his ass.

So he joins them. The real plot of the Kardashians is transformation, of course. Not just nose jobs, boob jobs, lip jobs, not just ugly ducks turned into high-fashion swans, but nobodies turned into celebrities – and cash cows. So a pitiful male may, to raise himself, seek to become a woman, a predicament that, in an angry man's analysis, may metaphorically be extended to the broader feminisation of the culture. It's not only extreme environmental influences, and a personal career move, but it's a zeitgeist indicator. Bruce Jenner is just one more end-of-the-white-man tale.

Of course, those are not the reasons, at least not in any therapeutic sense, that a man is compelled to become a woman. A woman trapped in a man's body is a situation that is – well, theoretically is – a biological rather than a show-business or pop-culture condition.

And, in a way, biology being destiny may be dramatically illustrated in Jenner's path to the

Photograph Getty Images

Kardashian women, a kind of true north for a man with a woman inside him trying to get out. What else explains how Bruce Jenner – the Bruce Jenner – came to be in the Kardashian house? Actually, he is – something that seems scarcely possible – out-womaning them now. After all, the transformation of a man into a woman – in which, theoretically, we will be privy to all the details – is far more dramatic than, say, doughy sister Kylie Jenner, Bruce's youngest daughter, turning into a svelte model. Jenner, to not entirely happy feelings among his stepdaughters apparently, is now the big story.

And then there's the actual car crash. Early in February, Jenner's SUV being pursued, Diana-like, by paparazzi on the Pacific Coast Highway in Los Angeles, rear-ended a car, which was then pushed into on-coming traffic where it was hit by a Hummer, killing the car's driver: the ultimate intrusion of reality into the lives of the ultimate reality stars.

You could briefly sense the power of the genuine – the actually unscripted existed awkwardly, shamefully, next to the theoretically unscripted. An unsettling contrast.

It was an uncertain and yet troubling point: someone getting killed is real – realer.

In a sense, it seemed a reasonable moment to give up the pretence. You see, someone got hurt, so let's stop this now, children. The Kardashian lives, true car crashes – drugs, alcohol, violence, horrible marriages – now have to compete with, and somehow rationalise, an actual car crash. This is a fair humbling. Some reasonable moral attention might be due.

Except, of course, the car accident, together with the sex change, adds up to an even bigger... well, car crash, which is the Kardashian currency. Or is it the Jenner currency?

Jenner is apparently leaving *Keeping Up With The Kardashians* for his own show (or shows). Kris Jenner either fired him or he quit on her. Or again, neither – all just a further plot point.

SO WHO IS *BRUCE JENNER* EXACTLY?

Before **reality TV** superstardom, before his every coffee run, fender-bender or **mani-pedi** was photographed and then flung via gossip sites across the globe faster than Japanese knotweed, Bruce Jenner was a **red-blooded**, chest-beating bona fide **American hero**. Born in Mont Kisco, New York in 1949, it wasn't until a knee **injury** forced him to stop playing American college **football** that Jenner's outstanding potential as an athlete came to fruition. Having switched to a non-contact sport, but still wanting to compete, Jenner focused on the **decathlon**, a decision that would see him all the way through to the 1972 **US Olympic trials** and then the Games themselves in Munich, in which he finished tenth. In the subsequent 1976 **Montreal** Olympics, Jenner won the gold medal, setting a new world record, with the second day of competition becoming essentially Jenner's medal **coronation**. Jenner became a **national hero** and by the mid Nineties – following various product endorsements, wincingly bad **movie roles** and endless TV appearances (back then athletics was still an amateur sport) – Jenner had gone from sportsman to all-American **celebrity**. Then in 2007, having married a certain **Kris Kardashian** in April 1991 and becoming stepfather to **Kourtney**, **Kim**, **Khloé** and **Rob** as well as father to **Kylie** and **Kendall**, along came a little show on E! called *Keeping Up With The Kardashians*. The dysfunctional family saga turned Jenner into a put-upon father figure recognised around the world. But in February reality intruded on scripted reality when Jenner was involved in a **multi-vehicle car crash** in Malibu, in which one person died and another eight were injured.

Nothing, including a real car crash or a sex change, is too painful. In fact, all pain is potential gain





Changing man (from left): Bruce Jenner in Sports Illustrated in August 1976, his golden Olympic year; In Touch magazine's photoshopped cover, January 2015

Indeed, if invented plot points are created for the Kardashian-Jenners to live their lives around, then real-life events and twists can, as well, be used to build a show around. Naturally.

Nothing, including a real car crash and fatality, nor a sex change – that ultimate product of incredible suffering – is too painful. In fact, all pain is potential gain. The Kardashian story, joined now by the hapless Jenner, is of misery. It's a kind of Munchausen's syndrome.

Its appeal, however, is not pathos, but rather the rationalising of misery. In that sense, it's real real misery. Not dramatic misery, but the blanding out, the dilution, the incorporation of everyday pain into everyday life. Messy, dreadful and illogical things happen and it's necessary to live with them in depressing, quotidian fashion. The fact that this earns fabulous, unaccountable sums is what redeems not only the misery but the ordinariness of the pain.

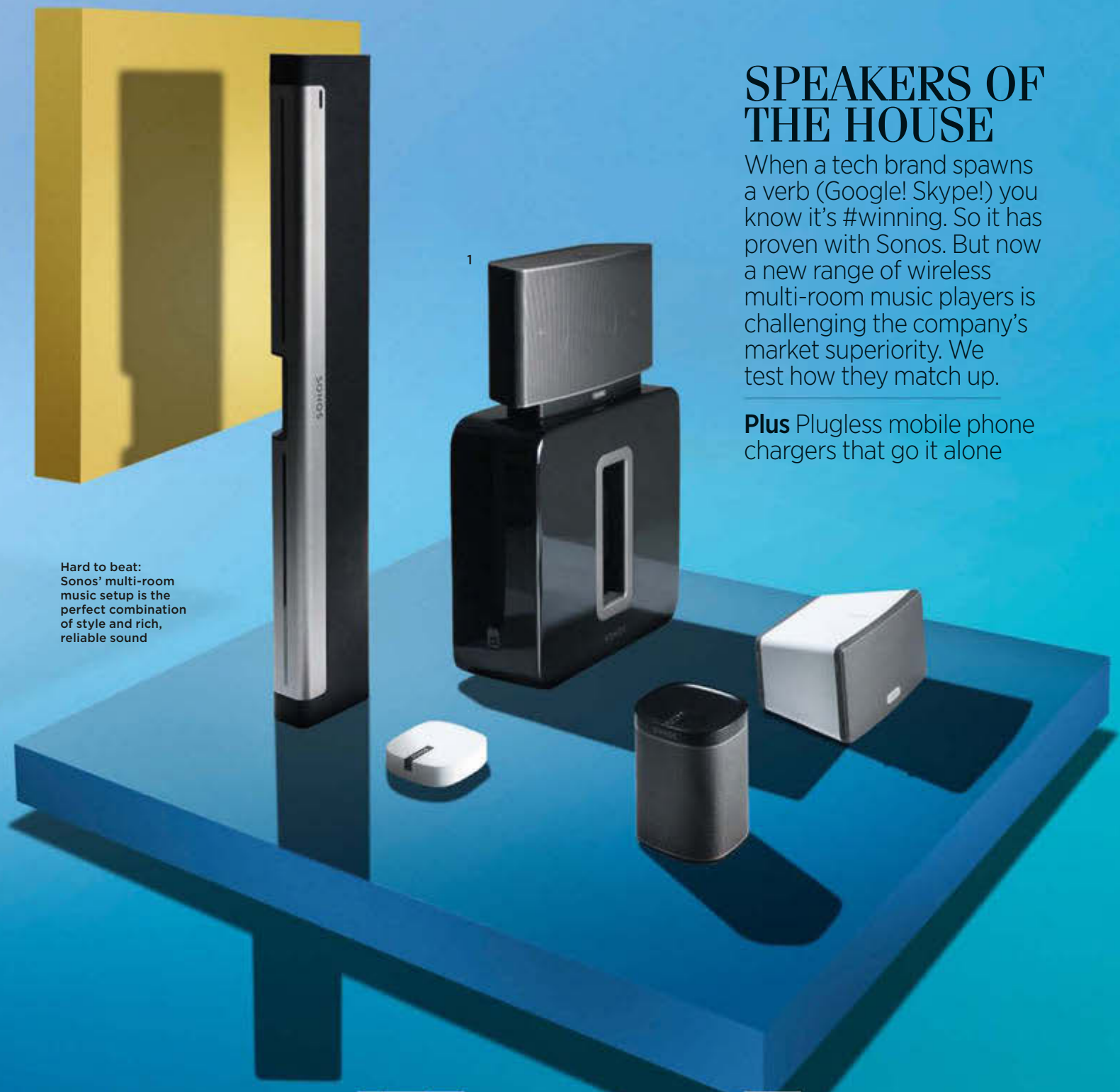
Bruce Jenner, an extraordinary white bread all-American athlete, has, if we are to believe the current plot line, endured, for half a century or more, a tortured sexuality. Kind of an epic tale. In different hands, it might have been a righteous and political one. A national news conference, with Bruce flanked by appropriate worthies. A teaching moment. Or, with appropriate ghost writers, an earnest, possibly touching, and certainly self-congratulatory memoir.

But it's neither. In the Kardashian métier nobody is actually a hero. But everybody is a trouper. The show goes on. Nothing can stop it. GQ

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SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE

When a tech brand spawns a verb (Google! Skype!) you know it's #winning. So it has proven with Sonos. But now a new range of wireless multi-room music players is challenging the company's market superiority. We test how they match up.

Plus Plugless mobile phone chargers that go it alone

1

Hard to beat: Sonos' multi-room music setup is the perfect combination of style and rich, reliable sound

The Lab

EDITED BY
CHARLIE BURTON & STUART McGURK

Photographs Matthew Beedle

1 Sonos

We wish we could surprise you, but Sonos still reigns supreme. Put simply: it offers the best sound of any we tested and has a slick app that starts the music as soon as you press play (that might sound basic, but the others are just not as responsive). Factor in reliable streaming and the new optional Wi-Fi booster and it has to be awarded the top spot.
£170-£599. sonos.com
Win: Partner of Deezer Elite for HD music
Fail: No batteries (requires mains power)
★★★★★★★★★☆

2 Pure Connect by Jongo

Jongo has come up with a good set of speakers, which adjust their sound for portrait or landscape orientations. We liked the option to run the smaller speaker off an internal battery, should a pool party demand it, and were impressed by the bright sound on a par with LG's. But what makes it good rather than great? The app. The set-up wizard wouldn't work and its design is convoluted. *£170-£300. pure.com*
Win: Bluetooth compatible
Fail: Clunky set-up process
★★★★★★★☆☆☆

3 Music Flow by LG

Let's get our main gripe out of the way first: even when playing music that was stored on (rather than streamed from) our iPhone, the app took too long from hitting play to hearing a note. Otherwise, this was an impressive experience: it is Bluetooth and NFC enabled, has a deep sound and offers an optional soundbar. What's more, the next iteration will have batteries, so you can take it outside.
£149-£329. lg.com/uk
Win: Full sound
Fail: Slow app
★★★★★★★☆☆☆

4 Spotify Connect by Philips

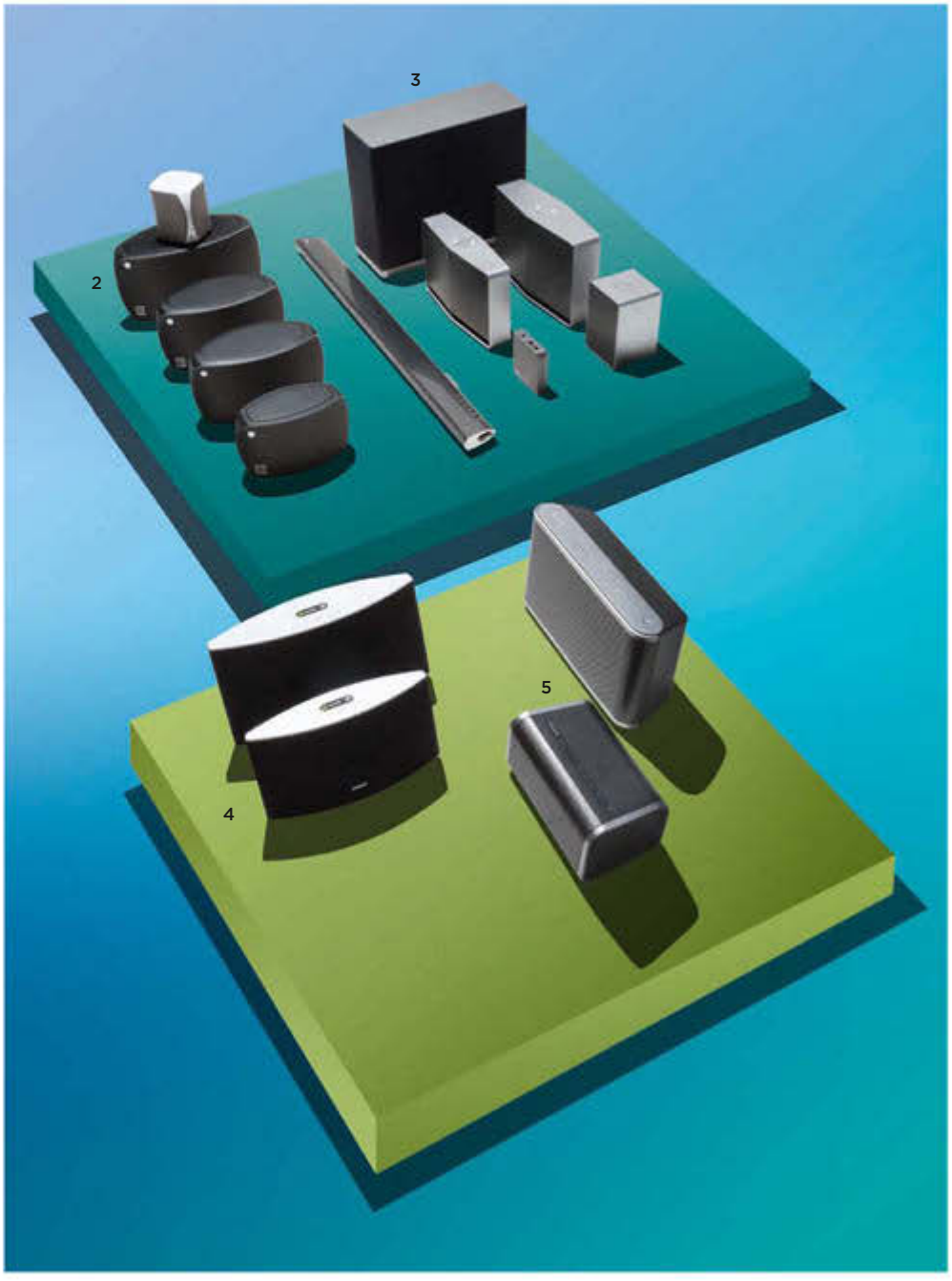
This is a great system that offers multi-room sound at a fraction of the usual price. But as a Sonos competitor? Not in the same league. There are only two speakers available and you have to be a Spotify premium subscriber to use them. Also, you can't play different music through different speakers unless you have multiple Spotify accounts. So entry-level, but decent entry-level.
£90-£130. philips.co.uk
Win: Bang for your buck
Fail: Only streams from Spotify
★★★★★★☆☆☆☆

5 All Series by Panasonic

Although the sound is fine, this was the least remarkable product of the group. The range of speakers is small and their design – although we liked the "touch" buttons – seems to owe something to a shoebox. Most pressingly of all: what's up with the app? It kept crashing and when trying to change the volume it was easy to inadvertently select a different screen.
£229-£300. panasonic.com/uk
Win: Easy to set up
Fail: Unreliable
★★★☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The BREAKDOWN

	Sonos	Pure Connect by Jongo	Music Flow by LG	Spotify Connect by Philips	All Series by Panasonic
Number of speakers	Three	Four	Three	Two	Two
Soundbar?	Yes	No	Yes	No	No
Smallest speaker size (w x d x h)	120 x 120 x 161mm	131 x 139 x 135mm	125 x 115 x 175mm	298 x 108 x 175mm	248 x 155 x 131mm
Smallest speaker weight	1.85kg	1kg	2.2kg	1.36kg	2.5kg



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LOOK, NO WIRES!

We test the new breed of mobile phone chargers with no plug required



1 Vu by Tylt

With an upright stand, the Tylt is great as a bedside charger, but works better as a monitor-side accompaniment at work. Downside? Like all the chargers here, you'll need a case to use with an iPhone (most brands have the tech built-in).
£55. tylt.com
Win: Ideal design as a desk charger
Fail: Takes up a lot of room; not cheap
★★★★★★★★☆☆

2 DT-903 Wireless Charging Plate by Nokia

An acquired taste in terms of palette (along with headache orange, it comes in white), the Nokia Plate uses a soft light to indicate charging, which could be annoying as a bedside light. Bonus: unlike the Sony and Tylt, it plugs in via USB.
£44.99. microsoft.com
Win: Stylish (if you're into all that)
Fail: Unwieldy size; light feels intrusive
★★★★★☆☆☆☆☆

3 Aircharge

At its heart, the Aircharge is a slick metal puck, yet to use on your bedside table requires it to be inserted into a clunky base unit designed for the 80mm-wide hole bored in many work desks for cables.
£113. air-charge.com
Win: Good if you want a charger flush with your desk
Fail: Clunky design; annoying beeps
★★★★★☆☆☆☆☆

4 Compact Wireless Charging Pad by Samsung

Unlike many mains chargers, Samsung's charging pad stops charging once full, and has a discreet light to tell you it's working. The catch? To charge current Samsung phones, it requires a case. That could change, though, with the S6...
£22. samsung.com
Win: Neat; unobtrusive
Fail: Samsung devices need accessories
★★★★★★★☆☆☆

5 Wireless Charging Plate WCH10 by Sony

Sony's WCH10 weighs only 51g and measures just 78mm in diameter, meaning you'll barely notice when not using it. When in play your phone dwarfs it, and so appears to float, with a soft white ring light showing when it's fully charged.
£50. sonymobile.com
Win: Neatest and most stylish on test
Fail: Could be cheaper
★★★★★★★★☆☆

6 V Wireless Charging Pad by Vertu

As you'd expect from a high-end phone brand, Vertu has a similarly luxurious charger. The pad's leather surface matches the phone's back, a low-key "bong" signifies a charge, and the stand's slant is ideal for your desk. Not cheap, but worth it. *£400. vertu.com*
Win: Effortlessly stylish; stunning design
Fail: Did we mention the price?
★★★★★★★★★☆

Photograph Matthew Beedle

The BREAKDOWN

	Tylt	Nokia	Aircharge	Samsung	Sony	Vertu
Weight	162g	93g	160g	51.2g	51g	283g
Dimensions (w x d x h)	89 x 190 x 12.7mm	60 x 120 x 11mm	80 x 80 x 17 mm	73.1 x 73.1 x 9.2mm	78 x 78 x 7.7mm	78 x 165 x 22mm
USB or mains?	Mains	USB	USB	USB	Mains	USB

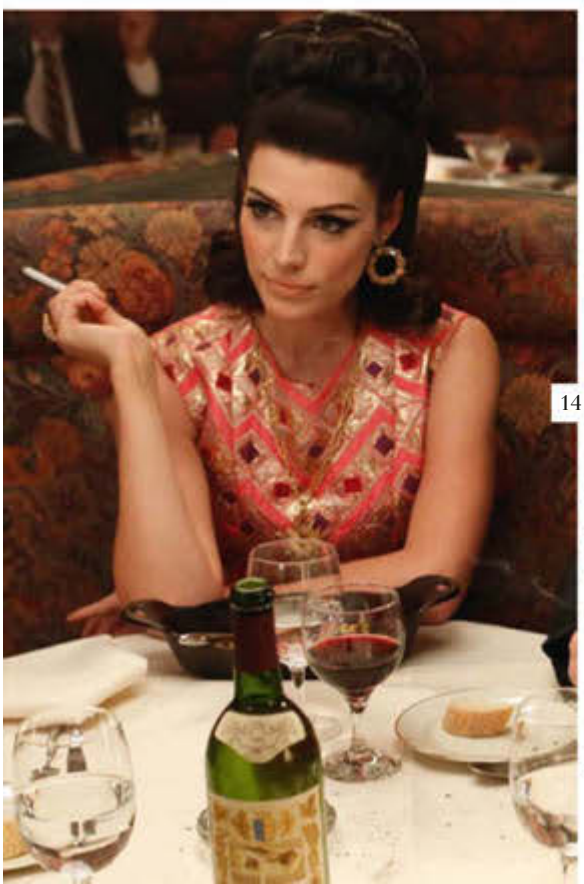

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THE END OF THE AFFAIRS


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There are just seven episodes left to watch TV's biggest philanderer sleep with people he shouldn't. To celebrate – or commiserate – we look at every Don Draper conquest of Mad Men's seven series

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**









1. BETTY DRAPER
(January Jones) *Series 1*

Betty was the perfect Stepbot wife, who wanted everything to be perfect. Don fitted the family photo perfectly. Then came his boozing, womanising and crippling sense of inescapable ennui, culminating in an incident where Betty went nuts and started shooting the neighbour's prized pigeons with a shotgun. The marriage didn't last.

2. MIDGE DANIELS
(Rosemarie DeWitt) *Series 1*

It didn't take long for us to know Don was happy to put it about – the first episode, in fact, which saw him wake up with Midge, his hippy East Village free-spirit artist bit on the side. Midge would become a first series regular, and was rare in that she seemed to use Don as much as he used her. Until she came crawling back for heroin money in series four, of course, but that's another story.

3. RACHEL MENKEN
(Maggie Siff) *Series 1*

If we saw Don the philanderer with Midge, we saw Don the screw-up with Rachel Menken. A strong, attractive, self-possessed owner of a department store whom Don had to impress with his work as much as his charm, he eventually wooed her, and just as promptly got dumped by her with the devastating sendoff: "This was a dalliance, a cheap affair. You don't want to run away with me; you just want to run away."

4. BOBBIE BARRETT
(Melinda McGraw) *Series 2*

A power-play as much as a sexual conquest, Bobbie Barrett was the wife/manager of comedian Jimmy Barrett, who delighted in talking down to Don the ad man over dinner. Don's response? Stick his hand up Jimmy's wife's skirt in the bathroom, and embark on a torrid affair of hate-sex. Even weirder: she seemed to like it.

5. JOY
(Laura Ramsey) *Series 2*

Hard to say exactly what it was that Don saw in Joy, whom he met after escaping to LA towards the end of the second series. Could it be her free, easy spirit? Her Californian optimism? Her easy wealth? Her stunning Palm Springs house? Or the fact she was very often topless? Whatever, she was the anti-Betty, and that was enough.

6. SHELLY
(Sunny Mabrey) *Series 3*

Don kicks off series three as he means to go on: being an immoral a-hole. While Betty was at home pregnant with their third child, Don was off on a flight to Baltimore, picking up a blonde stewardess named Shelly. Cue much hotel sex later, she became one of the few women to run out on him (she's also married). She leaves her pin-on wings; he later gives them to his daughter. Nice.

7. SUZANNE FARRELL
(Abigail Spencer) *Series 3*

By now, Don's pattern for affairs was pretty clear: chase the shiny thing he can't have, then discard the reality he ends up with. Ergo: sweet, beautiful teacher Suzanne, with whom Don settled into a brief domestic bliss, with whom he briefly planned to elope… and who he left waiting in the car as Betty confronted him about his real identity.

8. CANDACE
(Erin Cummings) *Series 4*

It wasn't often Don was forced to put his hand in his pocket and pay the world's oldest profession for his conquests, but that changed in series four, which saw a freshly divorced Don getting it by any means possible, and punishing himself in the process. Thus, prostitute Candace, who slaps him during sex. Don's response? "Harder!"

9. BETHANY VAN NUYS
(Anna Camp) *Series 4*

Series four really started with a bang for the newly single Don. If he wasn't being aggressively sex-slapped by hookers, he was on unsuitable dates with airhead actresses like Bethany Van Nuys, with whom he was set up by partner Roger Sterling, but whose only real benefit to Don came from putting Betty's nose out of joint. Oh, and she went down on him in a taxi. That too.

10. ALLISON
(Alexa Alemanni) *Series 4*

One started getting the sense at this point – just the second episode in of Divorced Don – that single life wasn't for him. Hence: this unfortunate tryst with his secretary, Allison, while he was dog-drunk, after she dropped off his keys. He then ignored her, she threw a cigarette dispenser at him, and Don quietly told Joan she wasn't welcome back. Management, Don Draper style.

11. ALICE
(Amy Motta) *Series 4*

The sixth episode of the fourth series really saw Don push it into hyper-twazock. After getting drunk and winning at the CLIO advertising awards, he found himself at the bar with fellow winner Alice, a jingle-writer, who is nice enough to later go down on him while he hums "The Star Spangled Banner". God bless America. And Alice. Also Alice.

12. DORIS
(Becky Wahlstrom) *Series 4*

We know Don then went on a big one because we immediately cut to two days later, and Don found himself waking up with a blonde named Doris, whom we swiftly learn is a waitress he's picked up. Two bad things about this: Don has no memory of the last two days, and he's given his name as Dick – his pre-Don identity.

13. DR FAYE MILLER
(Cara Buono) *Series 4*

Finally, after what was fast becoming Don's private breakdown-gate, in which he was Jenga-ing inappropriate tryst upon inappropriate tryst, he found someone who seemed his equal: Dr Faye Miller, a research strategist, with whom he had an actual adult relationship, to whom he confessed his secrets, and with whom it actually seemed he might have finally learnt his lesson…

14. MEGAN CALVET
(Jessica Paré) *Series 4*

…Except, of course, this is Don Draper we're talking about. So he'd much rather be with a giggly girl who adores him, rather than an actual equal. Hence: while on a trip, Don is once again swept away by the idea of a dutiful wife, and so falls for secretary Megan while she's looking after his kids. He also immediately proposes.

15. SYLVIA ROSEN
(Linda Cardellini) *Series 6*

In fairness, after proposing to Megan at the end of series four, Don managed to stay faithful all the way to series six, when he met neighbour Sylvia, and embarked on the most doomed of doomed affairs, made all the worse by his friendship with her husband. Worse yet: daughter Sally eventually catches them at it. Oh, Don.

16. AMY
(Jenny Wade) *Series 7*

The only extramarital activity Don ever embarked on with permission, Amy was actually offered by Megan herself – who had now moved to LA, with Don attempting to win her back – so they can have a threesome. But you can sense Don's unease. He may be destructive, a drunk, a fraud and a liability, with a Madonna-whore complex on overdrive, but with his women, he likes to be in control.

Mad Men returns on 9 April on Sky Atlantic.

Public image unlimited

From one man and his Filofax to a global phenomenon that shapes our culture, public relations is laid bare at a new show at the V&A. For 40 years Alan Edwards has guided the brightest lights in rock, pop and celebrity and his vast collection of memorabilia spins the untold history of the world behind the headlines

STORY BY **BEN TRAVIS** PHOTOGRAPHS BY **NICHOLAS KAY**



PR has shaped everything we are now, for better or worse."

If anyone would know this, it's Alan Edwards. As one of the UK's leading entertainment public relations managers, he's been a figure in the PR industry for 40-plus years, representing some of the world's most famous names, from The Rolling Stones to David Beckham, The Sex Pistols, Spice Girls, Naomi Campbell, The Who and David Bowie.

In a culture as media-dominated as ours, good PR has become invaluable for any brand, whether it's music, fashion or politics. While PR has been satirised in the likes of *The Thick Of It*, the industry has had more than its share of successes through the decades – the rise of Richard Branson's Virgin empire, the media domination of the Spice Girls, and President Obama's embracing of Twitter and Facebook in his 2008 re-election campaign.

"A proprietor said to me not that long ago, 'No offence, Alan, but even the effing prime minister is a PR,'" Edwards says.

Edwards' journey to the top of PR mirrors the development of the industry as a whole. He began as a scruffy opportunist in thrall to both popular music and print media, becoming an increasingly important figure through the Eighties, and developing his own business to its current incarnation, Outside Organisation.

Aged 19, Edwards met Keith Altham – the legendary music journalist who later moved into PR – on a press trip to see The Who, and was offered an apprenticeship on the spot. After being marched up and down Fleet Street to learn the ropes of print media, Edwards was given his first major client: T Rex's Marc Bolan.

"Keith believed in throwing you in at the deep end," remembers Edwards. "Marc's PR was about preserving the star status. He was extremely popular with teen pop magazines, like the One Direction of his time. One of the most important things was feeding nonstop great photographs of him to the media."

Edwards' knowledge of the inner workings of the press gave him a head start when punk exploded in the mid-Seventies. At the time, PR was a cottage industry ("We were cowboys," Edwards says), but the boom of the Eighties saw media outlets – style magazines, MTV, newspaper supplements – bringing huge cultural repercussions. PR became more closely tied to big business, expanding from entertainment media to fashion and corporate clients.

Around this time, Edwards found himself working with even bigger names. At 26, he almost burned out as the head of European publicity for The Rolling Stones' *Tattoo You* stadium tour in 1982. At one point, he was even intentionally left behind, replaced by a new publicist, watching the jet depart from the runway in Austria with his suitcase in hand. Still in possession of his backstage pass, he made his own way to the next shows across Europe via train.

"I turned up at every gig, After about three days someone came out and said, 'Alright, you can have your job back.' And I carried on for another nine years after that."

In the Nineties, those who had grown up reading the media were now running it. Alastair Campbell took political PR to a whole new level ("He was a genius," Edwards remarks), and entertainment was no longer an aside to the news – it was the news.

"Celebrity became the engine of the UK economy," says Edwards. "People came to buy Spice Girls dolls. The lines between PR and advertising began to blur."

In recent years, PR has again been forced to adapt to a changing media landscape where the internet and social media are key, and celebrities and brands can have direct contact with their audience. "Now we're seeing another reinvention," says Edwards. "The era of the big beasts is gone – editors, PRs, maybe politicians as well."

Reflecting on the history of the industry so far, Edwards' collection of media memorabilia from the "Wild West" years of PR goes on display this month at the V&A in *Always Print The Myth: PR And The Modern Age*. The event sees Edwards share his wealth of experience from the front lines of the PR explosion that took place during his career, discussing the impact the industry has had on everything from music and sport, to fashion, politics and the economy. How did punk and PR go hand in hand? How could a single newspaper swing a general election? And why were the Beckhams as significant in the media as Princess Diana?

Across three weeks, the event will see Edwards joined by a range of influential personalities from politics, the press, and advertising, including *GQ* Contributing Editor Alastair Campbell, Lord Tim Bell (who managed Margaret Thatcher's election campaigns), novelist and former music writer Tony Parsons, Ken Sunshine (the American PR whose company represents Leonardo DiCaprio), and *GQ* Editor Dylan Jones, providing insight into the forces that shape our perception of society.

Here, Edwards talks *GQ* through his most prized items from his personal collection. >

Always Print The Myth: PR And The Modern Age is at the V&A from 21 April - 9 May. vam.ac.uk



Hot ticket: Master publicist Alan Edwards in 1977 and today, amid 40 years of career highlights, such as all the tickets from David Bowie's Serious Moonlight tour (right)



DAVID BOWIE TICKETS, 1983

PUT ON YOUR RED SHOES AND DANCE THE BLUES

"These are tickets from **every** night of Bowie's *Serious Moonlight* tour. David was at an **amazing** point in his career. He had so much respect after **Low**, and **Let's Dance** was a lot more commercial. No one had any idea that Bowie was going to make a record that would be the **biggest** album for years. I wasn't on every gig, but I went to a lot of the tour, all round Australia and New Zealand. He would recommend me **books** all the time, which was fantastic. There's a lot of writers that I'd have never known without him – Peter Ackroyd, Hanif Kureishi's *Buddha Of Suburbia*. He was a **teacher** in the biggest sense of the word."



MALCOLM McLAREN ON MELODY MAKER, 1979

MANAGED MISCHIEF

"[The Sex Pistols manager] Malcolm McLaren was just **fantastic**. Like anybody in PR, I studied what he did all the time. He had an **instinctive understanding** of popular media. He knew that conflict would create drama and excitement, and the Pistols would always be noticed. I remember a **Sex Pistols** gig at the Nashville, West Kensington, Malcolm went running round like a whirling dervish, knocking into people so their pints were falling out of their hands. Within five minutes the pub was in a brawl, and he disappeared behind the bar. Malcolm made sure he got a photographer to get pictures of this riot going on with the Pistols in the background. It cost no money, and it was on the front of all the music papers and a few nationals too. He was a **rabble rouser**."



PRIVATE EYE GENERAL ELECTION COVER, 1992

BACK TO BASICS

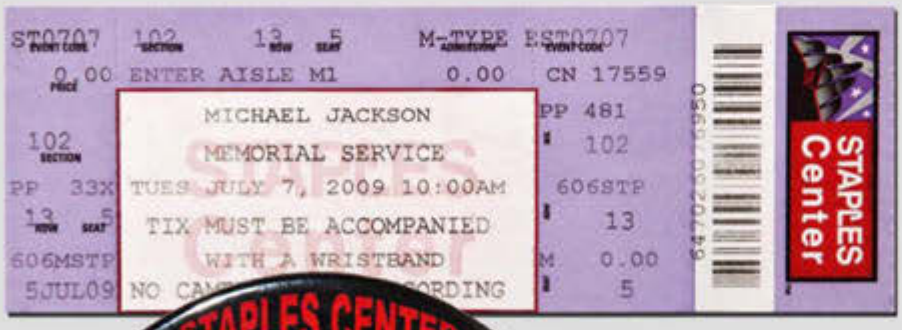
"I wasn't involved in this, but I kept **everything**. I loved it – I had boxes of *Private Eye*. Some of the greatest PR campaigns have been done in politics. **John Major** has to take some credit for **brilliant PR**. He had no chance in the 1992 election, he'd been written off, and he came up with this stunt – he went round the country with a **soapbox** and talked to people. It was a brilliant thing to do."



ALAN EDWARDS' PR LEAFLETS

STANDING OUT FROM THE CROWD

"I got the top design from some Christmas wrapping paper. That was my client list on there. My friend from school, Ian Grant, and I formed a business together. I ran the publicity side, he ran the management side. We had Modern Management, Modern Publicity, Modern this and Modern that. The other leaflet is about the art. In those days colour Xerox was a big deal. I had an eclectic but punky line-up. I was conscious of my brand as a business, I wanted it to feel like a place you'd want to come."







MICHAEL JACKSON MEMORIAL SERVICE: TICKET, MERCHANDISE, AND PEOPLE MAGAZINE COVER, 2009

THE KING OF POP IS DEAD

"I can remember **every second** of that day. I was asked to come out to help oversee the media for Michael Jackson's memorial service – quite a lot of **British press** had gone out there. It was like being at a **sombre Grammys**, every famous American you can imagine: **Jesse Jackson**, Usher, P Diddy. We were listening to everything on the walkie-talkies: 'The **coffin** is coming down the street.' Afterwards I was with Katie Hind from the **Mirror**, the press officer Jo Whitehead, and some British press, and we all went and found a pizza place nearby, opened a bottle of wine, and just sat and thought, 'That's a day I'll never, ever, ever forget.' From a merchandise point of view, it was like being at a **cup final**: T-shirts, flags, badges. Obviously that's also a slightly sad reflection on the way Michael's life was such a **commercial exercise**. He's like **Elvis**, he'll live forever."



DAVID BOWIE'S WEDDING SPREAD IN HELLO! 1992

RAPID DEVELOPMENT

"David's wedding was a beautiful event in the hills of **Tuscany** – I was **chief usher**. We did a deal with *Hello!* magazine. There were no **digital** photos then, it was physical rolls of film. To get it to work, we had to get them **printed** overnight and taken to **London** to be sent to the magazine printers by lunchtime the next day. We were still in our full **tux** wedding gear."



SPICE GIRLS MEET NELSON MANDELA, 1997

GIRL POWER IN ACTION

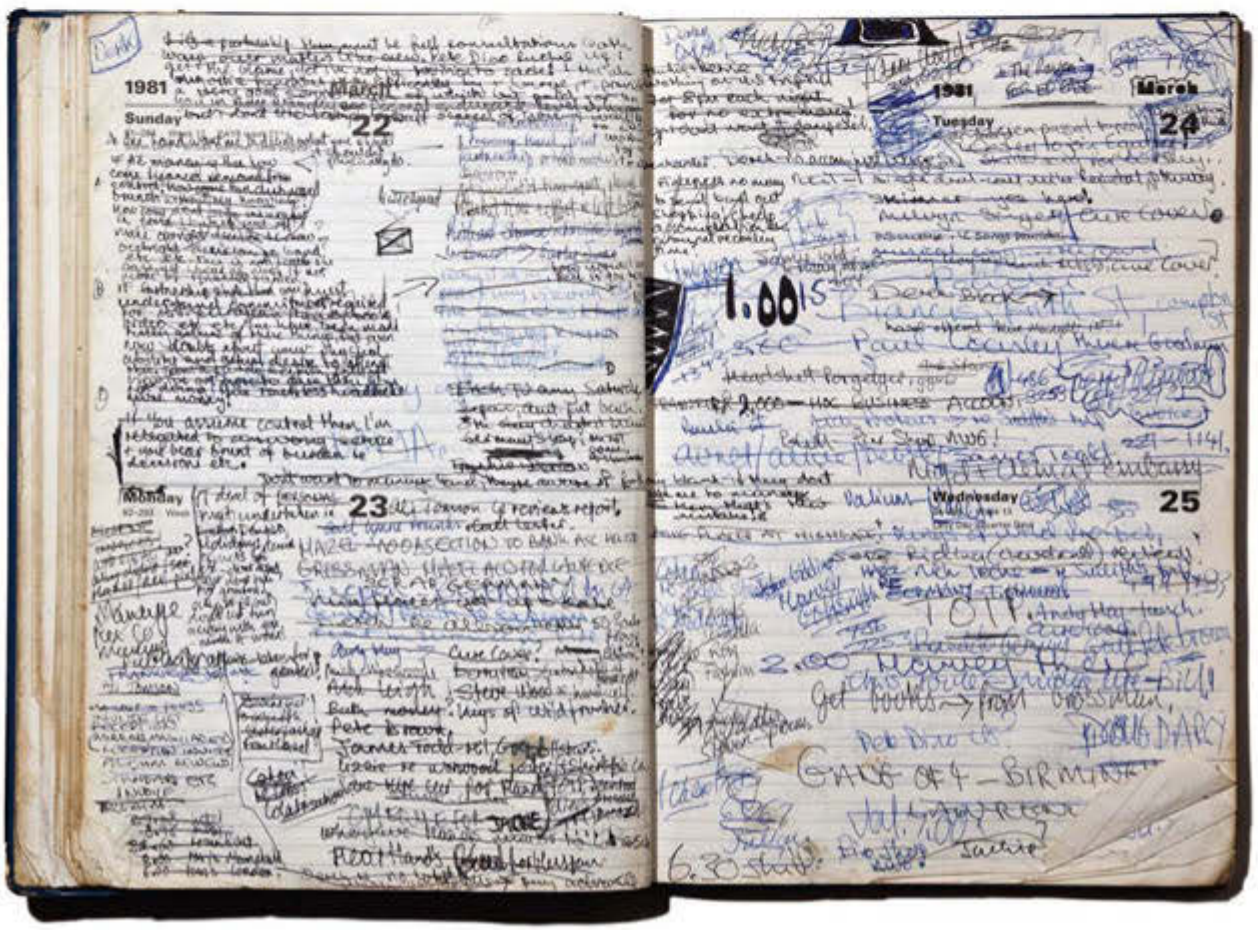
"This is one of the greatest **strange** photos of all time – the Spice Girls, the **ultimate** pop group, with Nelson Mandela, one of the most **significant** figures in history. People found it a very odd combination, but it was kind of great. Geri was very much the driving force behind the **'Girl Power'** ethic. She was quite serious, she had an **agenda** about it and it wasn't just about being in a group to her."



NAOMI CAMPBELL 'AIR RAGE' COVERAGE, 2008

MANAGING EXPECTATIONS

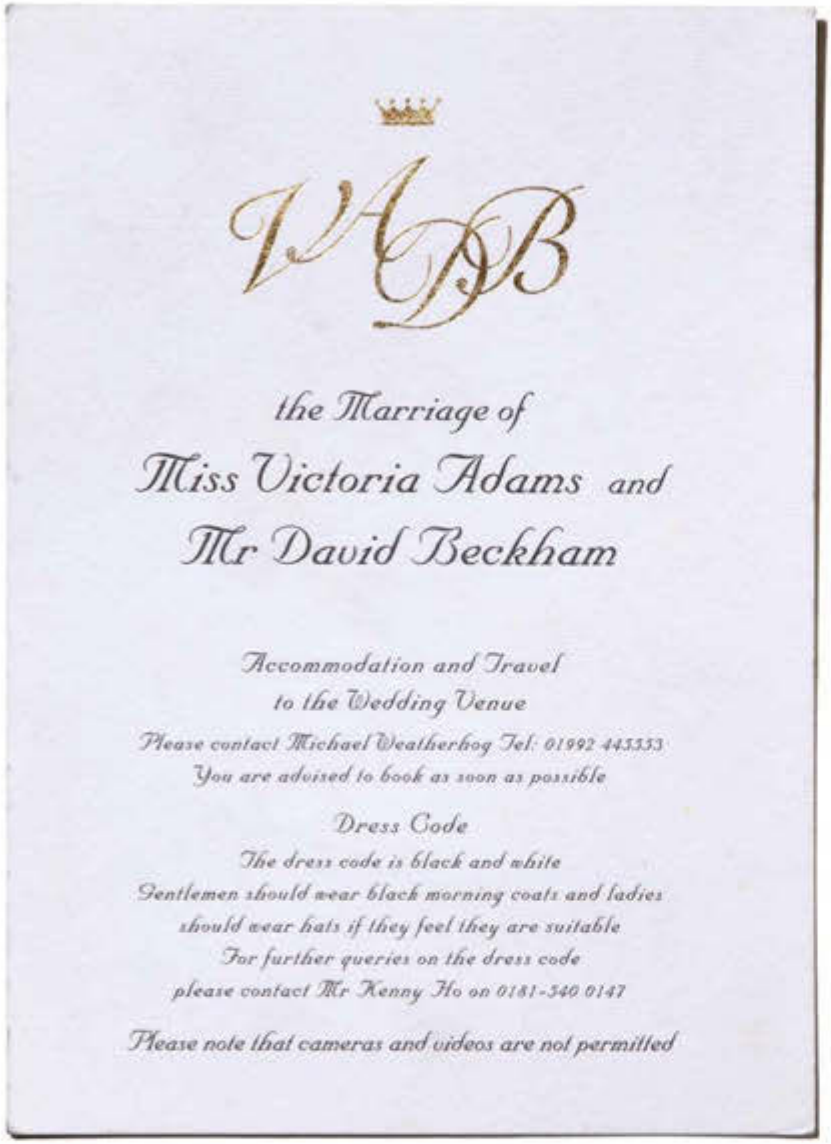
"I worked with Naomi Campbell for **15 years**. I had a lot empathy for her. She was **misunderstood**. Once you get a reputation, the slightest thing – you ask for peanuts in a loud voice on a plane – and the whole thing **escalates**. It happened with Johnny Rotten. It was like, if he looked at you he was going to start a **fight**, when he wasn't – he was just looking."



ALAN'S DIARIES, 1976-1981

MIND-MAPPING

"I started keeping diaries because you kind of had to, really. You deal with a lot of information. I've kept every single one from **over 40 years**. I would colour things in, cross things out, that's how I'd get through the day – it reflected my mood. Every page is like this. I never looked back at them until recently, and I never thought of them as having **historical significance**, although I can see that now. In a way, accidentally some of them have ended up being pieces of art. Layers and layers of handwriting, lists, different levels, black signifies this, blue signifies that. Writing in different shades would bring me a bit of structure. A psychiatrist would have a field day with this stuff; I don't know what was going on in my head. These are the product of doing a lot of things at once, which actually is one of the keys of PR."



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Please note that cameras and videos are not permitted

THE BECKHAMS' WEDDING INVITATION, 1999

POP CULTURE ROYALTY

"What a great, wonderful wedding that was. Some people were **snobby** about it, but David and Victoria were just great. At about **6am** the next morning, we sat down with Brian Aris who did the pictures for **OK! Magazine**. He was a real perfectionist, and he set up a **laboratory** in a field next to the wedding. Dawn was breaking, we were in a field – at that point you were still putting prints in water, the whole thing. David and Victoria came and joined us in **dressing gowns**, with the mist coming up, and we went through all the pictures for the spread. It was great fun."

MICK JAGGER, 1977

PRIME COVERAGE

"I worked with **The Rolling Stones** throughout the Eighties. Rock stars didn't come much bigger at the time. The *Sunday Times Magazine* was really an innovation [when it launched in 1962]. There was nothing like it; there were no other **Sunday supplements**. This wasn't just some magazine full of bland stuff, it really had very strong investigative pieces. Having Mick Jagger [portrayed as Casanova] on the cover meant a lot to me – I'd grown up collecting it every week. The magazine travelled internationally too – someone, somewhere, would be selling a copy of **'The London Times'**. It was arguably the most famous title in the world."



ANARCHY IN THE UK NO1 – SEX PISTOLS FANZINE, 1976

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

"That's Soo Catwoman on a Pistols fanzine. She was part of the **Bromley Contingent** [the punk fan subculture] with **Siouxsie Sioux** and **Billy Idol**. The Sex Pistols had acolytes, ambassadors, very much in the way that Bowie did in New York. It wasn't just a band or a singer. It was a scene. If you can create a scene with other things happening – opening acts, magazines – it's going to be a lot more exciting. The next scene along after this was two tone."





THE BECKHAMS' ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT, 1998

LIFE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"We chose a countryside location to announce David and Victoria's engagement. It was so innocent – we tipped off a load of media to meet us in this pub. It was **typical PR style** – hints, "It'll be something exciting they're announcing." It could have been a book or a tour, but I think it was obvious to most people what it was. There was nothing formal. David and Victoria rocked up in the car park and said, "We're getting engaged." It was such a big story – not the engagement, David and Victoria were the story. You could only compare it with **Princess Diana** at that scale. People wanted news on them every day of the week. They were one of the first couples to live in the modern media, and there was no way of getting away from it – you either spent the whole time in hiding or you just enjoyed it and went with the ride. **Andy Coulson** was a pop writer in those days [former director of communications for David Cameron and editor of *News Of The World*]. He used to get exclusives on the Spice Girls."

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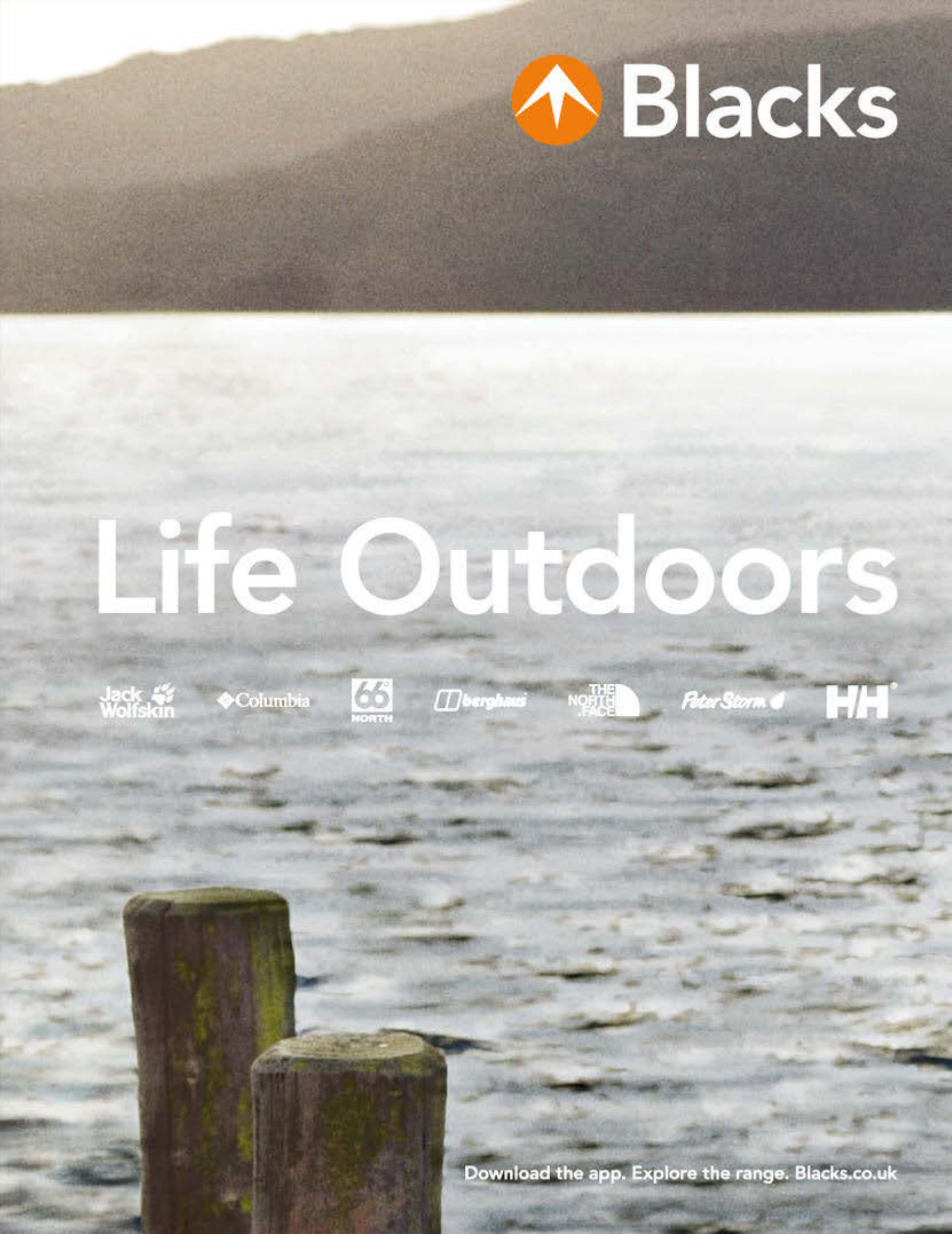
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GQ DRESSER

DAKS + STYLE SHRINK + GAZIANO & GIRLING + KENZO + NICK JONAS

Cut some slack

British heritage brand DAKS adds some Italian elegance

THERE are some great myths about the origin of brands. Two of my favourites are that, one, Adidas was originally an acronym for "All Day I Dream About Sex" (in fact, it was founded by a man called Adolf "Adi" Dassler) and, two, there really were 57 varieties of Heinz products (as no one has ever seen any of these amazing foods, founder Henry Heinz's explanation that he made it up because his lucky number was five and his wife's was seven seems more likely).

One that I personally believed for years before being enlightened by a patient PR was that British heritage brand DAKS, the first company to patent self-supporting trousers, was named as a contraction of "Dad's slacks". Actually it was born from the initials of two businessmen involved in its development – Alexander Simpson and Dudley Beck (who used the last letter of his name as it sounded better), thus explaining why it is capitalised. "Dad's slacks" was actually an advertising slogan that came later. And thank goodness that has long gone.

Today DAKS is about so much more than self-supporting trousers and is a fully fledged fashion house under the eye of creative director Filippo Scuffi, an alumnus of Ralph Lauren, Donna Karan and Michael Kors. At DAKS he has been gaining plaudits for his take on classic British tailoring with an Italian twist, with a particular emphasis on elegant outerwear – and, of course, there's nothing remotely like a pair of slacks in sight. RJ GQ

daks.com



Trench coat, £495. Rollneck, £145. Bag, £495. All by **DAKS**. daks.com. Jeans by **Jacob Cohen**, £545. At Harrods. harrods.com. Boots by **Grenson**, £230. grenson.co.uk

ESSENTIAL BUY



Part chukka boot, part high-top and totally awesome, **Oliver Spencer**'s Beat perforated suede chukka sneakers have to be in the running as this summer's best shoe. *£150, oliverspencer.co.uk*

Photograph Sam Christmas **Styling** Grace Gilfeather **Grooming** Annabel McCrory using YSL Beauté and Bumble And Bumble **Model** Liam at Storm

Style SHRINK

BY ROBERT JOHNSTON

Follow Style Shrink on Instagram at **roberttjohnston**



Rollneck by **John Smedley**, £135. johnsmedley.com. Jacket by **Belstaff**, £550. belstaff.co.uk. Loafers by **Jimmy Choo**, £475. jimmychoo.com

LETTER of the MONTH

I have recently purchased a waxed jacket in green. What style of jumper would you recommend to wear with it, as I like to layer up?
Daniel, via email

I love a waxed jacket and have just taken delivery of a new **Belstaff** Roadmaster, which is one of the great British fashion icons. It can be worn all year round with everything from a chunky-knit cream Aran rollneck in winter to a crew-neck T-shirt in summer. Like so many things in life, however, the tricky bit is the in-between. I have always had a secret (and unspoken) penchant for a black superfine Merino polo neck – very Left Bank intellectual, in the Jean-Paul Sartre mould, with just a dash of Seventies spy – perfect with a pair of skinny jeans and some tassel loafers such as the **Jimmy Choo** Nathan. The **John Smedley** Belvoir rollneck also comes in a subtle shade of silver grey, which is very flattering and worth a look. If you want to be bang on trend, think stripes. An **SNS Herning** Breton-style jumper may be mixing up country and ocean, but there's nothing wrong with that.

Is there a right or a wrong way to wear a belt? Should the belt be threaded through the buckle from right to left from the perspective of the wearer? And is this true for every country or is it peculiarly British?
Bryan Johnson, via email

This one left me stumped as I had quite simply never even thought about the niceties of belt etiquette. Looking into it, however, I found there was a school of thought that states that women should buckle belts in the opposite direction, but when I went round to the marketing department to query this, Marketing Director Jean and the women on her team looked at me blankly, so I reckon that this may not be general practice. Nor can I find any evidence that other nationalities do it any differently to us Brits. The only exception I can think of is when you have a "double D ring" buckle, where the buckle itself is threaded from the right, so that the excess belt will be to the left. If you were left-handed you might find it easier to swap, but that would be a personal choice. What isn't up for debate is that you should always buy a belt about 2in bigger than your waist – so if you are a 34in, then you should go for a 36-38in belt. You shouldn't, however, have too long a "tail" hanging to the left of the buckle. Rather, it should fit comfortably beneath one belt loop. As a rough rule of thumb, the wider the belt the more casual the look – but then I believe that suit trousers look better with side tabs, so that is somewhat moot. Also, some men insist the metal of the buckle should match your watch and the leather your shoes. My favourite belts, however, are by the Italian brand **Anderson's**, and I particularly like the woven elasticated styles that are very, er, forgiving.

Belt by **Anderson's**, £60. At matchesfashion.com



I'm getting married in September and have something of a quandary. I'd like a strong connection in the suits worn by my two best men, my dad, the father of the bride and me without spending a fortune. I also worry it is rather unfair to impose my choice on others and charge them for the privilege. What do you think?
James, Norfolk

A close friend was once being flown to Tokyo to cover Atomic Kitten's first Japanese tour. He arrived at Heathrow, met the PR and was checked into BA Club Class for his flight. He was very impressed at how solicitous the cabin crew was, until after a few hours, when the nice lady kindly asked him if he would like to go to the lavatory. It turned out that the PR had scammed him an upgrade by pretending he was a disabled competition winner. And the moral is just go with the flow – and I am sure this is what James' team will do. He makes it clear he is not in the market for top hats or tails so that is the wedding-hire route closed off. He also points out that there is a wide range of sizes and ages to accommodate, and the look has to go from church to shaking a leg later. So first, I think that if he is reasonable and asks his party to invest in a suit that is a) not too expensive and b) they will get a lot of wear out of then they are more likely to be happy to oblige (and cough up – though you might find your wedding present is less generous than it might have been). So I would go to a reliable tailor, such as **Jaeger**, who will be able to cater for a wide variety of sizes, and pick out a classic design in a classic colour – and that's most likely going to be navy blue. The individual suits can then be tailored to fit. Then I think James should supply his groomsmen (for the want of a better word) with matching ties and pocket squares to pull it all together – plus, of course, buttonholes.



Suit, £624. Shirt. £65. Tie, £65. Pocket square £25. All by **Jaeger**. jaeger.co.uk

Photographs Peter Haynes; Sudhir Pithwa

What should I be looking for in the fabric descriptions when buying suits? The 100 per cent wool bit is a given, but all the S120 numbers that follow baffle me.
James Lewis, London

S120s stands for super 120s, and is an internationally recognised marketing tool used by mills and designers to describe with precision the fineness of the wool fibres used in the cloth. "Super" is simply a way of signalling that the wool is high quality, while the figure signals the maximum diameter of the fibre. An 80s, for example, would be a maximum of 19.75 micrometres in diameter – a human hair is, on average, 100 micrometres. Each time the scale goes up by ten the diameter decreases by 0.5 micrometres, so 120s would be 17.75 micrometres and this goes up (or down depending on how you look at it) to 250s and 11.25 micrometers and under. In theory, the finer the fibres the better the cloth – and the more expensive – but in the case of a suit that isn't the whole story, as if the cloth is too fine it won't be able to stand up to everyday wear and tear (in fact, *you* would have to stand up as sitting down would almost certainly mean you risk a shiny "seat" in seconds). There is also be an issue with wrinkling, so S120s to S140s is around the ideal measurement for suits.



Suit by **Canali**, £1,220. canali.com

Submit your questions to our style guru: styleshrink@condenast.co.uk



The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from Cross. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. *cross.com*



Soles on board: Dean Girling and Tony Gaziano, and their Savile Row shop

Shoes by **Gaziano & Girling**, £1,200. gazianogirling.com

GQ LUXURY

Brogue traders

By combining attention to detail with modern methods, one shoe brand brings bespoke quality to ready-to-wear. **Nick Foulkes** steps out in Gaziano & Girling

ONCE, when it came to gentlemen's shoe styles, it was fairly straightforward: there was either the classic English stuff at the top end of the market – the punched Oxfords, monks, brogues, loafers – and the other stuff that was called fashion. Colour was also a binary business: there was black and there was brown.

Standing in the Savile Row premises of Gaziano & Girling, you understand just how much has changed. First there is the colour. Sure, there is black and brown, but these come in all sorts of tonal variations and thereafter the choice is really only limited by the imagination. And then you have to consider patination. Once a term used only by antique dealers, patina is a big deal these days, the layers of colour built up by hand until the desired depth and gradation is achieved.

But what sets Gaziano & Girling apart is the attention to detail. They both trained as shoemakers, and I first came across Tony Gaziano when he was working for Edward Green at the turn of the century. At the time, Dean Girling was one of his outworkers who was pestering him to start a business together. In 2006 they went to Japan to take some bespoke orders and with the deposits they took started a small business. After about a year they opened a small factory, which has since been replaced by a bigger factory that has been devoted to what they believe is a new way of making high-end men's shoes.

Of course, they make bespoke pairs, and if you have three-and-a-half grand or upwards burning a hole in the pocket of your vicuña blazer then they can dazzle you with all sorts of delights: their seamless shoe, made from one piece of leather that is painstakingly shaped around the last; or perhaps a pair of shagreen slippers.

However, what makes Gaziano & Girling so interesting is that it aims to make the same quality of materials and a similar level of detail available to the ready-to-wear customer. Take, for instance, the English oak bark-tanned leather that they use for the soles. This takes about a year and is carried out in tanning pits in Devon first used by the Romans. They offer a range of width fittings from A to H and sizes to match.

The shoes are also designed to look more refined: single rather than double lines of fine stitching, care taken to position the panels of leather, and so on. For instance, on the G&G Oxford, the vamp section is lengthened at the side so it continues gracefully until it joins the line of the heel. Turn the shoe over to admire the raised fiddleback waist that accentuates the narrowest part of the sole. Then there are the less visible touches that enhance the overall sensation of quality: the edges of the soles are hand-ironed; the internal stiffeners are pieces of leather cut from a hide rather than reconstituted from scraps.

A pair of ready-to-wear G&G shoes starts at £950, but the made-to-order option starts at £1,100 and offers a near-bespoke level of choice: five different toe shapes, 50 different leathers and such highly individualising differences as patterns of punching and stitch detailing.

It is all highly impressive and utterly engrossing. However I would suggest that you set aside a good hour to making your selection. On my visit to the shop there was a man who had come in looking for a pair of formal black shoes. By the time I left, customer and sales assistant were still locked in discussion about the exact shade of black that was required. GQ

39 Savile Row, London W1. gazianogirling.com



French fancies (clockwise from near right): Designer Kenzo Takada, June 1971; Kenzo creative directors Carol Lim and Humberto Leon; the Kenzo SS15 collection

Kenzo enjoys the perfect partnership

Creative directors Humberto Leon and Carol Lim have looked back to the Parisian brand's DNA to spark a celebrated metamorphosis

EYEBROWS were raised on both sides of the Atlantic when the venerable French fashion house Kenzo announced that it had hired Humberto Leon and Carol Lim as its new creative directors.

The surprise came because rather than graduates from the likes of Saint Martins or Parsons, Leon and Lim were friends from their student days at Berkeley who in 2012 had gone on to launch Opening Ceremony, a New York store that rapidly became one of the most influential fashion destinations in the world, with branches in Los Angeles, Tokyo and London.

"On the eve of celebrating Opening Ceremony's tenth anniversary," says Lim, "Humberto and I had a conversation about what we would do next and what might be an amazing project. Partnerships had always been an important strategy for us and we always felt that one day we would like to get our hands deeper into a brand. So I think we put the feelers out there. We met a variety of people who had approached us but, you know, when we started to think of brands out there that really fascinated us we both kept coming up with Kenzo – we'd known it for years and had collected vintage pieces so it felt like the perfect fit."

The label was founded by Kenzo Takada, a Japanese designer who moved to Paris in 1964. He initially worked for designers such as Louis Féraud and various department stores, opening his first shop, Jungle Jap, in the Galerie Vivienne in 1970 when he started his own label. It was an immediate >





Left: Jacket, £590. Shirt, £160. Trousers, £350. Trainers, £295. Above: Jacket, £895. Striped shirt, £210. White shirt, £160. Jeans, £160. Trainers, £295. Cap, £100. Below: Trainers, £296. All by **Kenzo** kenzo.com



Photographs Getty Images; Sebastian Kim; Sudhir Pithwa

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success, with American *Vogue* stating that Kenzo's fashions showed the way forward for French design.

Kenzo himself retired in 1999 and a decade later, while the label still had its devotees, it was having difficulty defining itself and pinning down exactly what it stood for as it moved into the second decade of the 21st century. "When we first spoke about the brand to LVMH [the luxury group had bought the label in 1993] they asked us what we would do with it," says Leon. "We said we love that the customer has followed this brand for so long and we want them to continue to love the brand, but to do this we wanted to make them think again about what it was like when they first fell in love with it. So, if anything, we looked back to what Kenzo was doing from day one. We were really aware of the evolution of the brand, how he was influenced by street culture when he first started, but how, as he built his brand in France [there was] this extraordinary beauty of the Parisian side mixing with the Japanese. We were really looking for the brand's DNA."





Above: Rucksack by **Kenzo**, £335. Right: Jumper, £245. Shorts, £175. Shoes, £115. Below: Jacket, £480. Shirt, £160. Jeans, £175. Trainers, £115. Bag, £320. All by **Kenzo**. kenzo.com



Leon, however, admits that when the duo landed in Paris, the Kenzo team was a little bemused. "When we arrived it might have seemed like a strange choice," he explains. "We were so used to looking at the whole picture, not just designing clothes but about the branding, the marketing, the stores, down to the flow of merchandise. We looked at everything."

Indeed, next month the Kenzo flagship in London's Bruton Street will reopen, after a major refurbishment overseen minutely by Leon and Lim.

But Lim continues, "We actually all come from a very similar place. When Kenzo first opened Jungle Jap, he was designing for himself. His friends would come into the store and would model these clothes. He went out with them; it was his gang. It's very much similar to the way we developed our community at Opening Ceremony. We have also been lucky enough to work with some incredible people from Kenzo's community who have long been our idols, such as Jean-Paul Goude. It is almost as if it has come full circle."

Goude, perhaps the most famous French graphic designer of the past 40 years, was a close friend of Kenzo's, but had never worked for the label. Leon and Lim soon saw to that. "When we took on the Kenzo job, we said that Jean-Paul Goude needs to be in the mix," says Leon. So they invited him to create campaigns for Kenzo that typified its new approach to bold colour and graphic prints.

Since their arrival, the label has experienced an explosion of interest and they have made it undeniably cool again. But while staying true to the label's heritage, Leon and Lim have injected the brand with a new youthful energy with a nod to American streetwear. "I think the 'Tiger' sweatshirt is a very good example of this," says Lim. "For us, it's a very personal thing. We grew up in California; a hoodie was something that you had in the back of your car, you put it on. It was always just right there. Then you introduce that to a brand like Kenzo, it is almost revolutionary. The team was like, 'Sweatshirt? That category doesn't even appear on our system.'" RJ GQ

kenzo.com

Photographs Sudhir Pithwa

PENFIELD.COM

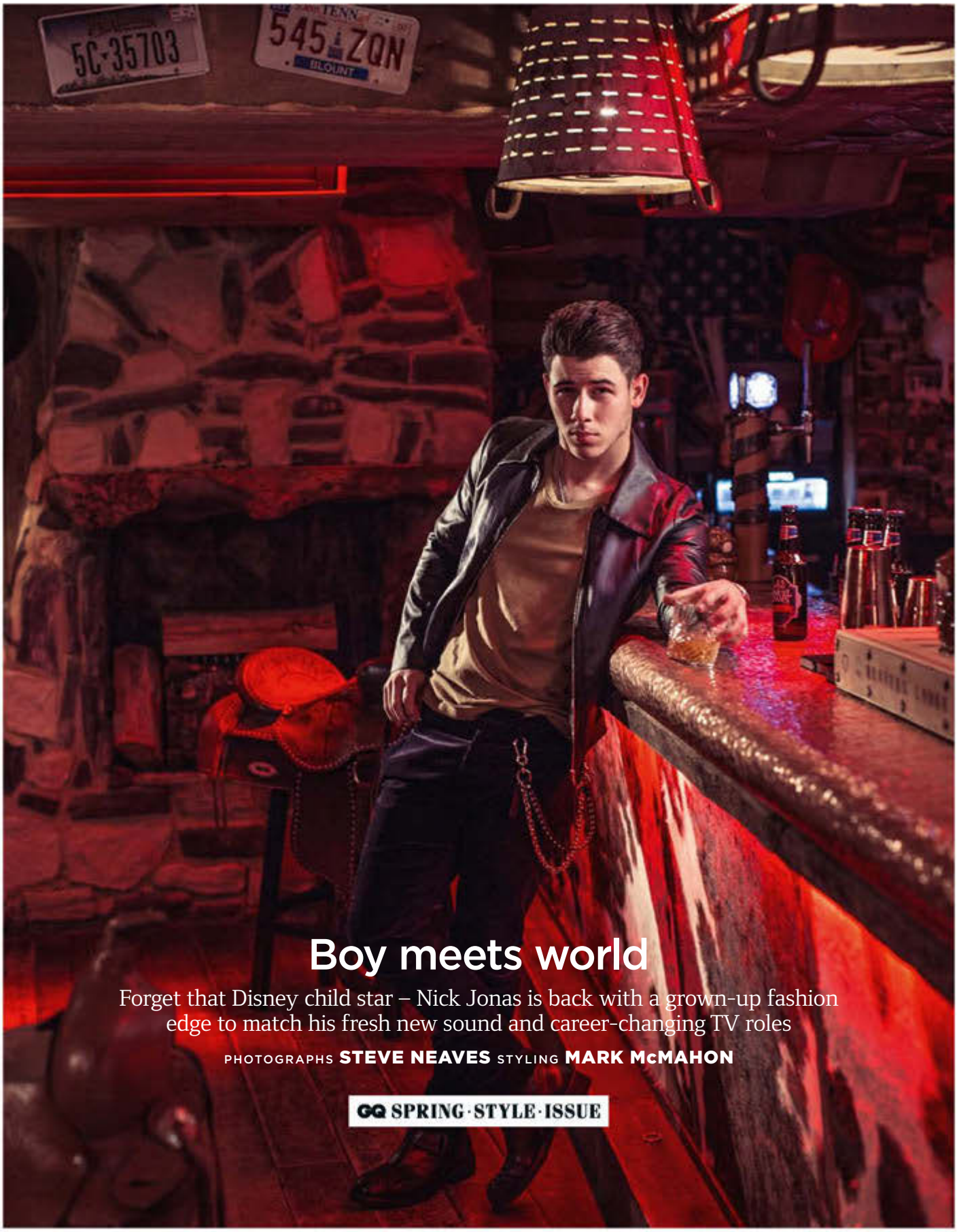


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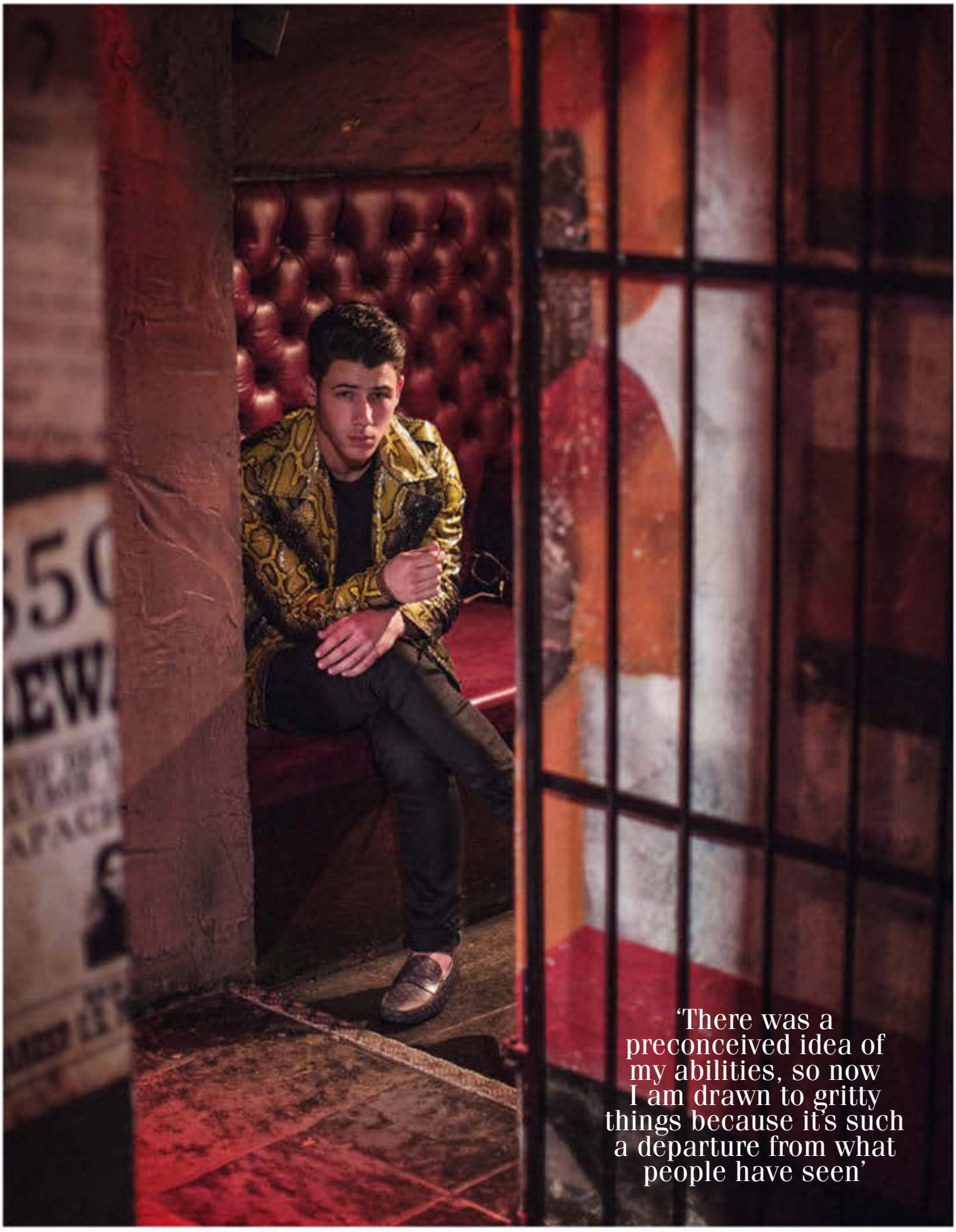
Boy meets world

Forget that Disney child star – Nick Jonas is back with a grown-up fashion edge to match his fresh new sound and career-changing TV roles

PHOTOGRAPHS **STEVE NEAVES** STYLING **MARK McMAHON**

GQ SPRING·STYLE·ISSUE

Jacket by **Paul Smith**, £1,285. paulsmith.co.uk. T-shirt by **Hunter Gather**, £35. huntergather.com. Trousers by **Diesel Black Gold**, £240. diesel.com. Boots by **Matchless**, £399. matchlesslondon.com. Neck chain and bracelet, Nick's own. Watch by **TAG Heuer**, £4,600. tagheuer.co.uk. Key chain by **Dsquared2**, £130. dsquared.com



‘There was a preconceived idea of my abilities, so now I am drawn to gritty things because it’s such a departure from what people have seen’

Jacket, £10,200. Belt, £950. Both by **Billionaire Couture**. billionairecouture.com. T-shirt by **Michael Kors**, £75. Jeans by **Jacob Cohen**, £300. Both at Harrods. harrods.com. Shoes by **Tod’s**, £285. tods.com. Sunglasses by **Ray-Ban**, £143. ray-ban.com

There comes a time in every child star's career when he has to shape up, ship out and dump that purity ring and just grow up. And that's exactly what Nick Jonas, the youngest member of absurdly successful and clean-living kids' pop combo The Jonas Brothers has been doing since the band broke up in 2013.

Long before the band and the Disney Channel, Jonas had started his showbiz career on Broadway aged just seven and was discovered and signed by Columbia Records, along with his brothers, as every teenage girl's dream when he was 13 years old.

Today the 22-year-old is reinventing himself as a sex symbol – sans purity ring (that was put in the back drawer forever when he announced last year that he was an "adult in all ways" on American television). The vibe now is much more Justin Timberlake than Jesus and he is touring the world promoting his second solo album as well as building on his acting career with roles in the TV drama *Kingdom*, set in a martial arts gym in California and the upcoming horror-comedy series *Scream Queens*, the latest project by *Glee* creators Ryan Murphy, Brad Falchuk and Ian Brennan.

"It stars Lea Michele," he explains, "along with Jamie Lee Curtis and Joe Manganiello. It's a dark comedy, and should be a lot of fun. I am also attached to a film called *Goat* with James Franco's production company. So along with the music, I'm having a real fun time. Maybe I'm selfish to want to both act and sing because I am very aware that not a lot of performers have that chance. But what I love about acting is the challenge. Music comes pretty easy for me but I have to work very hard on the acting side."

However easy the music is, there are no plans to revive The Jonas Brothers. "I still talk to my brothers a few times a week but that chapter of our lives is closed. Now it's all about reinventing myself."

And far from being squeaky clean, in *Kingdom* he plays a troubled mixed martial arts fighter. "It was a real challenge to get this role. When I went for the audition I think there was a preconceived idea of my abilities so I had to really fight for it. But I am drawn to gritty things because it is such a departure from what people have seen me in."

And from the butter-wouldn't-melt boy to a two-year relationship with Miley Cyrus, it's all change now. Before shooting Jonas, *GQ* was warned not to ask him to take his top off, but by the looks of his recent publicity the challenge is to get him to keep it on. (Luckily we managed.)

So what happens when he's not working? Born in Texas, raised in New Jersey and having spent his teens literally everywhere in the world, where does Jonas now consider home? "Now it's Los Angeles, then Texas," he says. "Family is back in Texas, so I go to see them. However, I was in New York for two years up until last January and I miss it very much, but I had to move to LA for the acting and recording."

So how does Jonas unwind? "Golf."

Really?

"Yes, I'm a huge fan of golf," he admits, "It's my favourite pastime. It's the thing I would do every day if I could. It's a great game and it helps me stay sane. When I'm on tour and there's a great course nearby the first thing I will do when I have a spare moment is to try to find it. "

And is he any good? "Handicap of ten," he declares.

Maybe the future for Jonas is more Bing Crosby than Brad Pitt – if he can keep his top on. **Robert Johnston** GQ



Shirt, £445. Trousers, £770. Both by **Prada**. prada.com. Boots by **Matchless**, £399. matchlesslondon.com. Neck chain and bracelet, Nick's own. Watch by **Rolex**, Nick's own



Jacket, £1,073. Trousers, £378. Both by **Versace**. versace.com. Vest by **Hunter Gather**, £55. huntergather.com. Shoes by **Brunello Cucinelli**, £590. brunellocucinelli.com. Neck chain and bracelet, Nick's own. Watch by **TAG Heuer**, £4,600. tagheuer.co.uk



Shirt by **Tod's**, £2,170. tods.com. T-shirt by **Zadig & Voltaire**, £85. zadig-et-voltaire.com.
Photography assistant David Bird; Nick Graham **Styling assistant** Emily Hullah **Grooming** Oliver Woods at One Represents using Aveda


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Pure instinct

Colin Farrell on his new role as the face of Dolce & Gabbana's **Intenso**



THE lead in the second series of HBO's *True Detective* and a new campaign for Dolce & Gabbana – has Colin Farrell been taking career advice from Matthew McConaughey?

"No!" says the Irish actor. "But if you must take work advice, you could take it from somebody who works like Matthew. But I'm here because the script is just really good."

People will have high expectations for his turn in the crime drama, but Farrell is remaining tight-lipped about what we can expect: "I've been put under a strict gag order by HBO. I can't tell you; I'd have to kill you."

Farrell's transition from a small-screen actor in *Ballykissangel* to hanging with the big guns of Hollywood seemingly happened overnight. His breakout role came in Joel Schumacher's *Tigerland*, which lead to Steven Spielberg's *Minority Report*, then back to Schumacher as the lead in thriller *Phone Booth*. His career velocity stalled with Oliver Stone's flop *Alexander* and the shock of failure following huge success pushed him towards excess. So he checked himself into rehab and emerged with the defining role of his career, the gloriously profane Ray in *In Bruges*.

He makes no secret of the fact he has been sober for eight years and also quit smoking (for a time) with just willpower and a parting letter to tobacco. These days Farrell gets his kicks elsewhere. "I love green juice," he says. "Just straight up celery, kale, cucumber, apple, lemon and ginger. I also do a good bit of hot yoga. I just find [it] very therapeutic escaping for two hours in a hot room." But he's refreshingly honest about the gym. "Money is my main motivator. It's such a drag – I wouldn't wish it [the gym] on my worst enemy."



Strong presence: Dolce & Gabbana's woody, aromatic Intenso; its equally intense ambassador, Colin Farrell (inset)

It's a job which often sees him away from home, so what does he carry with him? "I travel light: Rembrandt toothpaste and a toothbrush and that's pretty much it."

No fragrance, then? "I haven't been a big wearer of fragrances in my last 38 years but I think Intenso is really, really beautiful. Of course, Dolce & Gabbana is an extremely easy fit for me because those boys have been dressing me for ten years now."

As a teenager in the Dublin suburbs he does recall dousing himself with the original cologne, 4711. Did it help him attract the girls? "Oh, I need as much help as the next man." **JP**

Dolce & Gabbana Intenso eau de parfum, £52 for 75ml. Exclusively at Debenhams. debenhams.com

Photographs Mitch Payne; Rex

GQ Watches

EDITED BY **BILL PRINCE**

Tiffany & Co rewinds

The famous New York jewellery brand looks back to its heritage to inspire its horological future

MENTION the name Tiffany and most people think breakfast, Audrey Hepburn and jewellery, but some of the most famous New York icons connected with this famous name in American luxury are, in fact, timepieces. Tiffany is now inextricably linked with Fifth Avenue, but a century and a half ago its headquarters were down south in SoHo at 550 Broadway. It became a New York landmark thanks to its façade's Atlas clock sculpture, which has crept north up Manhattan as Tiffany moved from location to location until it reached its most famous address – 727 Fifth Avenue, where it can still be seen (though since 2006 it has been a copy, as the original was moved inside to help preserve it). And a few blocks across town, the world's largest Tiffany clock graces Grand Central – the world's most beautiful station, according to some.

With such a heritage, the only surprise about Tiffany's latest move to be taken seriously in the world of fine watchmaking is that it has taken so long. Inspired by a Tiffany & Co gold calendar timepiece presented to President Franklin D Roosevelt in 1945, the Swiss-made CT60 will secure Tiffany's horological reputation. The new range also comes in both three-handed models and as a chronograph in steel or rose gold.

Another new watch inspired by the archive is the East West (£2,850), where the classic rectangular deco face has been rotated 90 degrees so that 12 o'clock has shifted to 9 o'clock. That's another reason to give Tiffany timepieces a second look. **Robert Johnston**



Clockwise from top left: CT60 in stainless steel with white dial, £4,275. CT60 chronograph in rose gold with brown dial, £12,200. CT60 in stainless steel with grey dial, £3,850. CT60 chronograph in rose gold with white dial, £12,200. All by **Tiffany & Co**. tiffany.co.uk

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The Alastair Campbell interview

As a partner in the most divisive political experiment in living memory, the deputy PM has made himself a master of compromise and is now at risk of electoral extinction. But that's a view he challenges, as he tells GQ how the Lib Dems can hold their seats, who he will never work with in Whitehall and why kickboxing is in and smoking is out

Nick Clegg



I interviewed Nick Clegg in the week my new book came out. It seemed rude not to give him a copy, even though it is called *Winners*. I inscribed it "I thought about putting you in the resilience section, but Nelson Mandela just nicked it." To be fair to the deputy prime minister, though, resilience is one quality he certainly has. I have met him fairly often in recent years, not least because of a shared agenda on mental health, and his ability to seem chirpy whatever is going on around him has been impressive. He has gone from the long-forgotten Cleggmania that followed the first 2010 election debate to becoming a hate figure to students and many more besides, and poll ratings which suggest his Liberal Democrats face a wipeout. If Clegg is feeling the heat, he doesn't show it when we meet in his vast Whitehall office. He laughs at the inscription, thanks me for adding "If you get a landslide victory in May, I'll put you in the paperback", and insists that despite the setbacks, he is confident of surprising a few people at the election, and of maintaining a foot in government. He is also clear who he would work with and, just as importantly, who he wouldn't work with. And even though he can envisage another Tory-Lib coalition, he sees David Cameron as someone he can continue to do business with but George Osborne as an altogether more dangerous proposition. >

ILLUSTRATION BY **ANDRÉ CARRILHO**



Looking forward: Nick Clegg insists the coalition and his Lib Dems are helping to modernise what he calls a 'clapped out' Westminster system

'George Osborne is a very dangerous man with a very dangerous plan and I will do everything in my power to stop him'

AC: So, David Cameron: more like Churchill or Nigel Farage?
NC: I am not going to do that one. Cameron is very much a Tory, and in that tradition he is not too much about grand vision. Cameron would tell you himself, he is a classic traditional shire Tory, and I can live with that. George Osborne is a very dangerous man with a very dangerous plan, and I will do everything in my power to stop it.
AC: You mean the cuts in public spending?
NC: Yes. What he is proposing would do so much damage. I don't know of a developed economy that wants to do something as rigidly ideological as he wants to do, to balance the books through public spending reductions alone, not tax, with one section, the working poor, taking the biggest hit. I find it socially and morally unacceptable, but also economically a disaster.
AC: But do you have the argument with him and with Cameron?
NC: Yes. Osborne's speech at their conference last year was the most significant political speech of recent times. It represented a dramatic lurch to the right. It is a harder approach than anything the arch Thatcherites would do.
AC: Does Cameron care, though? He wanted to be a "compassionate Conservative". Do you think he actually believes anything?
NC: You have to ask him; I am not a commentator on all this. He will have to talk about himself as a personality. But the Osborne stuff bothers me much more, and part of my job is to call it out. I abhor it. Not only do I have the argument, I had it around the 2012 Autumn Statement. I was told in no uncertain terms by chisel-faced officials at the Treasury, "We have to lop off billions more." And I said, "Not on your nelly. We just take longer to do the same plan," which is what we are doing.
AC: Do you feel you know Cameron better than you did?
NC: Of course.
AC: In terms of what he believes?
NC: He is a traditional Conservative; he doesn't have a radical view of change for the world.
AC: Don't you think it feeds disillusion that the public sees you for four years close together and now whacking each other?
NC: We have been whacking each other vigorously for some time, privately and also publicly.
AC: Is that good government?



Coalition of the willing: Nick Clegg expands on his vision for his party's future at the last Lib Dem conference, 8 October 2014

Wouldn't it be better to get back to good majority rule government?
NC: Disagreement between parties in coalition is better than the factionalism within parties, which you know more about than most. Seriously. Whitehall people say disagreements between us are vigorously held but not as poisonous. For good reason. Cameron and I meet once or twice a week. We start meetings knowing we disagree, but have to find points of agreement to do things collectively. It takes the emotion out of it.
AC: Whereas Tony and Gordon...
NC: [*Laughs*] ...were supposed to agree but they get very distressed when they find they don't. I think we have a rough-and-ready honesty; we don't agree but we try to find a way. I hold up my end of the bargain as well as I can, and we deliver stuff where we can agree. What I accept is that it is going to take two or three coalitions before people get used to it.
AC: Will there be two or three?
NC: Oh, yes. Of course. The idea that we are going to revert to pendulum politics, I don't see it.
AC: So we are in for five days of madness after 8 May.
NC: If parties have to negotiate it will take a lot longer. It was obvious to me in 2010, you either had another election or you tried to form an amalgam government in which there is give and take. But I underestimated how ferocious the kickback would be against the fact of coalition, from right and left.
AC: Actually, I was surprised how quickly the public seemed to give it a lot of leeway.
NC: The further you get from the Westminster village the more people get it. I find this all the time. I say to people, "You work with people you don't agree with." I underestimated this here, though, because a coalition is a mortal threat to the business model of both main parties. Ed Miliband and David Cameron are both saying let's revert to the status quo ante: only a single party can govern this country properly. It is false. It is such a danger to them. Also, Westminster is painfully, woefully clapped out; Whitehall is stuck in the past. It will take two or three coalitions before it is sorted out. The day when people don't think government is going to come to an end because the governing parties don't agree we will have moved on.
AC: Do you not think the level of disengagement is such that it may take something really radical?
NC: The way I unpack it is that it is partly self-inflicted, like expenses. Also, I am not going to tell newspapers how to do their job, but I have now watched over many years the cumulative effect of coverage suggesting nobody in public life is capable of a good motive, everyone is suspect, corrupt. Then the 2008 crash and people's feeling of blind rage that their living standards went down more than at any time since the Second World War and it was not their fault.
AC: But the economic model hasn't really changed. Tory relations with business certainly haven't changed.
NC: That is true.
AC: There has not really been a reckoning since the crash.
NC: I think what is happening with these populist parties rising in Holland, Italy, France – UKIP and the SNP here – populism right and left...
AC: Do you see the SNP as right or left?
NC: Kind of both. Leftish poses on the economy, but their chauvinism and nationalism you associate with the right. UKIP and the SNP might have differences, but they peddle this effective but ugly politics of blame. The SNP blame the English, Farage blames Europe, the *Daily Mail* blames single mothers. It goes on and on, this very vituperative politics of blame.
AC: If there is another coalition presumably only Labour or the Tories can lead it?
NC: Yes.
AC: And as for parties to support them, it is you, the Scottish National Party...
NC: This is an internal debate for the Labour Party but I just don't

'We won't get wiped out. We will do better than people think'

Photographs Getty Images

know why they are playing footsie with a party [the SNP] that wants to destroy the country.

AC: But if that is how the numbers fall...

NC: In my view you have to draw the line somewhere. In the same way I would not work with UKIP, who want to take us out of Europe, I don't want to work with a party that wants to rip the country apart. You can't govern like that.

AC: But you've propped up a party that wants to rip the NHS apart.

NC: No, they don't. Well, hang on, some Tories might, but *are* we? Absolutely not.

AC: But do you really think the SNP are worse than the Tories?

NC: Look, I violently disagree with Osborne's vision of an ideological assault on the money going to public services. I will spell it out every day of the election. Even after the deficit is dealt with, the amount of money going to public services as a proportion of our national wealth will go down remorselessly, year in, year out. I totally disagree with that. But is that of the same order as my disagreement with a party that wants to rip the country apart?

AC: It is not far off it given there can be a democratic vote as there was last September. And if, as you say, Osborne is going to destroy the fabric of the country as we know it.

NC: He will destroy public services. They will embark on an ideological shrinking of the state.

AC: So they will destroy the NHS as we know it, they will destroy the welfare state as we know it...

NC: First, I don't think it will happen because they won't get a majority. The British people won't let them do it. I don't think Labour or the Tories will be able to command a majority.

AC: Who has the best chance?

NC: It will be very, very tight between those two. I am not crowing; we have pressures of our own, to put it mildly, but they are piling up votes where they don't need them. I don't see any sign of the Tories winning new support in the north and I don't see Labour gaining ground in the south.

AC: They're doing OK in London.

NC: OK, yes, London.

AC: Well, that is a big part of the south.

NC: Look what they are losing by the back door in Scotland.

AC: So the idea of a Labour-SNP coalition...

NC: I can't understand how Labour can even entertain the idea that my constituents from Sheffield should be governed by a party from Scotland that wants to rip the country apart.

'The SNP want to do something that is anathema to me'

AC: But I was with Gordon [Brown] in Number Ten when he was speaking to you and trying to keep things going, Lib-Labbery.

NC: The numbers weren't there for it.

AC: So if the numbers of our clapped-out system point to [Labour-SNP] as the only outcome, what does Ed do?

NC: My crystal ball is no clearer than yours. My own instinct is that these overdone estimations of the messed-up outcome won't be borne out; things will be a little bit more steady. I don't think UKIP will do so well, or the Greens; the SNP won't do as well as people might think.

AC: And you won't get wiped out?

NC: We certainly won't get wiped out. We will do better than people think.

AC: Why do you say that?

NC: I see what is happening in our seats.

AC: But apart from Tories and Labour, there is nobody you would do a coalition with?

NC: UKIP and the SNP occupy the same space for me. They both want to do something that is such anathema to me as a British Liberal.

AC: But I feel this government has done so much that ought to be anathema to you.

NC: This is where you and I disagree.

AC: What about Europe?

NC: At least we are not out of frigging Europe.

AC: No, but Cameron is creating the possibility just by pandering to UKIP with this referendum. You must look at that and hate it.

NC: But what would have happened if the Tories had been on their own?

AC: I think he could have seen them off. I really do. It is a classic "tactics not strategy" thing. You must have thought, "Why am I sitting with the guy when he is doing this?"

NC: Yes, of course. But Tories and their obsession with Europe is political crackers. I actually think we have held them to the centre ground on this and other things. One of the first things Cameron and I agreed on was to legislate on the circumstances in which a referendum can take place and I said, "Beyond that I won't go." The risk now is that a Tory majority government, a narrow majority where the truly swivel-eyed on the backbenches are in charge, you could very quickly see a situation where the Tory party mismanage the issue, we stumble out of the European Union, and like clockwork the SNP will try for another referendum saying we don't want to drift off into the mid-Atlantic.

AC: What's your view of Ed's leadership of the Labour Party?

NC: He is a perfectly nice guy, personable, as is David Cameron.

AC: Oh, come on. You don't like David Cameron.

NC: When the three of us are together, I find them both totally fine, good sense of humour, kids same age roughly, same generation, no personal animus. Life is too short.

AC: Do you think Ed Miliband has led his party well?

NC: I think of a number of crucial occasions where I thought to myself, "Ed Miliband, you can jump and do something big here and surprise us all, or do the small tactical thing." Every time he has done the latter: House of Lords reform, AV referendum, party funding, he has done the easy thing. Syria, too much ducking and weaving.

AC: Syria was tough in its own way.

NC: It was but I thought there was too much political calculation.

AC: Could you see him as PM?

NC: To be honest I don't think you can see people as PM until they become PM.

AC: What is the worst thing you have gone home and said to Miriam about one of these Tories?

NC: [*Laughs.*] I am not talking about my private conversations with Miriam.

AC: Oh, get off. Worst thing?

NC: I just think what the Tories want to do, if they govern on their own, is this familiar problem: that they look after their own. There can be no other interpretation for wanting to pull the rug from under the feet of everyone else. And now, if you speak to Tories about fairness they rattle off a whole bunch of policies – allowance, triple lock of pensions, school meals, apprenticeships, pupil premium – every one of then foisted on them by us. Every single one.

AC: So your basic pitch at the election is going to be similar to last time: Lib Dems can keep the Tories honest.

NC: Yes.



Continental drift: At a head-to-head hosted by LBC's Nick Ferrari, Nick Clegg debates UKIP leader Nigel Farage on the future for Britain in the EU, 26 March 2014

AC: That is the basic pitch?
NC: My strategic objective as a Lib Dem party leader has been to be the leader who, no matter what chunks get taken out of me, can lead a party from perennial opposition to part of government. That is a huge thing, a transition election, and if we survive in better shape than people think…
AC: You don't think you can get more seats do you?
NC: No. I think we will hold the vast bulk of seats and maybe a few we can pinch, but it is a defensive election strategy. So first, making that very difficult journey; second, making it clear we are in the centre ground. For a long time we were seen as a kind of left-wing conscience to Blair. There is a Gladstone liberal tradition which is very different. And third, to show coalition works.
AC: So what do you see as the best possible outcome? Still in government?
NC: I'd like to see us back in government partly for negative reasons, because Osborne's ideological assault on public services has to be stopped…
AC: So that is "keep the Tories out".
NC: Let me finish the sentence. But also Ed Miliband and Ed Balls' head-in-the-sand approach to public spending has to be challenged, because it would be really bad for the economy.
AC: But you would be happy to be deputy to either Cameron or Miliband?
NC: I would love to be prime minister, love to be prime minister.
AC: But you're not going to be.
NC: No, unlikely.
AC: So you'd be happy to be DPM?
NC: Hang on, I am not gagging for it. I don't want to be in power for power's sake, that hollows you out as a party, but if it is obvious that the only way this country can be governed from the centre ground… You see where you and I disagree. You can't see the Tories in that, but we have instilled a social conscience that would otherwise be lacking. And if we were in coalition with Labour we would insist you don't break the bank again.
AC: My point is you could live politically with either.
NC: I could live with that if that is what the British people decided.
AC: But you couldn't live with the SNP or UKIP?
NC: Correct.
AC: What do you make of Putin?



Partners in government: Nick Clegg with his wife, Miriam González Durántez; (below) David Cameron, Clegg and Ed Miliband on Holocaust Memorial Day, 27 January 2015

NC: I only met him once or twice. My own reading is that the portrayal of him as an all-controlling, all-encompassing, white cat-stroking villain who knows exactly what move to make misreads what happened. He got totally taken by surprise and ambushed by demonstrations in Kiev, lashed out and occupied Crimea, and is treating it like a child treats a toy. If he can't have it, nobody is going to have it. But I see him as more cornered and reactive, not the Bond villain. That doesn't mean he is not dangerous. Cornered people are dangerous, especially if armed to the teeth, but the nature of the danger has to be analysed. What is driving him? I think it is this perennial Russian fear of humiliation. I think he has totally misread public opinion in Ukraine. So you have this in Ukraine, Russian influence in south-east Europe, Greece on the edge…
AC: Exactly and where is our voice on all that?
NC: That is what I am coming to, the Conservatives are talking to themselves.
AC: But why?
NC: Because they are obsessed with Europe.
AC: That is why I can't understand how you can sit round the Cabinet table with these people.
NC: But I am equally furious that Ed Miliband and Ed Balls have never been big enough to admit they screwed up monumentally pre 2008 and it makes me angry they are so pious in condemning me and my party and my government when we are clearing up the mess we created.

'Coalition is a mortal threat to both main parties'



AC: You've done a lot on mental health. Is there any personal reason you have put this on the map?
NC: No. If there was I hope I would be open.
AC: Not many MPs are.
NC: More though, not least because of the work you and Stephen Fry do. I do vividly remember a couple who came to my constituency office and their 18-year-old daughter had gone from being treated as a child then into adult mental health services. I had no understanding of what institutional cruelty was involved, and I looked into it and I became very shocked by the funding, the bias against mental health in the NHS.
AC: Still there.
NC: In a big way.
AC: And the cuts are happening.
NC: There hasn't been a single cut to overall mental health budgets. What is wrong is that mental health trusts get a block grant; everyone else gets per patient.
AC: What about your drugs and prison policy?
NC: There are three great big Liberal reforms waiting to happen, mental health, prison reform and drugs, and they all come together. Go to any prison, they are dumping grounds for people with mental health and/or drugs problems. It is a scandalous way of putting problems under the carpet when logic can tell you the way to deal with people with a mental health problem is to treat them.
AC: Would you go the whole hog and legalise?
NC: No. But we need to stop imposing so many criminal penalties – a thousand people in jail just for their own personal drug use.
AC: Do you still smoke fags?
NC: No. I have given up. I'm on these vapers.
AC: Have you found it hard to have this job and keep a family life going?
NC: Well, it is hard because it is exhausting. I was up at 5.30am today, to the gym, kickboxing, came back, walked the eldest boy to the bus, took the little ones to school, it is tiring but enriching.
AC: Do you not think it is impossible to be a good parent and do a job like this?
NC: I don't want to say I am a paragon, but it is more basic for me. I couldn't do my job if I didn't spend time with them, because I would be very unhappy.

Photographs Getty Images

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SPINNING AGAINST THE WEB

Adam Driver stars in While We're Young, the latest film to lay bare Hollywood's fixation with the dangers of the digital age – but what about technology's bright side?

MUSIC
Dorian Lynskey

SPORT
Martin Samuel

POLITICS
Matthew d'Ancona

ART
Sophie Hastings

ARCHITECTURE
Edwin Heathcote

LITERATURE
Olivia Cole

Generation gap: In While We're Young, Adam Driver is pitted against an older Ben Stiller in a satire of social media excesses

Photograph Trunk Archive/Paola Kudacki

The ultimate crib notes

Online lyrics decoder Genius is getting so big it's just poached the New Yorker's music critic

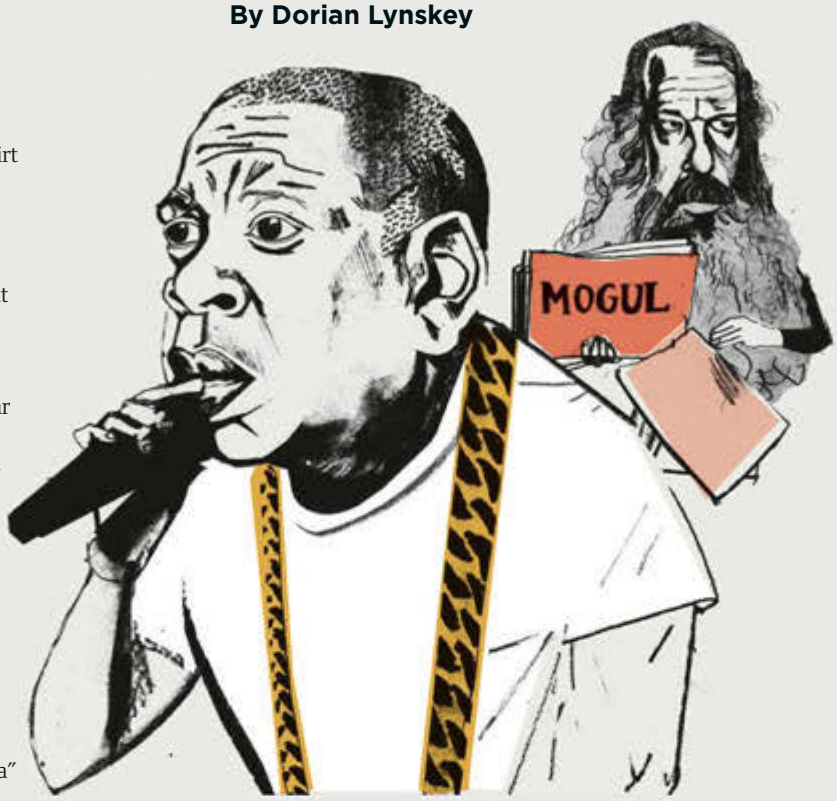
By Dorian Lynskey

The company that aims to "annotate the world" began with a lyric by the Harlem rapper Cam'ron: "80 holes in your shirt there: your own Jamaican clothes." One night in summer 2009, three ambitious, rap-loving Yale graduates, Tom Lehman, Mahbod Moghadam and Ilan Zechory, were debating what the line meant. Moghadam's original "explanation" turned out to be a bad guess (Cam'ron is actually comparing bullet holes to the mesh vests popular in Jamaica) but it gave the trio the idea for a website that would explain hip-hop line by line: Rap Exegesis, which quickly became the more pronounceable Rap Genius.

In the past year, the company has shed Moghadam and the word "Rap" while acquiring $40 million (£26m) in venture capital and, in a strategic coup, former *New Yorker* pop critic Sasha Frere-Jones as its executive editor. The operation that once aspired to be the "rap Wikipedia" now wants to be "your interactive guide to human culture", covering any written text from Shakespeare to Supreme Court judgements.

In the history of the internet, no constituency has been so badly served for so long as the millions of people who want to verify the lyrics of their favourite songs. Two per cent of all Google searches are for lyrics, but most existing sites are characterless Nineties-style eyesores, teeming with inaccuracies. If you want to know if Taylor Swift is really singing about "lonely Starbucks lovers" on "Blank Space" (she's not), these sites will do; if you want more, forget it.

Genius uses an intuitive annotation platform, which can be embedded into other websites, to guide you through a lyric. Like Wikipedia, it relies on community consensus and informal peer review. The best annotations are given a positive rating; the worst are ditched. As well as writing and editing annotations, Frere-Jones is tasked with inviting celebrity "verified annotators" to explain their own work and interpret songs they admire. Star contributors so far include Rick Rubin (anecdotal), Nas (terse), Sia (self-effacing) and the novelist Michael Chabon, who annotated Kendrick Lamar's "The Blacker The Berry" within 24 hours of its release.



Get Carter: The multi-layered lyrics of Jay-Z have been perfect material for Genius, which now welcomes respected celebrity annotators, including Rick Rubin

More freewheeling than Wikipedia, Genius' tone veers between learned and playful, sometimes hitting both at the same time. An annotation on the famous first line of TS Eliot's "The Waste Land" applies the language of hip-hop to academia: "Eliot chops and screws the Chaucer quote." Hip-hop still dominates the site. There are only ten contributors to Lord Byron's "Don Juan (Canto 1)" and 37 to Bob Dylan's "Desolation Row" but 225 people have annotated Jay-Z and Kanye West's "Niggas In Paris", which has more footnotes than a David Foster Wallace novel.

Hip-hop appeals to Genius users for the same reasons dense, intertextual works like "The Waste Land" and *Ulysses* have attracted academic annotators for decades. It's the most cryptic, impacted form of songwriting, each song crammed with meaning, like a suitcase waiting to be unpacked. As Jay-Z writes in his revealingly titled memoir, *Decoded*, which contains annotated lyrics, "Rappers have raided the dictionary and written in new entries to every definition – words with one or two meanings now have twelve." If the language of hip-hop is a code, then Genius is its Bletchley Park.

To test Genius' efficacy beyond hip-hop, I looked up some famously confusing pop lyrics. The page for The Killers' "Human" correctly notes the Hunter S Thompson allusion in the puzzling line "Are we human or are we dancer?", while the entry for Lionel Richie's "All Night Long (All Night)" cites Richie confirming that the vaguely African words at the end are just evocative gobbledegook. But what about "Before you came into my life, I missed you so bad," the elegantly counterintuitive expression of longing in Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe"? "Because f*** logic," says Genius. Could do better.

So far, ambiguity is Genius' Achilles heel. Fans of Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean" disagree about whether the narrator is right to reject his ex-lover's paternity claim, or whether the line "his eyes were like mine" suggests he's in denial. The uncertainty is what makes the lyric great. The Genius

ALSO NOTED



The Prodigy
The Day Is My Enemy (*Take Me To The Hospital*)
Age doesn't mellow The Prodigy. After 25 years, the rave-punks' staunch commitment to noise, rage and maximum impact is admirable.

Young Fathers
White Men Are Black Men Too (*Big Dada*)
The Scottish trio's second album is even more idiosyncratic than last year's Mercury-winning *Dead* – not so much hip-hop as a dense, art-pop stew.

Tobias Jesso Jr
Goon (*True Panther*)
Endorsed by Adele and The Black Keys, this ballad-loving Canadian's debut album recalls the melodic richness and deep-pile melancholy of the post-Beatles Beatles.

Illustration Ellie Forman-Peck

community, however, is so firmly in the first camp that the annotations don't even acknowledge the second reading. Dylanologists, meanwhile, will be driven nuts by the confidence with which Genius users pin famously elusive lines to a single meaning. Not every song can be decoded and resolved as decisively as Cam'ron's.

Even in the extremely unlikely event that Bob Dylan signed up as a verified annotator, his explanations wouldn't necessarily be the last word. As music fans, we find our own meanings in the songs we love and they have their own truth. The veteran critic Greil Marcus argues that songwriters aren't the best scholars of their own work: "No successful song is a memoir, a news story, and no such song does exactly what its author wants it to do." Furthermore, how do you annotate meanings not visible on the page – a sarcastic tone of voice, subversive chord change or revealing sample?

I emailed some of my reservations to Frere-Jones. He says he plans to annotate more music as opposed to words ("we'll find a way") and make room for ambiguity. "There's no party line yet. I don't think all annotations need to define or otherwise fix the meaning of a line or song. Ideally we can have plausible but dissonant interpretations living side by side. The user interface may have to change to make that possible, but it probably will anyway. If there is no concrete, denotative answer I am against pretending that there is one just to make a tidier annotation. We can't say what an artist thinks or is saying if we don't know – unless they actually say it." Even then, he says, the discussion isn't over. "Every page will be revised until we have reached the limit of humans with brains and keyboards."

When Frere-Jones left his prestigious berth at the *New Yorker*, some commentators suggested Genius was the future of music criticism. "No, not at all," he says, and I agree. Genius is exciting because it's something else: a constantly evolving, multifaceted conversation between fans, critics and artists. By illuminating the elements of songwriting that can be decoded, it sharpens your appreciation for those mysterious quantities that cannot.

Tony McCoy: the going is good

The greatest ever jumps jockey retires this month with an unmatchable record

By Martin Samuel

Pat Eddery, the second greatest jockey in the history of flat racing, retired on a miserable, overcast Saturday at Doncaster in November 2003. As a snapshot of a day in the life of a working jockey, it was hard to beat. Before Eddery's first race, a sparky two-year-old reared up dramatically on him in the paddock and was brought swiftly, wordlessly, under control. "Thirty years' experience, right there," murmured Brough Scott, admiringly, as Eddery's mount trotted calmly away. Eddery was later cautioned for excessive use of the whip and warned, humourlessly, about his future riding style in the penultimate race of his career. Aboard an odds-on favourite in the last, he came third. Eddery was last glimpsed through the half open door of the jockey's room, polishing his boots, cigarette between his lips. What it lacked in glamour it made up for in sincerity.

A win would be nice when Tony McCoy bows out this month, but if his farewell is as unmemorable as Eddery's – well, that's fine, too. McCoy has ridden approaching 4,400 winners in an exceptional, unmatched, career; but he's ridden plenty of losers, too. In season 2001-02, McCoy rode more than 1,000 jump races in Britain alone, at places rarely visited by the festival crowds of Cheltenham or Aintree: Fakenham, Kelso, Huntingdon, Newton Abbott, Uttoxeter. In each race he risked life and limb. Yet jockeys are not superstars. On the day he announced his retirement, 7 February, McCoy took a flight to Dublin and jumped in a taxi at the airport. Discovering his fare was a racing enthusiast the driver attempted small talk. "Did you hear Tony McCoy's retiring?" he asked, unsuspectingly.



Lord a-leaping: Tony McCoy rides to victory on Sort It Out at Leopardstown, 8 February 2015

McCoy has many of Eddery's qualities and others, measured in stoical winces and brutal x-rays. Middle and lower vertebrae, left and right shoulder blades, left and right collar bones, ribs, cheekbones, ankles, wrist and thumb. The harsh reminders of a career in the jumps: the bravery, the risks, the breaks. He has been concussed and chipped teeth, but suffered nothing career-ending or life-changing. So it isn't luck that has kept him at the top so long. Nobody gets lucky for two decades. Nobody avoids a serious fall, or a run of dud mounts, by pure accident.

McCoy leaves the sport apparently unharmed, and on his terms – a champion in each of his 20 years as a senior jockey, going out at the top, setting records and standards that will not be matched in his lifetime. Indeed, that was one of his prime motivations: to establish numbers so outstanding they could never be overtaken. He was determined to go to his grave the greatest jump jockey there has ever been, a claim now beyond debate. He outstrips his nearest rival, Ruby Walsh, by a ratio approaching 2:1.

McCoy announced his retirement having dismounted his 200th winner of the season, at Newbury. There was no applause, at first, just an awed silence as those present came to terms with the prospect of a champion jockey that wasn't him. It has been a long time since Richard Dunwoody in 1994-95.

Dunwoody won 160 races to collect the crown back then, and McCoy has surpassed that number every year since, bar one. His first champion season had 175 winners, but the totals rose as McCoy redefined his sport. The four greatest seasons are his, with 289 winners (2001-02), 258 (2002-03), 253 (1997-98) and 245 (1999-2000), then comes Peter Scudamore's extraordinary 221 in 1988-89, and then McCoy again, another five seasons, until Dunwoody's 197 in 1993-94. Of the top ten seasons in National Hunt history, then, nine belong to McCoy. In that time, he changed the boundaries and reach of the jumps; he changed what it meant to be its champion, too. Richard Johnson, his likely successor as champion next season, is good, but not in McCoy's class.

Nobody should be under any illusions about how National Hunt racing has grown during his era. It was always regarded as the flat's less sophisticated country cousin. McCoy helped alter that. His professionalism and dedication were unmatched, as was his energy, the time he devoted to finding winning rides and the way he put his body on the line. McCoy starved, McCoy patched himself up, McCoy was always available. At the Feast of St Raymond Novice Chase at Southwell in 2002 he fell off at the tenth, yet watched the rest of the race and as the four leaders dropped out, remounted Family Business and won at midway odds of 999-1. Now that's a champion. See him if you can, before he is gone forever. There won't be another. You can have your maximum on that.

Martin Samuel is the chief sports writer of the *Daily Mail* and the 2014 NPA Sports Writer Of The Year.

Photograph Rex



Web of lies: Ben Stiller, Adam Driver and Amanda Seyfried take on social media in While We're Young

Falling through the net

Why Hollywood and a generation of digital natives still haven't clicked

Question: has there been a good film made about the impact of the web? Answer: not really. *The Social Network* was about creation, after all, not impact.

The latest effort is **While We're Young** (*out now*), from Woody-Allen-in-waiting Noah Baumbach (*The Squid And The Whale, Frances Ha*), which sees **Ben Stiller** and **Naomi Watts** as a child-less middle-aged couple who befriend much younger, carefree versions of themselves (**Adam Driver** and **Amanda Seyfried**) – but the disconnect is soon clear, and it's social media's fault. Here, it's about its fakery – the half-lies of social-media self-promotion becoming outright fiction – but it follows the course of all the others. Namely: the kids are screwed.

Baumbach is the second young American auteur in a matter of months to tackle the topic. Jason Reitman (*Juno, Up In The Air*) tried, and failed, with *Men, Women & Children*, about every way the web warps. With both, usually nuanced film-makers become hectoring zealots. Is it really asking too much to admit there's also an upside?

The first two thirds of *While We're Young* feel like vintage Woody Allen – the accumulation of small details to tell the whole, zigzagging to places you least expect – yet the final act feels like a North Korean propaganda film, with Stiller, as Baumbach's grumpy glove puppet, walloping Driver's internet piñata, explaining why his web 2.0 generation are the cause of all the wrongs in the world.

Is the problem generational? Neither Baumbach (45) nor Reitman (37) are digital natives, after all. *While We're Young* ends with a shot of Stiller in an airport lounge, watching on with horror as a toddler plays with an iPhone. There's a bigger irony here: maybe that's the generation that will finally make nuanced films about what we've gained. But they won't even know what's been lost. **Stuart McGurk**



For your consideration...

Without question, the biggest film of the month is **Avengers: Age Of Ultron** (*24 April*), the second in the superhero series, a heartfelt little indie film that sees various superheroes get together for a jolly good fight... again. In fairness, the first was far superior capes'n'japes fare, with writer-director **Joss Whedon** (of *Buffy* fame) adding a much-needed touch of sardonic wit (witness the Hulk, played by **Mark Ruffalo**, smashing **Tom Hiddleston**'s god Loki around like a baby with a rattle, seconds after the latter has embarked on a grandiose speech) along with the expected set pieces and CGI bombast. The second – as sequels tend to – promises to be bigger and better than the first. Namely: an Iron Man suit larger than the Hulk, two new characters (Quicksilver and the Scarlet Witch), and a sentient Iron Man-meets-Skynet robot-turned-bad called Ultron, who ends up turning against them. Once again, though, expect Ruffalo's Hulk to be the real star and expect it to take more money than an average GDP.

Finally, Sad Keanu Reeves is about to become Angry Keanu Reeves (*left*) in **John Wick** (*10 April*), in which he gets his Liam Neeson on as a retired hit man who is out to – we're not making this up – seek vengeance for the killing of his puppy, which was a gift from his recently deceased wife. We have no further comment. SM



Child 44 ★★★

Slack in the USSR

There must be a clause in Tom Hardy's (*above, right*) contracts whereby he has to try a new accent in every film. This time it's Russian as he plays Leo Demidov, investigating child killings in the Soviet era, a murder-mystery plot that explores the failings of Communist Russia. Hardy puts in solid work beside Gary Oldman (*above, left*), but better is Noomi Rapace in her finest turn for years. Daniel Espinosa's film is overlong and oddly paced, but thrilling when it works. BEN TRAVIS *Out on 17 April.*



Good Kill ★★★

Drone alone

With drones becoming the weapon of choice in the US military, it's no surprise Hollywood is catching up. But what do you show – some dude at the controls like he's playing Xbox? Well, that's what you get with *Good Kill*, which shows the odd disconnect of Ethan Hawke's (*above*) drone pilot making life-and-death decisions halfway across the world. *Good Kill* asks the big questions, but there's little peril, and Hawke's unravelling feels one-note. SM *Out on 10 April.*



Lost River ★★

Wishy-washy

Ryan Gosling's directorial debut is an abstract story of a recession-hit family in a ghost town, forced to desperate measures to make ends meet – Bones (Iain De Caestecker, *above*) collects scrap metal, evading the murderous Bully (Matt Smith), while his mother (Christina Hendricks) enters a bizarre burlesque club. Gosling's film is self-consciously arty and moodily pretentious, but he knows how to construct visually impressive scenes. BT *Out on 24 April.*

Ensemble casts, but no star turns

The scramble for a new coalition could make a Danish drama seem simple

By Matthew d'Ancona

At the huge Parisian rally in January to honour the victims of Islamist slaughter at Charlie Hebdo's offices and a kosher supermarket, David Cameron found himself in a scrum of world leaders looking for an appropriate space in the march. He ended up between his Spanish counterpart, Mariano Rajoy, and the Danish PM, Helle Thorning-Schmidt, who happens to be married to Stephen Kinnock, son of the former Labour leader.

In spite of their political differences, Cameron gets on rather well with Thorning-Schmidt, whom he likes to joke in private is "a sort of female Nick Clegg" – a former MEP and Social Democrat. He is also intrigued by the politics of Denmark, and relished the dramatisation of its twists and turns in the Scandinavian drama series *Borgen*.

If anything, life in Copenhagen is more complex than art. Between October 2011 and February 2014, Thorning-Schmidt presided over a three-party coalition but, since the departure of the Socialist People's Party, she has had to make do with a minority government composed of her own Social Democrats and the Socialist Liberal Party. In such precarious circumstances, the principal business of government is to keep the government alive.

For almost five years, we have had a taste of coalition politics – though, as I argued last month, it has been unusually sweet and unexpectedly long-lasting. For all the differences between Cameron and Clegg, they have managed to hold together a bipartisan government with remarkable stability and a comparative lack of rancour. This is, to say the least, scarcely the default setting for such governments. It is one thing to find a role for some biddable Lib Dems in an essentially Conservative administration; quite another to manage, say, a rainbow coalition of three or more parties.

Since the Second World War, this country has been run by a political duopoly. It has become routine to the point of cliché to speak of the "pendulum" swinging between the Conservative and Labour parties. Even in an era of fundamental change – the end of the Cold War, the triumph of globalisation, the rise of Islamism, the ambitions of the EU – the two-party system has proved remarkably robust, adapting to new contexts, challenges and demography.

Until now, that is. Only a few weeks away from the 2015 general election, the dominant questions do not concern the respective performances of David Cameron and Ed Miliband – important as they are – but the prospects of UKIP and the SNP. UKIP might not actually win many seats but could yet wreck the Tories' chances in marginal constituencies. Miliband may suffer heavy losses to the Scottish Nationalists and then, to compound the ignominy, find himself having to horse-trade with Nicola Sturgeon to assemble a Commons majority, or something close.

The decay of two-party politics is no accident. The Tories have not modernised sufficiently to develop a new base among women, ethnic minorities and the young. But modernisation has gone far enough to make reactionaries seek solace with the unashamedly right-wing UKIP. Labour, meanwhile, has abandoned Tony Blair's "Big Tent" strategy – in which every voter was treated as a possible supporter – in favour of a much less ambitious "35 per cent" campaign.

With many Lib Dems shifting support to Miliband, many in his party believe it can win without New Labour stunts. It is also the view of Ed's circle – as wrong-headed as it is strongly held – that the centre ground of British politics has shifted to the left since the financial crash.

Add to this the collapse in trust suffered by the two major parties and you have the ideal context for smaller groups and new movements. UKIP, the SNP, the Greens and other parties not yet formed are better suited to this landscape than the lumbering beasts of the past.

Preposterously, UKIP poses as the party of real change. The Scottish Nationalists claim to have preserved the decency and authenticity that Labour has squandered in the tacky corridors of Westminster. Ludicrous or not, these assertions are resonating with voters. For the first time in decades they are looking beyond the traditional options of Labour, Tory and whatever name the Liberal Democrats use that week.

All of which means that much more will be settled on 7 May than the identity of the prime minister. The electorate has two choices: it can stick with a two-party system by electing a majority government (or a government close enough to the magic 326 seats that it can spatchcock a relatively straightforward deal with what remains of the Lib Dems).

The alternative is to deliver a multicoloured electoral map that conveys no clear message to the political class and leaves the government of the country in limbo while the parties try to broker a deal that stands a chance of working. A three- or four-party government? Let's see how well that turns out.

Cameron is convinced that speculation of this sort will alarm voters sufficiently to preserve the relatively orderly two-party system. It is the British way, after all – isn't it? *Borgen*, with its multi-party deals and barely tenable agreements, was gripping precisely because it was so remote from our own political experience. But perhaps we liked it for another reason: that it told us what our own political future might be like.

@MatthewdAncona

In Venice, no man is an island

War. Slavery. Refugees... The Biennale is using national pavilions to face down international crises

By Sophie Hastings

To present contemporary art through a series of national pavilions seems anachronistic in our globalised age. A jumble of architecturally incongruous buildings like tiny embassies dotted about a Venetian garden is not a natural context for groundbreaking work. It feels small and isolationist, more UKIP than U-bend. Yet the deadpan humour of Marcel Duchamp's urinal continues to resonate and resurfaces in Sarah Lucas, who plumbed a loo into the ICA gallery in 1997. Lucas is representing Britain at this year's Venice Biennale and may or may not fill her pavilion with toilets, rude jokes and pokes at tabloid culture; it's under wraps for now. Paradoxically, it is her quintessential Britishness – irreverence, class-consciousness and wit – that makes Lucas universal.

Artists override the outdated concept of the Venice Biennale, but the curator's role is crucial too. Nigerian-born scholar Okwui Enwezor, 51, whose job it has been to curate a standalone exhibition in the Arsenale and select collateral events, is well placed to disrupt any sense of cultural superiority.

An autodidact who's never attended a history of art class, Enwezor was invited to curate *Documenta*, "the Mount Olympus of exhibitions", in 2002, and is currently director of Haus der Kunst in Munich. His theme for the 56th Venice Biennale: "All The World's Futures". By placing the Giardini at the centre of the disordered world, Enwezor hopes to "grasp the current disquiet of our time", and at least two of his events are resonant with conflict and unease.

Tamara Chalabi, chairman of Ruya Foundation for Contemporary Culture in Iraq, returns to Venice having commissioned the 2013 pavilion. "All people know of Iraq is the ancient civilisation of Mesopotamia or the war – we want to look at what is in between," she says. After Isis targeted the Yazidi community in August 2014, displacing 1.8 million people, Chalabi and her Ruya co-founders visited four Yazidi refugee camps in Iraq with art materials, and asked them to express themselves. "The response was unbelievable: silence descended," she says. They collected 500 works and will show them in an unedited slide show. Chalabi is also working on a book of the drawings with Ai Weiwei, who has agreed to endorse the project.

Meanwhile, the historically combative nations of India and Pakistan coalesce at Palazzo Benzon, in Venice. Neither country has a permanent pavilion and many citizens felt "worried and ashamed" by this, says Feroze Gujral, of the Gujral Foundation. "My East Is Your West" brings acclaimed artists Shilpa Gupta (India) and Rashid Rana (Pakistan) together to "express the essence of a people divided," says Gujral. "They've met, but you can't cross the borders without a visa so they couldn't work together physically. They used the concept of *jugalbandi* – a term meaning a twinned or eternal call and response.

"At a time when the Nobel Peace Prize was won by a Pakistani girl, this is a landmark project about soft power. We will place a magnificent artwork on the roof so that everyone can see us from a vaporetto."

Follow your ears from the Ca' d'Oro vaporetto stop and you will find the new location for Scotland's pavilion, the Palazzo Fontana. A sound-clash of classical and Jamaican music will pour on to the Grand Canal but inside, viewers will be unsure if the musical arrangement is art-related. "Until they reach the fourth room – then they'll see it differently," says artist Graham Fagen, who is under some pressure, given that his predecessor, Duncan Campbell, won the 2014 Turner Prize on the strength of his pavilion. Fagen's installation is a journey through sculpture, drawing and painting, culminating in audio-visual collaborations with composer Sally Beamish, dub producer Adrian Sherwood and reggae star Ghetto Priest. A recasting of Robert Burns' 1792 song, "The Slave's Lament", is testament to Fagen's preoccupation with the slave trade, history and counter-history: "In the past, I've used trees, nooses, rope and even hung a real guy off a tree," he says. "Here, I've made a tree of rope cast in bronze. I'm looking at the social and political history of trade with a wee nod to Venice." Namely, the door handles shaped as negro heads that abound in Venetian interiors and the blackamores in souvenir shops.

Chalabi describes Iraq's cultural development as having been "lop-sided, interiorised, such a difficult country to access." But there is darkness at the heart of every nation and if we need pavilions on a gilded island to examine "the current state of things", as Enwezor would have it, then perhaps Venice is indeed all the world's futures.

Venice Biennale, 56th Edition. 9 May - 22 November 2015. labiennale.org



Kings of neon: 'Natural Anarchy' (2013) by Graham Fagen, who has been chosen to represent Scotland at this year's Venice Biennale contemporary art festival

ALSO SHOWING



Cornelia Parker
Whitworth Art Gallery
Until 31 May.
manchester.ac.uk/whitworth

Leonora Carrington
Tate Liverpool
Until 31 May.
tate.org.uk

Dan Flavin
Tate St Ives
23 May - 27 September.
tate.org.uk

Grayson Perry
Turner Contemporary
23 May - 13 September.
turnercontemporary.org

The Non-Conformists: Photographs by Martin Parr (*above*)
Compton Verney
Until 7 June.
comptonverney.org.uk

Bruce Nauman
Fondation Cartier
Until 21 June
fondation.cartier.com

Photographs Courtesy of Graham Fagen and Matt's Gallery; Matthew Parr/Magnum Photos

Unknown pleasures

The sleek design of modern buildings hides a fascinating – and forbidden – world of wonder

By Edwin Heathcote

There are two modern architectures. There is the architecture of habitable space and there is service architecture. That is, everything that is hidden. The dark world of ducts, false ceilings, service and lift cores, fire escapes and so on. These two parallel spaces are symbiotic.

At last year's Venice Architecture Biennale, director and architectural thinker Rem Koolhaas installed a false ceiling in the ornate Italian pavilion. Beneath the sculpted and painted dome of the building sat a huge chunk of mechanical kit, an exposure of the huge proportion of our buildings given over to mechanical services, which the interior design attempts to suggest does not exist. It was a visceral image, as well as an implicit suggestion that only a sliver of what we see in contemporary architecture has anything at all to do with architects. A huge proportion of our buildings are given over to engineering, to sustaining the complexity of climate control, communication and circulation.

Hollywood has picked up on this dual nature far better than architects themselves. Think of John McClane's journey through Nakatomi Plaza in *Die Hard*. The renegade cop in the sweaty vest uses the ducts, lift shafts and plant rooms to inhabit the building unseen, to circumvent the villains with their more conventional use of architectural space. It's nothing new – James Bond in *Dr No* similarly attempts to escape imprisonment through the building's ducts. *Mission: Impossible* and *Ocean's Eleven* also see protagonists inhabiting service spaces to supersede security systems. In *The Usual Suspects* the luckless gang attempt to abduct Keyser Soze's lawyer Kobayashi through taking control of the lift shafts. These hidden service spaces become a way of hacking architecture. It is done most impressively in the *Bourne* films in which Jason Bourne's ability to evade authority is down to his innate understanding of the building's plan. He needs only to check out a fire-escape diagram on the wall and he understands how to re-program the architecture for his own needs, slipping through fire escapes, out onto ledges, using the hidden architectures to permeate the infrastructure like a gas rather than a solid body.



Shaft!: Hollywood blockbusters such as the Die Hard and Bourne films exploit the visual potential of a building's hidden architecture

The Bond and *Bourne* franchises are, in a way, architectural opposites. Bond inhabits a global sphere of luxury in which his gadgets, connections and a taxpayer-funded credit card afford him a fantasy lifestyle of luxury consumption. He might occasionally venture into the service ducts to escape a villain's lair but he travels in expensive vehicles in a world of globalised concierge service. Bourne, on the other hand, travels by train or in beaten-up cars using disposable burner phones and hacking his way through buildings' security systems. He operates in the hidden world of janitors and service engineers. He is nervous in the surveilled world of the hotel front desk, preferring to phone or send a proxy. It is a kind of internal parkour, a navigation of the dark corridors.

We are aware of this murky world of hidden architecture but, not being highly trained assassins, we tend to take note of the signs forbidding us to enter, nervous of setting off an alarm or getting locked out in an escape stair with no mobile reception.

If you stay at a big hotel you are deterred from discovering this enormous, but fascinating realm of back-of-house activity – the corridors, service elevators, kitchens, industrial freezers, cleaners' stores and so on. But the luxurious finishes of the hotel stop abruptly in these spaces, giving way to utilitarian interiors, stainless-steel sluices, stained walls and grubby lockers.

It is not only hotels, of course. All the contemporary architectural archetypes from malls to airports have within them this schizophrenic split between front- and back-of-house, service and serviced. (It isn't much known that big hospitals have networks of ghost corridors and routes that enable them to transport corpses without unsettling the living.) The attraction of Bourne and McClane is precisely in the subversion of this split, in the appropriation of the unseen to infiltrate the system, the idea of the maverick. The idea surfaces in *The Matrix* too, albeit in a more extreme version – the idea that there is a visible world but one which is deceptive, underpinned by a program in which reality is a scuzzy system of sewers and ruins. The parallel is with the internet, the pages we see and the code which underpins it along with the endless capacity of the dark web which exists as an alternate shadow world.

The interesting thing is that as our buildings become more reliant on technology, on elevators and escalators, on cabling and air-conditioning, the dark space grows and the space we are expected to inhabit contracts. Nowhere was this better portrayed than in Terry Gilliam's magnificent *Brazil*. In this world the removal of a panel exposes a viscera of pipes, sparking cables and throbbing pumps, like worms impossible to replace in their can. We, like *Brazil*'s idealistic Sam Lowry (played by Jonathan Pryce), are at the mercy of engineers (fiercely portrayed here by a seething Bob Hoskins) and Robert De Niro's balaclava-clad rebel plumber. We get off on Bourne and McClane crawling through ducts and misusing architecture because we realise we are impotent, and they are not. We do what the architecture tells us but they are able to bend architecture to their will, reconfigure it and move through it in the ways they want. We all yearn to be free and buildings have too many signs saying "Do Not Enter".

Photograph Rex

On the trail of a serial thriller

Peter Ackroyd's new biography illuminates the dark truths behind Alfred Hitchcock's prolific film-making

By Olivia Cole

In 1955, at the London premiere of *To Catch A Thief*, Alfred Hitchcock observed, "If sometimes you have to make corn, try at least to do it well." Sixty years on, that "corn" is considered a stylish classic of salacious suspense, with Cary Grant using his background as a circus performer to leap convincingly across the roofs of Cannes in his role as a Cote d'Azur cat burglar.

If film is a director's medium, Hitchcock took it to the absolute extreme with his infamous observation that actors (even Grace Kelly and Grant) should be treated like "cattle". The modern junket culture of queasy avowals of love and genius on the part of all involved in a film would have baffled him. As he put it to a bemused French critic while on location in Nice for that film, "It was easy to make an 'artistic' film, but the real difficulty is in making a good commercial film." Was he teasing? It's a question at the heart of Peter Ackroyd's new biography, *Alfred Hitchcock* (*Chatto & Windus, £12.99*), a witty study of the films themselves as much as their enigmatic film-maker.

Like the stories he told on screen, the story of Hitchcock himself is now part of film myth. Born in Leytonstone in 1899, he grew up in northeast London where, in embryonic form, the British film industry was close at hand: the "picture palaces" were as big a part of the East End landscape as the music halls and, as the exhaustive biographer of London, Ackroyd identifies the neighbourhood as the "first home of the British film industry… Walthamstow became known as 'the English Hollywood', with one fifth of all studio space to be found there."

After leaving school in 1914, Hitchcock worked as a copywriter before starting to create captions and eventually storyboards for the silent films being made all around him. Along with Charlie Chaplin (also the subject of a recent Ackroyd life), his early success and eventual emigration to Los Angeles confirms him as a great British export to Hollywood, but at this distance the legend can sometimes obscure the challenges he faced in his own lifetime – something Ackroyd illuminatingly seeks to redress.

Treating the films in chronological order, Ackroyd brings to light the way in which, in his own lifetime at least, Hitchcock was judged like any workaday director, solely on his recent hits and misses. Best known for his study of Charles Dickens, for Ackroyd, the Victorian novelist is a natural point of comparison. Both Dickens and Hitchcock, he observes, were "poised between art and commerce, with a keen taste for the making of money". To him, both were "poets and visionaries who posed as practical men of the world".



Master of suspense: Alfred Hitchcock – here with Tippi Hedren on the set of Marnie in 1964 – is now as much a part of movie mythology as his films

With *Psycho*, in 1960, this "posing" as a man of commerce perhaps went too far. The director knew he could delight audiences, even if he found the ease with which he could produce this kind of thrill profoundly disturbing: "Here's this bloody piece of crap," he told one of his cameramen.

It was famously said by François Truffaut that Hitchcock treated violence with the tenderness any other director would bring to a love scene, and the fixation with fear and extreme violence has to be addressed in any study of Hitchcock. Ackroyd focuses on the enduring effect of his childhood: a fat child (and later fat adult) whose contemporaries said that he smelled of his father's grocers and fishmongers, his education at a Jesuit school in Stamford Hill where corporal punishment was the norm left him in a permanent state of anxiety.

Of the director's fears of the Jesuits, of the playground bullies and Zeppelin bombs falling over the East End during the First World War, Ackroyd writes: "The idea that civilisation is as thin as ice, beneath which lie depths and darknesses, is one that stayed with him… It is a cockney vision, adumbrated by Dickens and Chaplin… it can also be construed as a Catholic vision. Hidden laws govern the universe. Individuals are at the mercy of impersonal forces. That is all you know or need to know."

Not quite. A real Hitchcock fetishist might hunger for more, in particular on his relationships with women. But Ackroyd is still full of great detail (for instance, his platonic relationship with his co-producer wife Alma, with whom he reportedly conceived their daughter Patricia using a fountain pen) even if he never really makes an argument for how best they might be interpreted.

The essential oddity of Hitchcock is brought powerfully to life but Ackroyd resists "solving" him for us. Is that a flaw, or a virtue? Like the kind of ambivalent ending Hitchcock himself sometimes favoured, it leaves you slightly torn. But in a marketplace crowded with stodgy and under-edited biographies, this is an elegantly spare and hugely readable book – which sends you straight back to the films.

RECOMMENDED

Over the past two years, Clive James has devoted his energies to his first love – poetry – writing unflinchingly about the questions posed by his terminal diagnosis with cancer. A poem published in the *New Yorker*, "Japanese Maple", in which he wonders if he might get to see the tree in flame this past autumn has already become justly famous and now it's part of a full collection, **Sentenced To Life** (*Picador*). Raw and confessional yet beautifully crafted, James writes movingly about his marriage, his split sense of home between Britain and Australia and exiting the frenetic world of a high-octane man of letters. Also out this month, two unusual takes on the art of travel. **Skyfaring: A Journey With A Pilot** (*Chatto & Windus*) is BA pilot Mark Vanhoenacker's account of his love affair with flying, while in **Speed Kings** (*Bantam*), by Andy Bull, the private lives of the team that won the four-man bobsleigh gold for the USA in the 1932 Winter Olympics are the perfect starting point for a meditation on the hedonism of their generation. In fiction, Liza Klaussmann's **Villa America** (*Picador*) deftly imagines its way into the marriage of Gerald and Sara Murphy, the American couple who partly inspired F Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is The Night* and an unusual American debut, **War Of The Encyclopaedists**, (*Hamish Hamilton*) combines the perspective of two writers: Christopher Robinson, a *McSweeney's* regular, and Gavin Kovite, who led a platoon in Baghdad in 2004. In biography, Paul Fischer's timely **A Kim Jong-Il Production: The Dear Leader, Cinema's Golden Couple And The Most Audacious Kidnapping in History** (*Viking*) is the bizarre story of former leader of North Korea's kidnapping of South Korean film-makers.

Photograph Getty Images

THE GRAND SLAM

SPORTING ELEGANCE

Pioneering brogue detailing, golfing history and subtle texturing, **Lacoste**'s new footwear collection is this season's champion

Built for the summer, Lacoste's footwear collection for SS15 effortlessly reflects the brand's sporting origins. What's more, with premium materials and added detailing, it's built with the contemporary gentleman in mind.

Offering a timeless authenticity, Lacoste's latest collection draws inspiration from tennis, sailing and now golf, with the new Sherbrooke shoes leading the charge. Armed with a classic derby cut and brogue detailing, the Sherbrooke has both business and pleasure at its core. The finer details shine through in the Sherbrooke too, with waxed laces, branded eyelets and a rubber outsole all a nod to SS15's emphasis on the importance of texture. Promising a high-end feel with a subtle sporting touch, the collection is – in true Lacoste style – a hole in one for the world of sports-luxe.

STEPPING UP

After René Lacoste married golfing champion Simone de la Chaume, he began to explore further than the tennis court. Now pioneering easy-to-wear yet sophisticated designs born from tennis and golfing chic, René's sartorial-yet-sporting thinking lives on in infamy.
very.co.uk



Sherbrooke by **Lacoste**, £105. Available from Lacoste boutiques, very.co.uk and lacoste.com



GQ PORTFOLIO

EDITED BY GIORGINA WALTIER

FASHION ◆ EXCLUSIVE EVENTS ◆ GROOMING ◆ NEWS ◆ COMPETITIONS ◆ WATCHES



1

Mac attack

Are you after a new mac to protect yourself from the inevitable summer showers? Try donning this beige button-down version by **Remus Uomo** and you'll be well covered. *£129. remusuomo.com*



2

Happy anniversary

This year fine jewellery and watch brand **Tateossian** celebrates its 25th anniversary with a series of limited-edition cufflinks. This onyx and silver pair will work perfectly with smart black or charcoal-grey tailoring. *£295. tateossian.com*



3

Take me to church

When it comes to classic footwear design, you can always count on **Church's** to come up trumps. This blue suede monk-strap style is effortlessly chic. *£295. church-footwear.com*

4

Learn to cook like a pro

If you are looking for a fun activity and cooking is your thing, then we've got something right up your street. The **La Cucina Caldesi Cookery School** in London's Marylebone specialises in Italian cookery and offers a series of lessons that range from classic Italian recipes to more specialist regional dishes. *Lessons start at £40. caldesi.com/la-cucina-caldesi*





Grid lines

Master the monochrome trend with this black and white grid printed jumper by **New Look**. Wear with black skinny jeans and slip on Vans-style trainers to complete the look. *£17.99. newlook.com*



6 Ceremonial style

Wedding season is fast approaching and if you're not keen on the idea of wearing the same navy-blue suit, then why not jazz things up with a bit of print? This grey, digitally printed suit by **Tiger of Sweden** would look perfect with a white buttonhole. *Blazer, £399. Trousers, £199. Shirt, £139. tigerofsweden.com*



9 Dark and stormy

Dark blue tailoring is a wardrobe staple. So if you're looking to invest, then check out this slim-cut version by Italian tailor **Bogliolo**. *Suit, £975. Shirt, £310. At Harrods. harrods.com*



8 Pump it up

This season French fashion house **Sandro** has teamed up with **Reebok** to create an exclusive capsule footwear collection. The collection focuses on Reebok's iconic InstaPump Fury shoes which originally launched in 1994. *£145. reebok.com*



10 Flying high

Founded in 1959 in Knoxville, Tennessee; **Alpha Industries** was one of the primary clothing suppliers for the US military. Thankfully its designs have been available to buy commercially for several years, so if you're after a flying jacket, make sure you go for the real deal. *£125. At Selfridges. selfridges.com*



7 Top to toe

This season is all about denim, but if you're planning on rocking the double denim look then you need to make sure you get it right. Try to avoid wearing an outfit that is entirely the same shade of denim. Go for a lighter wash shirt like this one by **AG jeans** and team with a slightly darker wash of jeans. *£178. agjeans.com*

Photographs Jody Todd

We've been expecting you, Mr Waltz

It took Christoph Waltz 30 years to become an overnight sensation. The Austrian actor was thrust into the limelight by Quentin Tarantino and before you could say 'next Bond villain' he'd bagged two Oscars. GQ opens a file on Spectre, stardom and psychiatry with Hollywood's secret weapon

GQ SPRING·STYLE·ISSUE

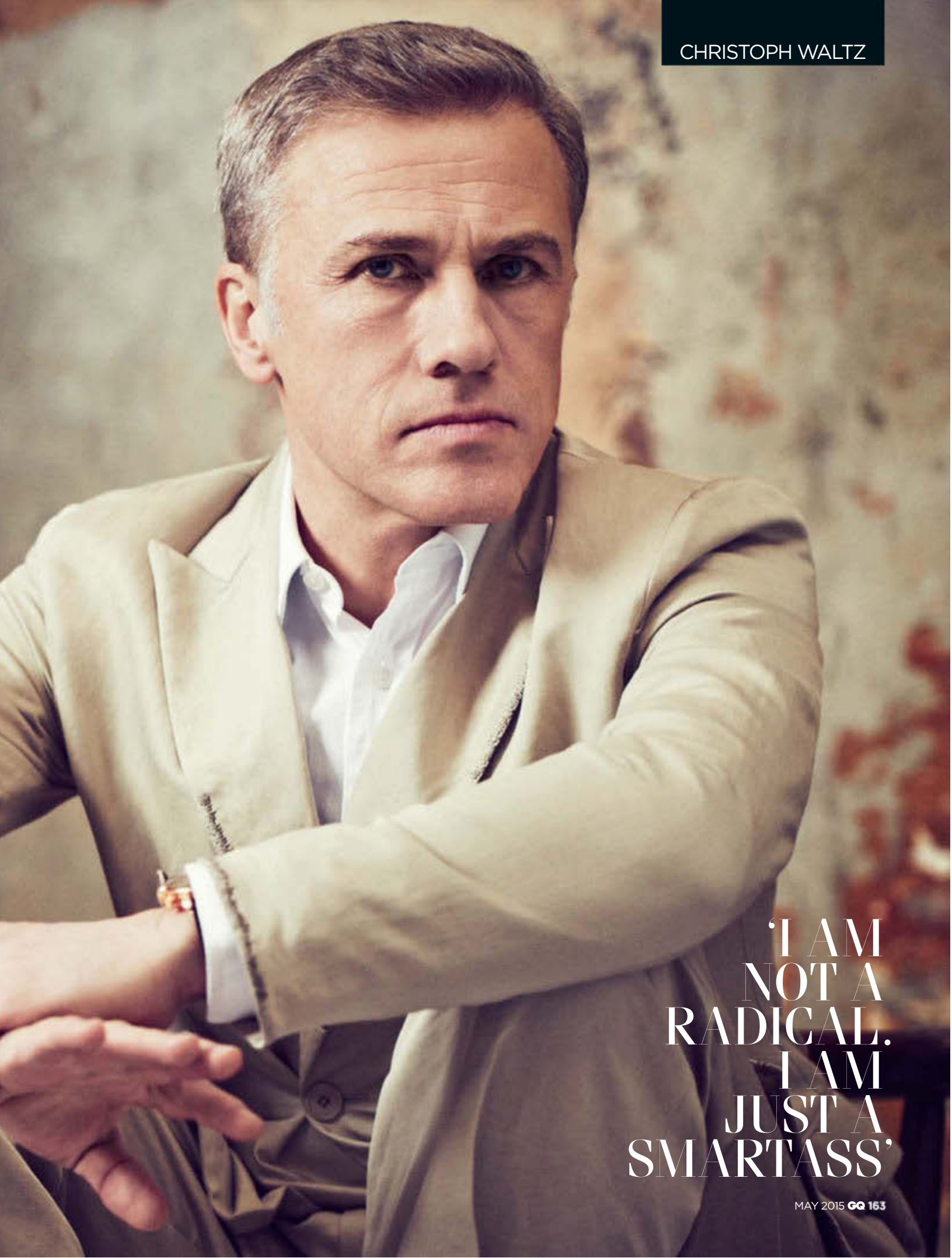
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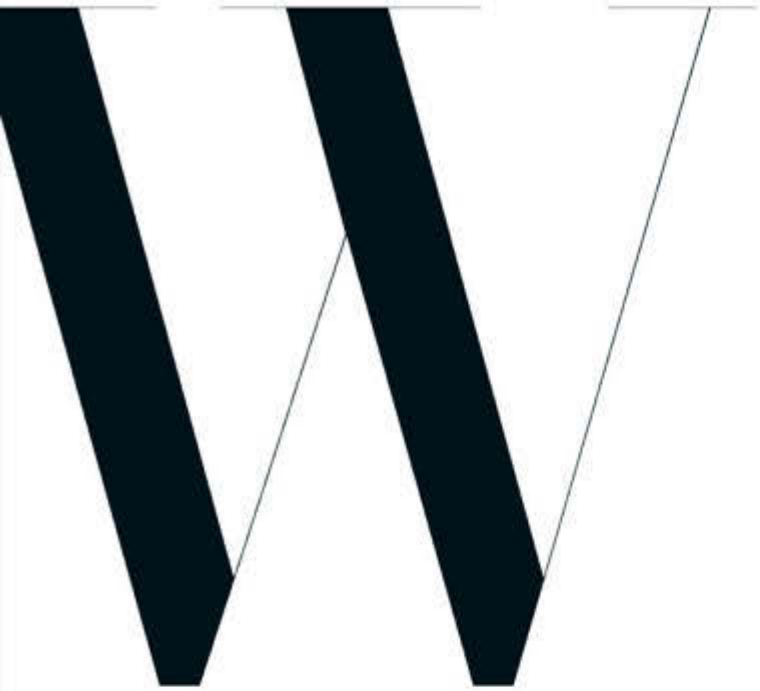
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Suit by **Bottega Veneta**, £2,190. bottegaveneta.com. Shirt by **Hardy Amies**, £115. hardyamies.com. Watch by **IWC**, £12,500. iwc.com



‘I AM NOT A RADICAL. I AM JUST A SMARTASS’



Which single word, I ask Christoph Waltz, would least well describe him?

There follows a very long pause.

"Balanced." Meaning?

"Meaning," Waltz says, with a playful but mutinous look, "that I am not balanced."

In what way exactly?

"Hold on a second," Waltz says. "You asked me for an adjective. Not an explanation."

But it implies you are a person of extremes…

"Not necessarily."

Yes, it does.

"No it doesn't." Another pause. "Actually, I thought 'balanced' was the most neutral answer that I could give."

I can think of other words, I tell Waltz, that describe the things he isn't. Such as verbose, over-frank and, above all, stupid.

"That's very kind," he says. "Thank you."

Christoph Waltz, in general conversation, is engaging, amusing and inventive; until you broach the subject of his own life, at which point he becomes evasive to a degree that makes Bob Dylan sound like a blabbermouth. Gernot Wolfson, in a spectacularly feeble attempt at a biography, mercifully not translated from the original German into English, does make one useful observation, namely that he "guards his privacy to the point of obsession".

Wolfson is right about that, says Waltz, who adds that he did everything to discourage the author, and considered suing him. Talking about himself, Waltz says, is something he just can't do. Which is a shame, I tell him, because it can be tricky to produce a portrait of a man who's wearing a suit of armour.

"I understand," Waltz replies, in the habitual tone of gentle irony that renders him impossible to dislike. "But you can't expect me to raise my visor merely out of empathy."

We're sitting in a deserted bar at London's Corinthia Hotel, where Waltz is taking a break from the filming of *Spectre*, the new James Bond film directed by Sam Mendes, out this October. He's 58 now, and age suits him very well, not least because he is one of the very few great cinema actors to have achieved global recognition after decades of trying. A respected talent in Germany and Austria, he was unknown to most English-speaking cinema-goers until Quentin Tarantino had the wit to cast him as SS Colonel Hans Landa in his 2009 movie *Inglourious Basterds*. Right from the captivating opening scene of that film, and throughout their second collaboration, *Django Unchained* (2012), you witness something that happens quite rarely in cinema: an actor who is uniquely equipped to comprehend, enliven and inspire the poetry of his director's script.

In those two films, each of which earned Waltz an Oscar, there are moments where the elegance of the language and the actor's delivery of it combine to produce the kind of shiver down the spine you can get from a great musician.

"Yes," says Waltz. "I think that what you're describing really is the same phenomenon that music can inspire. I believe that he [Tarantino] considers that dialogue to be poetry."

He has not been slow to grasp the opportunities created by his collaborations with the Tennessee-born director. Before Bond, he's set to star in *Tulip Fever* expected to be out this spring, the long-awaited film by British producer Alison Owen, alongside the likes of Brit tyros Jack O'Connell and Cara Delevingne, and has been cast as a Belgian villain (what else?) in David Yates' big-budget *Tarzan*, scheduled for next summer.

He is fiercely loyal to Tarantino. At one point I mention how certain attributes of his character in *Django Unchained* – a German-speaking "dentist" whose areas of expertise do not include teeth – echo one of Inspector Clouseau's aliases in *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. They even share a name: Dr Schultz. Waltz, addressing what I'd imagine was an affectionate in-joke on Tarantino's part, launches into an earnest complaint to the effect that "people are always saying Quentin rips things off. Has something been said before? Maybe it has. So be it. Shakespeare," he adds, "did not have one original idea."

Waltz was born into a theatrical family in Vienna, but in his early twenties moved to New York where he was taught by Stella Adler, legendary coach of, among others, Marlon Brando and Robert De Niro. Adler, Waltz has said, taught him to focus initially on the author's name printed on a script.

"She taught us to use the name as a gateway into the world of the drama. She was talking about Ibsen."

It's easy to imagine the value of such a technique when applied to classical theatre, or to the writing of Tarantino or Terry Gilliam. (Waltz gives a majestic performance in Gilliam's hallucinatory fantasy *The Zero Theorem*, released in 2013.)

But can you approach a Bond film in that same spirit of artistic endeavour? Or are you just doing it for the…

"A James Bond film *can* be artistically fulfilling," Waltz interrupts. "Absolutely it can. It can be complex and it can be interesting. I consider Bond movies to be an extension of popular theatre, a kind of modern mythology. You see the same sort of action in Punch and Judy, or in the folk theatre of various cultures, like *Grand Guignol*. [The 18th-century playwright] Carlo Goldoni took the *commedia dell'arte* and developed it into a complex psychological form, yet retained the connection with its roots."

While there's no pretentiousness about Waltz, this analysis is typical of the intensity he displays when discussing his work. You don't get quite so many references to the psychological origins of *commedia dell'arte* from Roger Moore, say, and to that extent Waltz might not seem the most obvious recruit to the Bond family. Did he hesitate before agreeing to appear in *Spectre*?

"I did, yes."

Why?

"I always hesitate… You ask yourself, hang on: *what* James Bond are we talking about?" Waltz explains. "The thing about *Spectre* is that it is not the work of hack writers. It does not have a hack director. The actors are not hams." The movie, he says, does include scenes that will resonate with an old-school Bond aficionado.

"The action sequences in Mexico are extravagant to say the least. The scenes in Austria are traditional Bond action in the snow." That said, he adds, "These films with Daniel Craig >

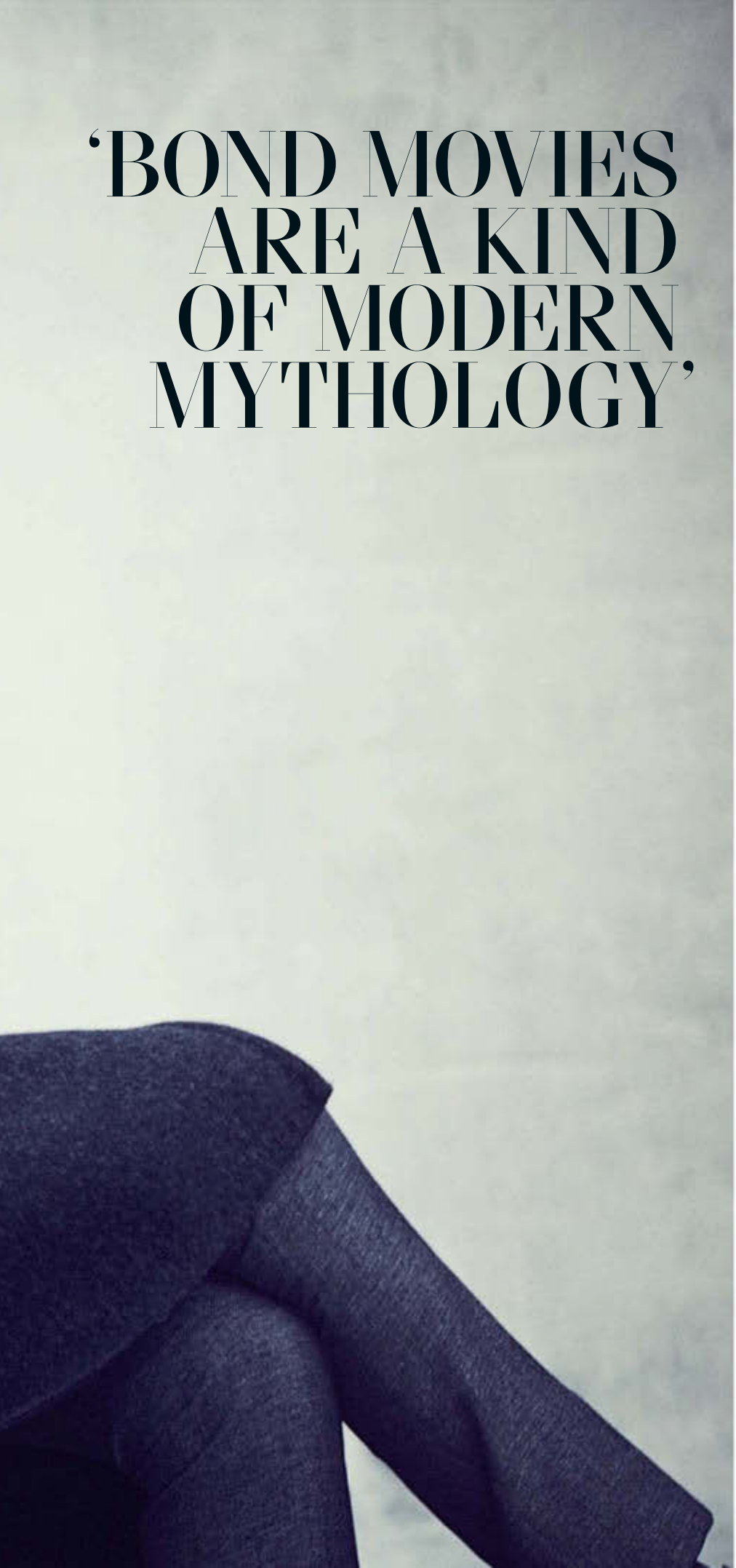
‘THE FALSE DAWNS WENT ON FOR A VERY LONG TIME’



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‘BOND MOVIES ARE A KIND OF MODERN MYTHOLOGY’

have shifted the tone. They don’t depend on a set formula that forces actors simply to go through the motions.”

So was his experience with Mendes similar to his first script reading with Tarantino for *Inglourious Basterds*: an epiphany which he has described as having given him back his vocation?

“No. Because this time I didn’t have to audition. For *Spectre* they already had me in mind.”

They wrote the part for you?

“In a way, yes. Let’s say it was tweaked in my direction.” People use the phrase “Bond villain” as if it referred to a single, clearly defined character, like Dracula, yet there have been wide variations in the way the role has been played. Yet it has been suggested that Waltz will be playing to archetype, as a reincarnation of Bond’s long-standing nemesis, Blofeld.

“That is absolutely untrue. That rumour started on the internet, and the internet is a pest. The name of my character is Franz Oberhauser.”

What was it your agent said when you first left Hollywood? (Waltz, after his first stint in the United States, returned to theatre work in Austria in the early Eighties.)

“He said, ‘Do you want to be wandering around in the background yelling ‘Heil Hitler’ for the rest of your life?’”

And yet here you are again, playing a Germanic enemy of the right-thinking British…

The character of Oberhauser, he says, is a little more nuanced than that.

Waltz has spoken many times about how little he enjoys the idea of fame. And yet it’s hard to imagine that taking a starring role in one of the most eagerly awaited James Bond movies ever is going to render him more anonymous when he walks down the Kings Road.

“You’re right, I suppose. On the other hand this film might help get other projects greenlit. And I prefer working to walking down the Kings Road any time.”

Waltz’s mother Elisabeth was an Austrian costume designer; Johannes, his German father, was a theatre director. (The actor has joint German/Austrian citizenship.)

Your father died when he was 42; you were seven at the time…

Silence.

Was his death sudden?

“No.” Just for a second, the visor creaks open a little. “It was not unexpected. My father was very sick, for some time. And then he died.”

Depicted in fiction, such a tragedy tends to affect a child in one of two ways: it precipitates indiscipline, or inspires a precocious sense of responsibility. “There are infinite ways of dealing with such a thing.”

How did you deal with it?

"I have no idea. What did people do before Freud invented the idea of 'dealing with' such experiences?" asks Waltz (whose first marriage, which lasted 17 years, was to Jackie, a psychotherapist). "They just got on with it."

So you "just got on with it"?

"I don't know."

You mentioned Freud: wasn't your maternal grandfather a psychiatrist?

"Yes. Today he would be as rich as JK Rowling. He wrote the first self-help books, mainly on sexuality."

Have you read them?

"No."

In his German cuttings file, I tell him, the notion of depression occurs more than once. One of his most distinguished ventures was a 1996 film on the *schlager* [light pop] singer Roy Black, who died young, frustrated and damaged by drink and drugs. Some have attempted to draw a comparison between Black's embittered mentality at the end of his life and Waltz's own reaction to periods when he had done outstanding work in Germany, but his career failed to build as it should have; he's spoken often about false dawns. (If the rollercoaster has become the default analogy for fluctuations in an individual's fortunes, Waltz almost always resorts to images involving darkness and light.)

"That was my experience, and it was very frustrating. These false dawns went on for a long time. It feels like someone keeps trying to turn the light up, but the dimmer switch is broken." He laughs, good-naturedly. "And then sometimes the bulb blows altogether."

One notable disappointment was *The Gravy Train*, a series produced for Channel 4 in 1990. A satire on the EEC, as it then was, it was written by Malcolm Bradbury. Waltz led a cast that included Ian Richardson and Alexei Sayle.

"It was the first time I'd ever really made friends with an actor on a set," Sayle tells me. "And as a friend he is wonderful. The most striking thing about him is his extraordinary intelligence. Christoph is one of the two or three brightest people I have met – ever, in my life. He always makes me think of Wittgenstein, coming as he does from one of those high-achieving Viennese families."

In 1995 Waltz appeared in *Catherine The Great*; a big-budget production featuring Catherine Zeta-Jones and Omar Sharif. His next job was in *Rex: A Cop's Best Friend* – a police series in which the leading actor was a dog. That can't have been an easy transition, I suggest, from the splendour of Imperial Russia to playing second fiddle to a quadruped.

"It wasn't. But I had to work."

To support your family?

"Right."

You've been married twice, I say, first to Jackie, in your early twenties…

"You know more than I'd care to remember."

After a somewhat uncomfortable series of exchanges, we agree that he has three children from that first marriage, and one daughter from his second, to costume designer Judithe Holste. (He confirmed this second marriage, which had long remained unknown, in a 2013 interview; the ceremony is believed to have taken place in the late Nineties.)

Did he experience depression in those periods where his career seemed to falter?

"Yes. Occasionally. More usually, frustration. I am not clinically depressed now and I wasn't back then. I am not interested in gambling. I am not interested in drugs or firearms. But that doesn't mean that I didn't have depressed phases."

I didn't mean clinical depression, I say. I've seen what can happen to artists when they do good work and it isn't rewarded. The disappointment gets into their voice. You don't need a PhD in psychiatry to notice.

"No. You're right. What I'm saying is that… there were depressed moments," Waltz recalls, niftily dodging the intimacy of the first person, "and there was depression, but not of a kind that needed to be medicated or hospitalised. But it is, yes, bloody depressing when you try to get on with the work and it just doesn't…" He stops himself. "People cut you [dead]. They don't even greet you. They ignore you. A handful of [German-speaking] directors believed in me, one in particular. Every time we made a movie it was a sensation. Yet somehow, nothing followed."

I tell him that I've seen several of his German language films, among which one – Peter Keglevic's 2001 epic *Dance With The Devil*, concerning the kidnap and torture of millionaire Richard Oetker – struck me as, to borrow an overused phrase, a *tour de force*. Waltz, as the kidnapper, is stunning, and the subtlety of his menace gives you an idea of what he might achieve in *Spectre*.

"Well, Keglevic is the director I was referring to just now. He always believed in me. He also made the Roy Black film, as you may know. He is a real artist. He's far too difficult for the industry to oppress. He's slightly cantankerous and he doesn't suffer fools gladly; actually he doesn't suffer fools at all. So people shy away from him. But Peter Keglevic – yes. He's my guy."

On the basis of no evidence whatsoever, I tell Waltz, he himself strikes me as a man who could be quick to anger.

"I am. Very. I would like to hit people."

Do you?

"No."

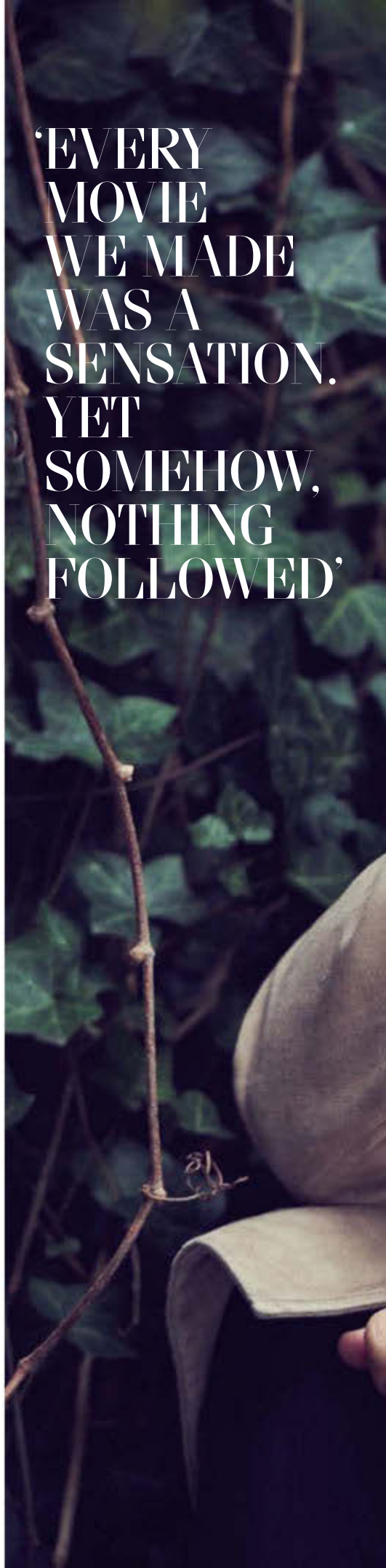
Have you punched people in the past?

"No."

What form does your anger take?

"I get rude. Things can get a bit edgy."

If Waltz seems especially happy now, says Alexei Sayle, "it's precisely because there is an appropriate fit between his ability and his achievement. He did get very frustrated



'EVERY MOVIE WE MADE WAS A SENSATION. YET SOMEHOW, NOTHING FOLLOWED'



Coat by **Bally**, £3,595. bally.com. Rollneck by **John Smedley**, £399. johnsmedley.com

at the work he was getting. He was a star in Germany, but Germany was never enough for him. One of the extraordinary things about *Inglourious Basterds* was that English-speaking audiences were suddenly confronted with this person who arrived with the charisma, talent and assurance of a huge movie star, and yet most of them had never heard of him."

Waltz's interviewers can console themselves with the knowledge that his stubborn defence of his privacy is nothing personal. Footage survives of several sessions with the talented comedian and interviewer Harald Schmidt, who might reasonably be called a German David Letterman. The actor speaks forthrightly about things like the royal family and the cost of living in London (he had a flat in Muswell Hill for around a decade, beginning in the mid-Nineties) but clams up when his children are mentioned.

In one of those interviews, I remind Waltz, a keen republican, you say it's odd that Prince Charles should be opposed to genetically modified organisms, "because he is one". What do you feel about the press intrusion that his family endures?

"It's terrible. Though of course the Queen herself is extremely discreet. What happens within Buckingham Palace stays within those walls."

And that's what you'd like? A regal degree of distance?

"Yes."

Were you always like this?

"When I was about 25, that's when this whole thing started. My oldest daughter was a little kid. A tabloid reporter called my house. He said, 'I hear a child crying. Is it a boy or a girl? What's their name?' I said, 'I want to keep that private.' He said, 'It's not private.' That's when I decided I didn't want other people dictating what I disclosed."

As a struggling young actor in New York, Waltz tells me, he was a waiter in a Greek-owned restaurant where regulars included Bill Murray.

"He was just the nicest guy; he gave me the biggest tips. And now I know him: not as a close friend, but I know him. I really like how he handles privacy. But then Bill Murray is a radical."

And you aren't?

"I am not a radical. I am just a smartass."

So what made him choose this most heavily scrutinised of professions? Family tradition?

"I don't know. I really don't. Somehow I just ended up doing it." Today, he complains, many aspiring actors are "motivated by pure narcissism. Everybody just wants fame."

Not you?

"No. I hate it. If you become famous because of your long career, that's one thing. As a motivation in itself, celebrity is foolhardy and stupid."

"You do find yourself asking why he decided to act," says his former co-star Amanda Mealing. "It seems counterintuitive for somebody who is so private to enter a profession where you are constantly the centre of attention." Mealing, who appeared with Waltz in *The Gravy Train*, would go on to give acclaimed performances in such distinguished productions as Alan Bleasdale's *GBH* and *Jake's Progress*; she is currently combining a role in *Casualty* with completing a degree in psychology.

On the set of *The Gravy Train*, she recalled, "He was extremely reserved, but you sensed there was this rod of steel at his core. He sets his mind on something and quietly pursues it without any great fanfare. That's how he works. The drive and the ambition are there but they are never explicit or overt."

Waltz was the star of that production; was he stand-offish?

Absolutely not, says Mealing, who recalls that, in one episode, her character was required to play a game of topless table tennis against him.

"I was very uncomfortable with that," she tells me, "but it was a battle I was never going to win. A day or two beforehand, seeing I was upset, Christoph came over to me. I told him I was unhappy not with the idea of nudity, but because I thought the idea was just crass. He said, 'I do too.' Then he walked off. Very shortly afterwards the scene was dropped. He's very quiet, very caring, and he doesn't miss a trick. Nothing passes him by."

'I AM ENTITLED TO SAY YES: IT FEELS GOOD. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE SERVED MY TIME'

My own suspicion is that, though he's too modest to say it, the craft of acting is what has driven him; that, and the understandable desire to be recognised as the great actor he is. ("I think," said one colleague who knows him well, "that Christoph always wanted to be a star.")

Terry Gilliam told me how, when they were filming *The Zero Theorem*, Waltz would deflect praise by saying, "It's not the actor, it's the part." The film, Gilliam said, was green-lit only from the moment the Austrian agreed to join the cast. His performance as a man trapped in a futuristic nightmare where he's charged with discovering the meaning of life, gives an indication both of his range as an actor and his capacity to support an original project, even if many orthodox Hollywood executives might fail to understand it.

"I believe it's one of the very best performances Christoph has ever given," Gilliam says. "There's nothing showy about it; everything is internalised. When he's working, the character dominates him. He isn't a method actor and doesn't claim to be one, but on that film he became totally imbued with his character's isolation. *The Zero Theorem* was his film. I followed him. And when I saw where he led us, I was blown away by his utter truthfulness."

I talk to Waltz for the best part of four hours. Once he's away from the unwelcome territory of his own life, he's amusing, amiable and highly opinionated. He enthuses about the acerbic genius of Randy Newman and, less predictably, the work of Frank Zappa. He admits – unprompted for once – to a love of horses.

"Not as a gambler," he says. "Just to see that beautiful spectacle of a horse in full gallop. I like…"

Please don't say dressage…

"I *love* dressage," Waltz replies, with just the slightest hint of mischief in his eye.

Without seeking to make him sound smug – he isn't – Waltz does exude a sense of real contentment, of the kind born of having to work long and hard for a reward.

"I do feel I can say – without smugness – that this feels good. I am entitled. I am entitled to judge the situation and say that yes: it feels good, and that yes, I agree with you. I feel like I served my time. I feel I have paid [my dues]."

And then we're back to the images of light.

"I have learned that the experience of seeing what you later realise to have been a false dawn, is very tough," he says. "The period following that realisation is infinitely tougher. But if you can hang in there long enough to see a real sunrise, well then the feeling really is incredible. Because you can't mistake a real sunrise."

This is Waltz looking back; but what is really energising about the actor is not so much his past as his possible future. Mature as he may be, you get the sense that this is the beginning, not the end, of his exhilarating international career. Who knows what he might achieve? Reticent, evasive and wilfully vague as he can be, Waltz can't help but radiate one unmistakable truth: namely that this particular star, having taken so long to rise, will not easily allow its brilliance to be extinguished.

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Instagram a

Welcome to holiday hedonism for the super-rich, now all lived in the lens

Pushing the boat out: One of Yacht Week's most popular events involves tethering an armada of boats together while everyone jumps in the middle on inflatables – 'an international cesspit!' according to one participant

nd Gomorrah

of social media. GQ climbs aboard for Yacht Week...

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**



Photograph Fabian Webster

Here's a random list of things you can expect to occur on Yacht Week, the sailing holiday popular with the world's moneyed youth, and described in the Croatian national press as "Sodom and Gomorrah at sea".

You will watch someone almost fall off a boat, drunk, into the sea, but recover at the last minute. You will watch someone not recover at the last minute and fall off a boat, drunk, into the sea. You will see rich men throwing themselves into the water, before realising their money is still in their pockets, and hurriedly doggy-paddling after hundreds of dollars slowly escaping in the tide. You'll see drinking games, champagne showers, stripping, island rampages, selfie sticks held up like glow sticks, spirit bottles worth hundreds of dollars delivered on silver service with fireworks strapped to the necks, and people spending the average year's salary just by slurring the word "again!" You may see – as I did – more than 40 people scramble onto a yacht meant for six for an impromptu all-night boat party, which, after a certain amount of vodka, feels more like a real-life game of Screwball Scramble. You may see – as I did – an Australian girl so drunk she keeps kissing two men on the same night under the impression they are the same person, and not understanding why this person is getting so upset, and in different voices.

Nearly everyone is beautiful, single, uninhibited, and bottle-service wealthy. Several have been on reality-TV shows. It is the only holiday you can go on, I discover, that includes two staff photographers taking pictures of everything you, the hard-partying customer, get up to at all times.

I joined the Yacht Week for its "black route" – one that sails around the exclusive islands of Croatia, on the Adriatic – to see just why it's become such a phenomenon. The idea, after all, is fairly straightforward. You join an armada of yachts – up to 50 on any one route – after selecting your yacht-mates, booking a skipper, and even arranging an on-board chef if your budget will stretch that far (nearly all do). While on board, you drink and eat and sunbathe, and then party at every island you dock at, mostly at special Yacht Week events. It's Club 18-30, essentially, for people far too rich and glamorous to go on Club 18-30 holidays. The bigger Yacht Week has become (it started in 2008, and now has 45 routes across six countries, mostly in Europe, with plans to expand into South America and beyond) the more controversial it has been. The island of Hvar on this week's route, for instance, has increasingly become known as the new Saint-Tropez, with the mega-yachts lining its harbour belonging to everyone from Roman Abramovich and Bill Gates to Beyoncé and Tom Cruise.

Perhaps understandably, residents and guests haven't been too keen on "Hvarday", when the Yacht Week horde descends for perhaps the most raucous parties of the week (the notorious afternoon party scheduled at Carpe Diem bar sees champagne bottles worth hundreds of dollars sprayed like fire extinguishers). Just a few hours of "Hvarday" are said to be worth around £40,000 for the owners. The Hvar town council has repeatedly voted for Yacht Week's banishment, citing noise and drunken abuse; some claimed people were vomiting into the water and passing out drunk on the boardwalk. The diners next door at Gariful, Hvar's most exclusive fish restaurant, one of Giorgio Armani's favourite haunts, were said to be less than impressed. Yet, each time, Hvar's mayor has reached a compromise with Yacht Week's founders. And so, as with every year since it began in 2008, Yacht Week sails again.

It's Club 18-30 for people far too rich and glamorous to go on Club 18-30 holidays

At the marina, a short drive from Split airport, I meet our skipper for the week, Sebastian, a fastidious Spaniard almost certainly given to us to show how serious about safety they are, and who chides every error (you're required to help out when docking) like a father telling his son not to murder any more prostitutes ("It can *never* happen again"). The other members of HMS *GQ* are Charlotte, an easygoing Dane who will be our chef for the week, and the *GQ* photographer Rebecca. We are not the typical crew. Even the smallest yachts, like ours, sleep six – making ours the only boat not at capacity.

Part of Yacht Week's appeal, it turns out, comes with selecting your boat mates. Each yacht is required to be a strict 50-50 split in gender. The majority of people I spoke to found their remaining shipmates via the "CrewFinder" section on the website, which is essentially Yacht Week's version of Tinder, and which mostly sees men advertising the remaining female spaces on a yacht they've reserved.

"We are calling our boat Noah's Ark cause it is going to be filled with Animals!!!" reads a typical ad. "Looking for 4 more beer-chugging, shot-taking, pirate-costume-wearing, no f***s about what anybody is caring girls to join in the mayhem!"

Nearly all the men list their Instagram accounts for the girls to check out.

"It's like *The Real World*!" a Californian blonde named Amy explains to me, referring to the American reality-TV show, but also, one presumes, the real world.

Many go purely on emails and images. Only one girl I met on my week – Cayla, a 29-year-old American teacher – took the precaution of travelling to New York to size up their potential male shipmates before she and her cousin took the plunge. "We ended up having a really boozy lunch – it was great!"

Cayla, who like nearly all on Yacht Week is single, rules out sex with her boat mates, "but we totally support bringing other people back to the boat and getting the job done."

Being a skipper on Yacht Week also has its difficulties, Sebastian informs me as we set sail. A fortnight ago, he had eleven Spaniards who barely slept, and he recalls the experience much like the sole survivor of an ethnic cleansing. Brazilian men, most skippers agree, are the worst (many mistreat female staff; a recent group got kicked off their boat for doing coke on deck). Australians, the loudest. Americans, the most dressed in their own flag.

Skippers have an ongoing game called "Worst Question At The Worst Time". Favourites include: requesting a fry-up in a storm (oil is not your friend), trying to chat up a skipper while he's navigating a tricky mooring (most skippers are men), and having sex while you're supposed to help downing anchor.

After only a few hours, we arrive at Milna on the island of Brac, and I come across some guys from a mostly Dutch boat drinking with their skipper, an American man known as Cowboy Carl on account of the fact no one has seen him without his trademark cowboy hat for more than a year ("I did see him without it once," Sebastian tells me, "but I didn't recognise him").

It's around 6pm, but they already look very drunk. "They started with two bottles of vodka," says Cowboy Carl, almost misty-eyed. "And they've nearly finished them!" He hugs them. "My boys!" Carl has done 48 Yacht Week runs, and his ambition is to get to 52 to make a full year. >

Photograph Fredrik Nystedt



Yacht stuff: 'Sodom and Gomorrah at sea' sets sail around the islands of Croatia, August 2014. Hvar's town council has unsuccessfully campaigned for it to be banned

'We wanted to grow the company by getting people to go, have a good time, and then share it'

YACHT WEEK CO-FOUNDER ERIK BJÖRKLUND





Postcards from the edge: The infamous Yacht Week now runs 45 routes across six countries, including Thailand, Greece and Croatia, with plans to soon take on South America and beyond. The holiday's success – and notoriety – relies on people posting images such as these on social media. 'That's why we put photographers at every event, and then put people in good situations on the ocean – these are the images we want to be associated with,' says co-founder Erik Björklund







Stop-offs are for socialising in swimwear and to have pictures taken of you



The opening night of Yacht Week is fairly tame, and so simply consists of a welcome open-air party in the relics of an old building involving pole dancers, light shows, vodka shots and some mild grinding. It's on this night I meet Tribble Reese. Reese is a child's idea of an American male as drawn hurriedly in crayon. He is a huge man with a jutting jaw, perfect teeth, blond hair that points to the sky, piercing eyes that would be devastating if not for the fact they're slightly too close-set, and has the nervous gregariousness of a man who has high-fived during sex. A former high-school quarterback from Atlanta, Georgia, who never quite made the grade to go pro, Reese is semi-famous in America for being the star of a reality TV dating show called *Sweet Home Alabama*. He was named South Carolina's Most Eligible Bachelor by *Cosmopolitan* in 2008.

At 29, however, he remains a bachelor, which is why he is at Yacht Week. He's out, he says, to have the experience of a lifetime – and rack up the numbers. "Nobody knows about this in the States," he tells me, excitedly, if not exactly accurately (there are more Americans here than any other nationality). "It's like the Bahamas on steroids!" Currently, Reese is most agitated by the female attention the skippers are getting. "So now I just want to be a skipper. They get laid like crazy." (The skippers, it should be said, deny this, but then of course they would. "I've had girls try to jump me," says William Wenkel, the CEO, co-founder and former skipper himself. "But I've never used my power.")

If the average age of the people who go on 18-30 holidays is early twenties, then, at 29, Reese is the average Yacht Weeker. Take your pick from any number of reasons: a generation marrying later, an international moneyed elite looking for a wilder time, or simply the 18-30s holiday finally going high-end via the addition of boats (docking at a different port each night, after all, allows the Yacht Week to visit high-end hot-spots not yet touched by beer-boy tourism, while also promising the allure of adventure, despite that adventure coming with a timetable and personal chefs).

There are other benefits, as Reese would attest. As we set sail the next day, *where* your boat docks becomes the subject of much discussion. Put another way: you want to dock next to the people you got chatting to the night before. In some cases, this simply leads to jealously. In others, bribery.

Just last week, Cowboy Carl skippered a boat with many beautiful Brazilian girls on board, and found himself the subject of offers from other boats, asking them to dock next to them. "You will always meet someone you fancy," says Wenkel, "and the lubricator is the boat."

Or, more exactly, the dock. As we set sail on the second day, it becomes clear that most days follow a similar pattern on Yacht Week. Up, breakfast, leave dock, sail, stop at a cove, swim off your hangover, lunch, then sail again to that night's destination. Eat. Party. Repeat.

Each swimming stop-off (which isn't so much about swimming as drinking on inflatables) is designed for two reasons: to socialise with other Yacht Weekers in swimwear, and to have social-media pictures taken of you while you do so.

"I'm so drunk I've forgotten how to swim!" shouts one Australian man, who takes a brief pause from pretend-drowning to flirt with the real thing as he tries to wave at the photographer taking a picture of him. The two photographers who accompany every Yacht Week run, co-founder Erik Björklund later tells me, were there pretty much from Yacht Week's inception. Indeed, they're the reason for Yacht Week's phenomenal success. Nearly everyone I spoke to said they chose Yacht Week either due to the professional pictures on Facebook their friends were tagged in, or because of the YouTube trailer, made by a director better known for music videos, which has currently been viewed more than three million times.

"We were pretty tech-savvy from the beginning," says Björklund. "We wanted to grow the company [by getting] people to go, have a really good time, and then share it. That's why we put photographers at every event, and then put people in good situations on the ocean – these are the images we want to be associated with."

'You're going to meet someone you fancy, and the lubricator is the boat'

CEO WILLIAM WENKEL

The "good situations" are crucial, as they work both as holiday highlights (for those who are there) and de facto photo shoots (for those who are not). The second day we stop at a beautiful cove where people dive off an overhanging jut of rock into the water below while pictures are taken. These are later filtered through to Björklund back in London, to decide what goes on Facebook. A few days later we'll take part in one of Yacht Week's most popular (and photogenic – the two are nearly always one and the same) events, which involves tethering up to 20 yachts together in a star formation while everyone jumps in the middle on their inflatables, many necking Jägermeister straight from the bottle as they do so.

"It's an international cesspit!" shouts one Australian girl, approvingly, while a bearded American TV producer attempts to cause hilarity by squeezing a 4ft foam rod between his legs and some Americans attempt to dole out shots while doing doggy paddle. On this day, along with the standard two staff snappers, Yacht Week will often attach a camera to the top of one the masts, all the better to take a shot already perfectly framed by the boats – shooting aspiration in a barrel.

"The boats in star formation proves particularly popular," says Björklund, when I ask about the images that attract the most attention. "Or just a group of young, hot people." But the shots of the foam-penis man will not be uploaded. "We're after aspiration."

Those not swimming are generally Instagramming, and it is partly for this reason all boats are fitted with Wi-Fi. The last thing I hear as we untether the boats and head to our next party is an Irish voice yelling, "I can't wait to see the comments!"

Yacht Week began life simply enough – an exclusively Swedish thing, not a holiday so much as a gathering. A group of like-minded folk, sailors all, got together in 2005 to form a small armada, sail around some Croatian islands, and have a few drinks when they got there. They got home, posted their pictures on Facebook, and, says Wenkel, "said we'd never do this again".

Then they started getting the Facebook messages. How could *they* come on this amazing boat holiday too? "People did this before, but it never spread. We have Facebook to thank for that. We couldn't have predicted it."

They had something else to thank, too: just as Yacht Week began, in 2008 the financial crisis hit, "which meant not as many rich guys taking yachts", meaning there were more available to rent and there was more harbour space free on the premium islands. And so it grew and grew, Facebook albums spawning Facebook albums, the rise of Instagram throwing petrol on the flames. And with it, stricter rules applied by some islands, banishment from others, tense negotiations from yet more. "And now," says Wenkel, "I have to control this little Frankenstein."

Currently, this particular little Frankenstein's monster is taking the form of Tribble Reese, who is attempting to neck a bottle of vodka the size of a parking bollard. This is not an exaggeration. We are at a party on the island of Vis, on the top of an abandoned fort built in 1813 by the British Royal Navy, and now put to use by Yacht Week as an exclusive party locale. The DJ is spinning, hands are in the air, spirits are being downed, lanterns hang from the trees above us, and by 2am, all the ships' captains will

Photographs Marcus Olssen; Fabian Webster

stand in a circle, holding bottles of champagne worth several thousand dollars in total, bought by their respective passengers, to spray over the entire dance floor.

For now, the Amex black cards and MasterCard gold cards are getting a thorough flexing partly due to the bottle service – each spirit bottle arriving with some form of fireworks attached – and partly due to the sizes of the bottles being served. Hence, Reese is currently upending a six-litre bottle of Belvedere into his person. I can honestly say I never knew vodka could be purchased in quantities so huge. Having heaved it high above his head, he looks, to all intents and purposes, like a gerbil who has liberated its water bottle from the side of its cage, and is now wondering if this was such a good idea. It probably shouldn't come as a shock, however, that Reese was posing for a shot for *GQ*'s photographer at the time. Throughout the night, he gamely heaves the bottle high above his head for any other iPhone snappers or eager Instagrammers who are interested, while directing his friends to do the same. Look how crazy he is! There is no strict evidence he drinks a single drop.

"Man, I've done reality TV, so let me know what stupid quotes you need!" he tells me later. I say he's already made the piece. He looks very happy.

These survivalist-sized vodka bottles, remarkably, are standard on Yacht Week. Even more remarkably, many were bought at the marina shop on the first day to drink on board, meaning a week's worth of watching people heave up bottles with both hands in order to pour, veins pulsing in their necks, looking like firemen with high-powered hoses, and often causing vodka tsunamis when they rock from a wave. They're not exactly ideal for the high seas. Yet almost every time someone pours, someone Instagrams. Just look how big they are! Imagine the comments.

It stands to reason, perhaps, that a holiday born from Facebook jealousy and spirited by social-media word of mouth should attract people keen to pass the envy baton along, and show their own friends what a good time they've also had ("I think self-expression is really important for a lot of young people," says Björklund, by way of explanation. "When you have these experiences, you want to share them").

But there are other, more curious, things about Yacht Week. Take the parties. Nearly all the venues are actually tiered amphitheatres. At the party on top of the abandoned Fort George, for instance, the dance floor is actually sunken, with three levels ringing around above it, meaning, in practice, everyone is on display to everyone else at all times, but often too separated, by distance and depth, to talk to anyone they don't already know (pick the social-media metaphor out of that). It also resulted in the most curious sight of the night: half the people on the upper levels facing away from the actual party at any one time as they attempted to take selfies with the dance floor in the background, but looking, from a distance, like Manchester City fans doing the Poznan, or dissidents enacting some form of political protest.

This tiering has other uses too. When I joined the notorious afternoon blowout – and cause of so many complaints – at Carpe Diem bar on Hvar island later in the week, as House Of Pain's "Jump Around" boomed from the sound system, the multi-levels that spanned 360° around the main dance floor were being used by those spraying the champagne, and all the better to get pictured while doing it too.

While being expensively drenched, I get talking to Benjamin, a 29-year-old hedge-fund manager from Chicago. Last night, he says, he and three friends spent $40,000 on champagne. He still owes his friend his $10,000 share, "as the island didn't take Amex!" Yesterday, after docking, everyone in the boats nearby immediately emptied their pockets and jumped into

'It's more than a holiday. As a networking event, it's unbeatable'

SKIPPER JULIAN BROCKBURST

the water for a refreshing swim. Walking along the pier afterwards to dry himself off, "I walked along the dock, and you'd see seven Amex black cards, six Rolex watches… everything you can imagine. It's insane."

Last month, says Charlotte, *GQ*'s on-board cook, she remembers watching hundreds of dollars float past in the water, followed by a wallet, following by a frantically paddling American who asked, "Have you seen a Gold Mastercard float this way?"

"They're either rich or mommy and daddy are," says Julian Brockburst, a skipper. "But it's more than a holiday. As a networking event, it's unbeatable."

Last year, he says, an entrepreneur passed him his card, "and I'm now doing coding for him!" (He had never done coding before). Another person, he says, recommended he buy shares in e-cigarettes when they were just $1. He didn't. "And now they're $14! But all these guys, they're masters and MDMAs." (He means MBAs – people possessing master's degrees in business administration – rather than people possessing the illegal compound of ecstasy.)

But on this evening, the champagne sprayers aren't just being recorded by others – many are recording themselves. At least three people in the writhing, jumping crowd have selfie sticks held aloft with GoPro cameras attached. It turns out they're recording footage for "YouTube trailers" of their own holidays, which they record every day, and which they'll later professionally edit, set to music and upload – or get someone else to do it for them.

"A lot of guests make their own YouTube trailers now," says Riley Westgaard, a Yacht Week staffer who manages its social media, and who is also currently being similarly dampened at great cost. "It's becoming really popular."

So popular, in fact, Björklund tells me later, they're integrating them with the official Yacht Week website. They've recently set up a new section called "Yacht Week Independent" where they highlight the best.

These things will happen before Yacht Week ends. Reese – after striking out for four days in a row, virtually unheard of at Yacht Week – finally gets laid. He will run up and high-five me with this news. More incredibly expensive champagne will be sprayed, of which a New Zealand girl, Sian, will later write on her blog: "$100 bottles of champagne being sprayed over the crowd seems like something just from the movies, not for us!" We will go to a party on a private island that does feel like a movie. We will get there on a water taxi, arriving at what feels like the most exclusive festival in the world, with the beautiful super-yacht rich in attendance; we will raise our hands in the air as the DJ plays, and the trees sway, and see others with their arms outstretched too, holding selfie sticks to the sky for the best angle possible, the night of their lives already self-fulfilled.

Months later, Tribble Reese will email me. Yacht Week changed his life, he says. He's spent the past few months sailing around the world with a skipper he met there. His cook, randomly enough, is Charlotte – the same patient, easygoing Dane who fed HMS *GQ* so well. They're currently in the Caribbean, and plan to head for the British Virgin Islands to join the Yacht Week armada once more. Then, on to South America, and adventure. He has a ton of cool footage, he tells me. He's making a film of it. He'd love to show it to me.

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Photographs Andrew Goble; Fabian Webster



Jumping ship: For most, Yacht Week is less about sailing and more a series of photo opportunities

'People did this before but it never spread. We have Facebook to thank for that'

CEO WILLIAM WENKEL





The forces of conservatism (from left): Philip Hammond, Sajid Javid, Boris Johnson, Theresa May, David Cameron, Jeremy Hunt, and George Osborne all muster for battle



UNDER!

The Conservatives go into this general election fighting a war within a war. The big beasts of David Cameron's cabinet and beyond (we're looking in your direction, Boris) must not only battle for their seats, but will begin the arduous and almost certainly bitter campaign to be the party's next leader. GQ assesses the heroes and villains

STORY BY **ANDY COULSON** ILLUSTRATION BY **PESKY KID**

Ask David Cameron to define his prime ministerial philosophy and you'll get the distinctly unphilosophical answer: "To leave the country in a better state than I found it." It's for this reason that I doubt the Tory leader has lost a single night of sleep as he approaches the most unpredictable general election since God was a boy. He'll argue – with some justification – that he's not just steadied the ship but got it back pointing in the right direction and in doing so undeniably achieved his objective. He's delivered economically, found his way through the fog of the civil service to achieve some real reforms, lined up an EU referendum and "saved" the union... at least for the time being.

If this general election brings about the end of the Cameron reign – immediately or not long after he has pieced together a fragile coalition – he'll look back on his years as leader and conclude it could have been better, but it could also have been a damn sight worse. Life will very quickly move on and after a long family holiday he'll throw himself into the next challenge of a successful and rewarding life. There will be no hiding away or fighting the black dog of depression for this PM.

Former Prime Minister Cameron will also be untroubled by the unedifying process that will immediately follow his exit – the search for a new Conservative Party leader. Formerly close colleagues will seek to distance themselves from his "failed" leadership, others who spent years sucking up to him will declare themselves to have never been a Cameron fan in the first place, while only a loyal handful will acknowledge the mostly unfussy, calm and patriotic job he has done. That will be, I believe, history's verdict on the Cameron years, but in the first flush of his departure – whenever it comes – he knows it won't work that way at all. So he'll sit on a beach somewhere warm and follow the leadership manoeuvrings on his iPad, wearing a new pair of Ray-Bans and an amused smile. And he'll be well within his rights to give himself a further pat on the back. For like any decent chief executive, Cameron has developed a varied and talented team from which the party can choose a successor.

Whom Cameron will back is an easy question to answer – if George Osborne defies current expectations and decides to stand. The bond between the two is strong and real. They've been through the fire together and despite having very different views on a range of issues, navigated both opposition and power without a single genuine "split" story gaining traction. An achievement in itself.

But the prospect of a post-Cameron Osborne leadership bid is fading fast. And, as ever with the politically self-aware chancellor, he worked that out long before anyone else did. Despite his success in Number Eleven, all briefings from his office suggest that he knows his political brand is not compelling enough to get him over the line. He carries the burden of being the lead singer of the coalition's austerity house band and as the senior general election strategist he will be forever tied to May's result. A Conservative majority would feed the narrative that Osborne is a brilliant strategist, but that positive would quickly fade to a negative if the margin of victory was too slim to sustain a viable second term. That most significant factor aside, there's another more compelling reason why Osborne is very unlikely to stand as leader in the foreseeable future... he knows he can't beat Boris Johnson.

I've written here before about Cameron's full understanding of the depth of Johnson's ambitions when he invited him to stand as mayor of London. Osborne was equally clear-eyed about the monster they were creating. Over the past eight years Johnson and Osborne have worked together and become relatively close – unusual given Boris' general aversion to male bonding. Osborne has smoothed his feathers when tensions with Number Ten reached dangerous levels, advised and steered

The fact that Osborne doesn't think he can beat Johnson doesn't mean someone else can't or won't

his colleague through some of his troubles and encouraged the Boris brand to grow. He took the view that having a clever, funny, popular Tory knocking about the place was no bad thing. There were downsides but, for Osborne, Johnson has always been a net positive.

Now, it would seem, he has come to accept that the Boris itch is so great for the Tory party at large that he will step aside and let them get on and scratch it. He is a relatively young man and he knows that Johnson could easily trip up on the way to the leadership (unlikely) or during a general election campaign or his own premiership (more likely) and events may then conspire to push him to the front of the queue. After all, inheriting the crown is not always about charisma. Ask John Major.

Or Osborne may go and do – or run – something else. There would be plenty of offers should he flash the corporate world some ankle, but he loves the game of politics. For that reason I'd be surprised to see him step away anytime soon. What is far more likely is that he'll jump with both feet into the Johnson camp and Boris, I suspect, has already ordered a tandem for them both in anticipation. He knows the full value that Osborne would bring to a leadership bid and all that may follow. Having him on board guarantees Johnson would hit the ground running with some continuity and discipline.

The fact that Osborne doesn't think he can beat Johnson doesn't mean, of course, that someone else can't or won't. With the Conservatives it's always sensible to follow the money and, as I write, the different betting companies reveal a pretty consistent picture: Theresa May and Johnson both attract favourite status, Osborne, Philip Hammond, Jeremy Hunt and Sajid Javid all compete with odds that fluctuate between 8/11 to 14/1. A few outsiders are appearing with some consistency at bookmakers – Liz Truss, Priti Patel, Michael Gove, Jesse Norman and Nick Herbert among them. The website ConservativeHome's list of runners and riders is more a reflection of the party membership's crushes. Liam Fox, as an example, sits in fourth place while Hunt doesn't figure at all.

May's rise to "Most Likely To Beat Boris" is remarkable but entirely deserved. She is a hardworking and determined operator who has managed to move conversation from her shoes to her hands – now widely regarded as the safest in government. She is living testament to the notion that in politics you are never out of the running until you are out of politics. Johnson's rise to potential greatness was unlikely but not unimaginable. His likeability and skill in grabbing and keeping attention always gave him the potential for bigger things. But who really would have risked a fiver in 2007 on the idea that Theresa May would be his main rival for the post-Cameron leadership?

The home secretary has been a lucky general but ridden that luck with skill and determination, keeping one eye on a potential future role that few others saw for her. May will find it amusing that many of those who now mutter "I've always rated her" had not that long ago written her off. She won't hold a grudge and instead will build her support base unburdened by emotion. That steeliness may be one of the factors that causes some to pause before supporting her. A perceived lack of warmth or real human touch is one of the issues her team need to address before long. That's not to say that she is cold – in fact I always found her to be one of the most grounded, straightforward and decent people to work with. But it doesn't come across to the public, just as Cameron's work ethic has never translated fairly.

A number of big beasts are ready to throw their weight behind her and she is increasingly busy when the day job allows, building alliances in the media (not her favourite pastime) and among colleagues and party donors. And the battle lines between her and Johnson are becoming clear, immigration being at the top of her "I'm tougher than he is" list.

But is she the right person to take on Prime Minister Miliband or to pick up the shattered pieces of a weak coalition? The Lib Dems can't stand May and Nick Clegg reserves a special kind of professional contempt for her and her team. That may not matter of course, as Clegg faces his own fight for survival. In any event Lib Dem co-operation with a May-led Tory party is hard but not impossible to imagine given the party's willingness to abandon previously held views whenever the whiff of power is in the air.

Britain's Mrs Merkel taking on Red Ed is a much clearer scenario to picture: not many laughs and the odd metaphorical kitten heel in the Miliband forehead. May's strategy would be charmless and brutal. School ma'am vs schoolboy. And not easy for Ed to fight back against without some very careful thought. He'll keep rolling out the "nasty party" reminder – May's infamous but honest description of how her party was seen by some in 2002. But push too hard on this and he'll end up looking nasty himself.

Boris vs Ed at PMQs is an event that you could sell tickets for. And therein lies the key to Johnson's appeal. A politician people actually enjoy watching. More significantly they seem to appreciate what he has to say beyond the well-written comic material. Ideology, credibility and laughs – a very powerful and rare mix.

But can Boris maintain the atmosphere of authenticity he has so successfully created? There are signs that the carefully crafted act – for that is what it is – is fraying a little at the edges. Chris Evans recently told his Radio 2 breakfast show audience (9.6 million people a week) that whenever he's been on TV with Johnson he always ruffles his blond hair into the trademark mop just before the cameras turn on. He's a bit of a fraud, in other words. Not an especially damning or important revelation, you might think, but the idea that Boris' "what you see is what you get" routine is not for real is a thread his enemies could keep pulling on with increasing effectiveness.

Among the next level of contenders, momentum seems to be with culture secretary Sajid Javid. His smart interventions have earned him a growing band of admirers in the media and he's quickly grasped the detail of his new job. He also, I'm told, has an ability to cover a breathtaking amount of networking ground, popping up at several different events in an evening. Not a new skill for an ambitious politician, but Javid has taken it to an Olympian level. "He's everywhere," one observer currently receiving more invites than me reveals, adding, "And he works the room in a way that makes Blair look like a total amateur."

A close ally and colleague of Osborne, he's learnt at the feet of the master when it comes to building important strategic relationships. And it was Osborne, once again, who saw the wider benefit to the party in promoting a new MP who has quickly gone on to become the first man of Asian heritage to hold a cabinet post. His politics tick a lot of boxes for those whose support he will need – fiscally conservative, pretty socially liberal and very eurosceptic.

Javid's back story is, in the main, the stuff of a spin doctor's dreams. Son of an immigrant Pakistani bus driver, he grew up in a two-bedroom flat with his parents and four brothers in a crime-affected area of Bristol and was the first of his family to make it to university – a story of Thatcherite diligence, hard work and merit. How many other MPs, let alone Tory MPs, could tell an official from the homeless charity Shelter, with honesty, that some of the deprived conditions it highlights are better than those in which he grew up?

There is a wrinkle in the Javid story: his very, very profitable years spent as an investment banker at Chase Manhattan and Deutsche Bank. He himself admits that this former profession has caused problems on the campaign trail and Labour's attack dogs will do their best to make sure his banking past and personal fortune are front and centre should he begin to look like a real contender for the leadership.

Javid's politics tick a lot of boxes – fiscally conservative, socially liberal and very eurosceptic

Javid is friends with the New Zealand prime minister John Key – another former banker. Key, who has won three general elections, thinks Javid is "special" and does not believe that his professional past will prove toxic. He maintains that as long as your money is self-made people won't hold it against you. Whether British voters will prove appreciative rather than resentful of Javid's remarkable story of social mobility remains to be seen. Personally, I think he deserves some praise for giving up one well-paid job loathed by many to take up a relatively badly paid one loathed by even more.

Javid wears his Muslim faith lightly, is married to Laura, a white Christian, and exudes an air of modern, multi-faith tolerance. He recently left a group of Jewish Tory donors purring by declaring that were he to live in the Middle East he would choose Israel as his home.

Those close to Javid are less concerned about his former career than they are his lacklustre TV appearances. "He is not connecting," one says. "And he badly needs to work on it." He has time to sort that issue out but whether he challenges to be Cameron's successor or has the patience to wait and learn more about his craft could prove to be the key decision of his political life.

Jeremy Hunt – another in the second level of wannabes – has used his position in government to build a decent base of support. Energetic and able to pick up and run with a complicated brief, he has turned his reputation around after a move from Culture to Health that surprised many in Westminster. He's also that rare breed in politics, a talented bloke who has actually done something else for a living. The educational publishing business he helped build now employs more than 200 people.

Hunt's modernising credentials will attract many of those who saw the same look of progressive zeal in the eyes of a younger David Cameron. Before the last general election, Hunt said that potential leaders should be judged on their performance in office and ability to deliver real change in a tough environment. He, like Cameron, may feel that he has ticked that box.

Philip Hammond has used his time in cabinet well and slowly risen from a role as the-man-who-did-the-interviews-George-Osborne-didn't-much-fancy to foreign secretary. What was a slightly funereal image has been transformed into one of weight and substance. He's now seen as a steady "grown-up", capable of dealing with tricky international issues even if some feel that Britain's position on the global stage is becoming increasingly invisible. If serious, but a bit dull, is what the Tories want then Hammond may be the man.

Michael Gove is another with support – and not a small measure of sympathy – within the party ranks. Charged with taking on the education establishment and delivering real reform, Gove then found himself unceremoniously demoted to chief whip when the water got too electorally hot for his boss. Gove remains an upbeat, strategically savvy loyal lieutenant who will spend a large part of the election campaign under studio lights fighting the good fight. A future leader? Possible but unlikely. I expect him to join Osborne in backing Boris. And as with Osborne, Boris will be damn lucky to have him on the team.

While May leads the charge for the Conservative Party's talented group of female MPs, other names are regularly mentioned. Liz Truss has gained a lot of respect and admiration in her short time as an MP and many consider her a serious contender for the leadership at some point – probably not this time around, but she is an outside bet who is worth keeping a close eye on. And, as ever with politics, there's the slim chance of a near unknown coming up on the rails to take the party by storm. Cameron knows a bit about that.

So maybe the man most likely to claim the Conservative throne was right when he was asked who he thought the next leader would be. With a smile Boris Johnson replied that David Cameron's successor was "some babe as yet unborn". A one-liner about as spontaneous – but as charmingly effective – as that ruffled hairdo.



STYLING BY

VALENTINA SERRA

From left: Bra, £154. Knickers, £183. Both by **La Perla**. laperla.com. Bra, £190. Knickers, £120. Both by **La Perla**. Tiara, stylist's own. Bodysuit by **La Perla**, £432. Earrings by **Swarovski**, £79. swarovski.com. Bra, £190. Knickers, £120. Both by **La Perla**. Earrings by **Swarovski**, £49. Tiara, stylist's own.



CONEY ISLAND QUEENS

GQ SPRING·STYLE·ISSUE

This summer, vintage pin-up glamour gets the crown, so GQ is heading out to the boardwalk in Brooklyn, New York. No contest

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **VINCENT PETERS**



From left: Body by **La Perla**, £178. laperla.com. Pumps by **Giuseppe Zanotti Design**, £395. giuseppezanotti design.com. Tiara, stylist's own. Bra, £178. Knickers, £183. Both by **La Perla**. Necklace by **Stroili**, £79. stroilioro.com. Bra, £190. Knickers, £120. Both by **La Perla**. Pumps by **Sergio Rossi**, £495. sergiorossi.com/gb. Tiara, stylist's own. Necklace by **Stroili**, £89. stroilioro.com. Body by **La Perla**, £432. Earrings by **Swarovski**, £79. swarovski.com. Bracelet by **Stroili**, £45. Bra, £190. Knickers, £120. Both by **La Perla**. Tiara, stylist's own. Necklace by **Swarovski**, £99.


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From left: Bra, £13. Knickers, £30. Both by **Yamamay**. yamamay.com. Pumps by **Christian Louboutin**, £435. christian louboutin.com. Bra, £13. Knickers, £17. Both by **Yamamay**. Bra by **Yamamay**, £13. Pumps by **Christian Louboutin**, £435. Tiara, stylist's own. Ring by **Swarovski**, £99. swarovski.com. Bra, £13. Knickers, £17. Both by **Yamamay**. Tiara, stylist's own. Knickers, £17. Both by **Yamamay**. Tiara, stylist's own.

Models from left:
Alexandria Morgan at Women/360
Sonja Van Den Heever at Wilhelmina NY
Georgia Fowler at IMG Models
Pamela Bernier at The Society
Elsa Hosk at IMG

Hair Perrine Rougemont at Caren
Make-up Frank B at The Wall Group
Set design Michal Rzepecki


OPEN
9 a.m.
4



Tone up: Vertu prototypes are put through rigorous stress checks; (right) a specially designed robot tests a handset's audio

The last year and a half has felt like ten because of what Pogliani put into New Vertu



Lord of the rings

How did Vertu turn the once-derided notion of a luxury mobile phone into a credible lifestyle essential? GQ meets Max Pogliani, the marketing Svengali pulling off the toughest brief in tech

STORY BY **CHARLIE BURTON** PHOTOGRAPHS BY **GREG WHITE**





Dialled in (above, from left): CEO since 2013, Max Pogliani has boosted Vertu's credibility and has been known to take a direct hand in fulfilling his customers' expectations; the Vertu For Bentley handset represents a marriage between two of the most exclusive British-made marques

On 23 July last year, Dana Brunetti, the producer behind *House Of Cards* and *Fifty Shades Of Grey*, noticed something strange. Looking at his Twitter feed, he saw a message from someone purporting to be Max Pogliani, chief executive of Vertu, the company from which he had bought a new mobile phone in New York. "Welcome!" the message read. "Do not hesitate to reach out should you need anything!" He thought it must be a PR in disguise – after all, he had just been tweeting about his new purchase – or perhaps, even, a con. He messaged back. "Are you really the CEO?"

It's understandable that Brunetti was incredulous. Senior management of tech corporations don't typically get involved in the minutiae of customer relations, not least over social media, where things can get ugly fast. Yet it was indeed Pogliani – and to some observers his hands-on style would not have been even the most surprising thing. No, for them, the biggest revelation was that someone such as Dana Brunetti should have bought a Vertu at all.

Vertu phones were once described by the American edition of *Wired* magazine as "Swarovski-studded bling and tasteless trash". Since Nokia started the company in 1998 it had become the laughing stock of the tech industry: terrible devices at extortionate prices. For many, its folly was encapsulated by the 2006 Signature Cobra model. This was a handset completely encrusted in gems – diamonds, emeralds, rubies – with a bejewelled serpent attached to the facade like a broach. Yours for £167,567. It came with 1MB of internal memory, no touchscreen and no camera.

However, these past two years, the company has transformed itself. It has enjoyed an explosive improvement in its image. Suddenly, serious, reputable figures such as Brunetti are happy to be seen clasping one to their ear. (And he's not the only one – Amar'e Stoudemire, the Dallas Mavericks NBA star, for instance, is also a recent Vertu convert.) Vertu has drastically toned down the bling. It has redoubled its efforts on customer service. It has dropped Nokia's poorly rated Symbian operating system in favour of Android. And, most importantly, last year it released a viable touchscreen smartphone, the Signature Touch. *Wired* was forced to concede that this device offered "competitive specs for an Android phone [plus] better build quality (and speakers) than any other phone out there". So what exactly is behind this radical reversal of fortunes?

It's a bitter January day and Max Pogliani is in central London on his mission to consolidate what he calls "New Vertu" – his better, smarter version of the company. This has been his focus since he joined as chief marketing officer in 2012 (he became CEO a year later) following the brand's sale to the Swedish private equity group EQT. The first stage of the battle was to rationalise the product line-up to focus on three high-quality phones for three distinct types of customer. There's the masculine Signature Touch, the colourful, feminine Aster and the flagship, pared-back Signature, which is bought by 30 per cent of customers. This year, it's time for phase two: sell, sell, sell.

> It's a pressurised existence: 'You can destroy a brand overnight if you do the wrong thing'

GQ meets Pogliani at Home House, the private members' club in Portman Square. He is energised from his morning run around Richmond Park near where he lives. It's something that the 49-year-old insists on doing every day, even when the temperature dips below freezing, as it did earlier. Sitting in the club's 18th-century drawing room, sporting TAG Heuer spectacles, a black Zegna suit and shoes from Crockett & Jones, Pogliani cuts a measured figure. His relaxed demeanour does not telegraph the hard-nosed determination on which he has built his career. Wherever he is, he says, he's always in work mode, and it's a pressurised existence. "Overnight you can destroy a brand if you do the wrong thing," he reflects. To him, the last year and a half has felt like ten because of what he has had to put into New Vertu. He likes to intervene directly at every level of the business. Indeed, one Vertu customer recalls running into Pogliani in Shanghai, and explaining that his phone maintenance hadn't gone to plan. Pogliani personally phoned the Vertu employee responsible and upbraided them there and then. By all accounts, one would not have wanted to be on the receiving end of that call.



Car phone (above): Featuring calf-leather cladding, an instant 24/7 connection to an elite Concierge service and the attention to detail at which both brands excel, the Vertu For Bentley – each laser-engraved with the name of its craftsman – has cornered the market for the most discerning consumers

It's no accident that EQT installed a marketer – someone who knows how to make a good impression – as Vertu's chief exec, because interviews are crucial for spreading the good word that Old Vertu is no more. "When we did Shanghai fashion week I damn nearly broke the man," remarks Vertu's PR strategist. Today, Pogliani's first appointment is a business interview with the German broadsheet *Die Welt*, which its reporter arranged with him over Twitter. Pogliani perches himself on the edge of his seat ready to take on whatever she fires at him.

"You've been mentioning the possibility of selling Vertu to another investor, or having an IPO. How soon?"

"I believe given the fundamental shift and change that needed to be done in the company," he says frankly, "I don't see this happening before three or four years."

"What about the rouble crisis in Russia," she asks. "Has Vertu been hit hard?"

This one has him a little more on the defensive. "It's impacting, but it's not impacting Vertu alone. It's affecting all of the luxury brands."

As the interview wraps, Pogliani becomes distracted and taps hurriedly on his device. It transpires that the president of a major luxury brand – a brand with which Vertu wants to work in the future – has asked Pogliani over WhatsApp if Vertu's "Concierge" department (which offers lifestyle management services to Vertu owners), could do him a favour. "Can you help me to find a table at that restaurant in Paris for two of our customers?" read the president's message. The restaurant in question is Le Jules Verne in the Eiffel Tower – it's notoriously over-subscribed and his VIPs want to go on Friday night. Normally, that would be impossible. But Pogliani has already replied that he will make it happen. "Do you mind," says Pogliani, "I just have to..." And with that he disappears to the stairwell, Signature Touch in hand, to call his company's restaurant specialist. Failure, as he sees it, is not an option.

Massimiliano Pogliani was born in Milan to a family that was middle class but worlds apart from some of Vertu's clientele. His mother was a seamstress and his father sold domestic appliances for the electrical company Candy. At senior school he was studious but not a "nerdy person," he says. He DJ'd at house parties, he had a healthy social life and sometimes, he says, he liked to "push the limits". There are two moments that he remembers fondly. The first involves his favourite band, Depeche Mode. It was March 1984 and they had come to Italy for the first time as part of their *Construction Time Again* tour. Pogliani enjoyed the night from seat 23 on row two

'I thought it was a good challenge: to shift Vertu into a brand that I would buy'

(he has a photographic memory). Afterwards, he and his friend Roberto decided to try to get backstage. "I knew that they were going to have to come out of the theatre from a particular door so we went outside and we snuck in to see them behind the scenes." They caught a glimpse of the group but, before they knew it, security was upon them. They were unceremoniously chased out.

The second escapade, however, was rather more successful. It was six months later and Queen were playing *The Works* tour in Milan. Pogliani was determined to be on the front row. "So I went to the stadium at five o'clock in the morning, literally as the lorries were just arriving." He crept in and decided to hide out until the gig began. The only suitable place he could find? A lavatory. "I was hiding in that toilet for hours so as not to be caught," he remembers. Eventually he stole his way out to see Brian May doing his soundcheck. Pogliani waited in the shadows, blending in, listening. Eventually, the doors to the auditorium itself were unlocked. He rushed out and secured a space on the left side of the front row, square in front of Freddie Mercury's piano. "It was the last time they played live in Italy," he says, "because it was a few years before Freddie died." Pogliani is pleased he went to such lengths that day. Decades on, he has had the back cover of his personal Vertu handsets engraved with his long-standing motto. It reads simply: never give up.

Having studied marketing at Università Cattolica del Sacro Cuore in Milan (achieving the highest *"summa cum laude"* class of degree), Pogliani worked his way through various companies until he reached Nespresso >





Get buff (above, from left): Each phone is given the kind of treatment normally reserved for Swiss watches – here, the latest batch is individually polished to the highest finish; Vertu boutiques have opened in some of the world's luxury loci, including this verdant shopfront on Paris' Rue Royale

in 2003. Although the company had been running since 1976, it had never really caught on. Pogliani, its new head of international retail and customer management, sought to thrust it into the luxury sector. His main strategy was to develop an international network of boutiques. "An extensive presence in key locations worldwide positioned Nespresso alongside other global luxury players," he says. His strategy was vindicated by a remarkable growth in sales. Suddenly every hotel and smart person's home had a machine.

When Pogliani was invited to join Vertu he was hesitant. "I said, 'I am not willing to be CMO of a company that I don't like myself,'" he recalls. "But they said, 'We want to change this.' And I thought that it was a good challenge: to shift Vertu into a brand that I would buy." One of the key strategies was to emphasise its Britishness: a quality that's considered attractive throughout its markets, from its biggest (China) to its smallest (the US). The company's "best-kept secret" was that it handmade the devices in Church Crookham, Hampshire. They kept it quiet because the UK is not synonymous with consumer electronics. "I said, 'We are not a technology brand, we are a luxury brand.'" Pogliani shows *GQ* one of his handsets. Like every other one it now produces, "Handmade in England" is laser-etched on to the back. He hasn't left Nespresso behind entirely. Pogliani still uses his machine (his favourite capsule is "Arpeggio") and has installed them in Vertu's shops. All customers who enter are offered Nespresso coffee.

We take his chauffeur-driven car from Home House to nearby Pollen Street Social, Jason Atherton's celebrated Mayfair restaurant. His phone occasionally alerts him to messages concerning the Jules Verne restaurant request. He has asked to be kept updated throughout this process so he can make sure it works out. We arrive and settle at a table by the window. Pogliani tells the waiter he won't eat anything with garlic in it. The waiter tries to persuade him otherwise: "You won't taste it!" he protests. Pogliani says nothing, but looks away pointedly. A decision's a decision.

So, the elephant in the room. The Signature Touch has roughly the same functionality as an iPhone. Yet an iPhone 6 starts at £539 while a Signature Touch starts at £6,750, almost 13 times the price. Why do people buy them? "It's the same reason that people buy an expensive wine or an expensive suit or an expensive bag or an expensive watch. They want to do the same things as others but in a more extraordinary way," he says. "The amount of alcohol that is in this glass is the same as any other champagne, but…" He makes a face that implies it's something special.

'People want to do the same things as others but in a more extraordinary way'

Vertu's Concierge service, which can be activated at the push of a dedicated button, is a major selling point for the company. But don't people who can afford such a phone already have an assistant? "Of course if you are a wealthy person and you are in your own city you probably don't need [Concierge] because you have your own connections," he says. "But these people are always travelling – their assistants cannot know every place in Shanghai and Hong Kong and Dubai and New York."

What about this new emphasis on Britishness? Is it difficult that the name sounds, well… French? "It is actually more associated with the Latin origin of the word," he counters. "If we were starting from scratch then it could be smarter to choose something else. But look at Nike – it is Greek; nothing to do with America."

Lunch eaten, espressos drunk, we head to Vertu's boutique on Old Bond Street where Pogliani has to make a key decision about the future of the company. The shop is small, and laid out like a jeweller's. Waiting in the downstairs meeting room is Wolfram Wildhagen, Vertu's head of services and partnerships. He wants to discuss a problem. A good problem, as it happens. The company is getting an unprecedented number of enquiries from brands that want to partner up through Life, a service that sits alongside Concierge and suggests exclusive experiences and products to Vertu users. It's heartening – selling on average 40,000 handsets a year, Vertu is relatively small in the phone industry (even if the luxury tech category looks set to bloom following the Apple Watch) – but the risk is that Life may become too populated with offers, making it



All parts of the family: The handsets are put together by craftsmen at the Vertu factory in Church Crookham, Hampshire, where more than 300 components are glued, clipped and soldered together to form the brand's flagship phone, the Signature

less exclusive. "I would like to safeguard the proposition of Vertu Life to not being a luxury Groupon," says Wildhagen. Pogliani slaps him down: "It's not a luxury Groupon at all." He proceeds to set forth a set of rules that dictate who to work with and how.

This situation, he muses, vindicates all the work they have been doing on New Vertu. "Until two years ago, [these brands] would never even think to be associated with Vertu," he says. By some poetry, confirmation has also just come through that the Jules Verne reservation has been arranged. He glances around the shop. "We have to savour this moment."

We mentioned Pogliani's ability to get things done to the editor of this magazine, who said that he had experienced it first hand. One day last year, while in Paris for a Condé Nast conference, he went to meet Paul Smith at a town house on the Place Vendôme. He was keen to take plenty of pictures on his Vertu, but his SIM card had corrupted. He phoned Pogliani. Within an hour, a new SIM had been delivered.

But can Vertu make the impossible happen when Pogliani is not involved? As *GQ* writes this, we have a Signature Touch on our desk. It has been loaned to us so that we can try out the device. It's impressive. A little larger than our iPhone 6 but certainly no bigger than many other Android handsets. And we set its Concierge app the toughest test we could devise: get us a reservation for two at the Chiltern Firehouse. The date? Oh, how about 14 February? Quite what bypaths the company went through to in its endeavours were never revealed. But, on a night when even third-tier restaurants were packed to the gunwales, a place was made available, just behind Frank Lampard and Christine Bleakley, at the most sought-after dining room in town.

A few weeks after our first meeting, *GQ* travels to Church Crookham in Hampshire to see Pogliani at Vertu headquarters. Secreted among the spindly trees of the English countryside, it is perhaps the last place you would expect to find the nerve centre of an international technology enterprise. Yet every Vertu phone in the world is manufactured right here, in the same enormous building that houses the company's R&D departments, extensive testing facilities (including heat, impact and pressure resistance) and all of the support and management teams. When Vertu was founded, it took many of its cues from the watch world, and that legacy is obvious today. Step inside the premises and the focus of the main atrium is its left-hand wall. It is made of glass, allowing visitors to see a row of six women on the other side sitting at a similar type of desk to the one you see at horology studios the world over. They are hand-assembling the 314 parts required to make a Signature. An employee says that this entrance space is also where the CEO publicly delivers news – good and bad – to the company's staff. Moments later, Pogliani arrives in his white lab coat, which has his name embroidered on the breast pocket, to take us on a tour of the workshops. He explains that he was at the *Fifty Shades* premiere with Dana Brunetti the night before. He now counts Brunetti as a friend.

Pogliani takes *GQ* inside to see the main space: row upon row of workbenches each with Vertu-branded hoods. There are 40 people employed to assemble phones. A Signature takes an hour and ten minutes on average to build, a Signature Touch 45 minutes and an Aster about 30. When a Vertu is complete, the name of its craftsman is laser-engraved inside the SIM compartment. Often, customers request that their next phone is made by the same person.

One of the staff remarks that Pogliani, unlike any of the former CEOs, has had himself put on the list to receive new prototypes as soon as they're ready for testing. "It makes him a nightmare for the guys in R&D because when we're in the design phase, before the phone is launched, the first person who finds any errors is always Max." Pogliani would send the technicians emails saying, "This isn't working, this isn't working..."

Pogliani laughs. "I like to test the things myself," he offers.

Looking out over the operation from an upstairs balcony, Pogliani decides we should take a photo of ourselves to put on Twitter. He frames the shot, but abruptly stops. *GQ* is holding an iPhone. He reaches out and taps it reproachfully.

"We'll have to hide that," he says, and cracks a smile.

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COLOUR FAST

GQ puts spring in your step by tracking down sleek sportswear in retro cuts and a rainbow of clashing primary pops

GQ SPRING · STYLE · ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **TONY KELLY**

STYLING BY **JO LEVIN**

Natalie wears dress by **Asos**, £120. asos.com. Shoes by **Jimmy Choo**, £425. jimmychoo.com. Watch by **Rolex**,£5,500. rolex.com

Austin wears jacket, £1,790. Polo shirt, £150. Trousers, £1,710. All by **Dsquared2**. dsquared2.com. Trainers by **Adidas**, £65. adidas.com. Socks by **Topman**, £3. topman.com





Top, £34. Shorts, £54. Both by **American Apparel**. americanapparel.co.uk. Trainers by **Vans**, £60. At House Of Fraser. houseoffraser.co.uk. Sunglasses by **Topshop**, £16. topshop.com

Opposite: Polo shirt, £330. Trousers, £405. Trainers, £390. All by **Etro**. etro.com. Watch by **Lacoste**, £99. lacoste.com. Socks by **Topman**, £3. topman.com





Jacket by **Neil Barrett**, £796. neilbarrett.com. T-shirt by **Orlebar Brown**, £60. orlebarbrown.co.uk. Jeans by **Replay**, £145. replay.it. Trainers by **Le Coq Sportif**, £65. lecoqsportif.com. Socks by **Topman**, £3. topman.com. Belt by **Dsquared2**, £150. dsquared2.com. Watch by **Lacoste**, £125. lacoste.com

Top, £34. Shorts, £54. Both by **American Apparel**. americanapparel.com. Trainers by **Vans**, £51.99. At House Of Fraser. houseoffraser.co.uk. Sunglasses by **Topshop**, £16. topshop.com. Watch by **Lacoste**, £99. lacoste.com





Polo shirt by **Orlebar Brown**, £95. orlebarbrown.co.uk. Shorts by **Gant**, £75. gant.co.uk. Watch by **Nixon**, £110. nixon.com. Bag by **Calvin Klein Collection**, £1,108. calvinklein.com



Natalie wears shorts by **American Apparel**, £54. americanapparel.co.uk. Shoes by **Vans**, £51.99. At House Of Fraser. houseoffraser.co.uk. Watch by **Lacoste**, £99. lacoste.com

Austin wears Jacket by **Gant**, £250. gant.co.uk. Shorts by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, £110. ralphlauren.co.uk. Watch by **Nixon**, £89. nixon.com



Top, £34. Shorts, £40. Both by **American Apparel**. americanapparel.com. Shoes by **Jimmy Choo**, £450. jimmychoo.com. Sunglasses by **Diesel**, stylist's own. Watch by **Boss Orange**, £125. hugoboss.com

Cars supplied by Blackhorse Motorsports LA. blackhorsela.com
Models Austin S from Next Models LA and Natalie Pack at Elite. Natalie Pack styled by Jessie Cohan
With thanks to Milk Studios, Los Angeles. Miles Siggins.
Production Megan at Copius Management
Hair Shay Dempsey **Make-up** Allan Avendano at Opus Beauty using Chanel S 2015 and Chanel Body Excellence



Hoodie, £195. Polo shirt, £115. Shorts, £145. All by **Orlebar Brown**. orlebarbrown.co.uk. Trainers by **Dsquared2**, £370. dsquared2.com. Watch by **Nixon**, £98. nixon.com



In the name *of the* FATHER

Celebrity sons offer their very personal reflections for a new anthology honouring the unique bond between man and boy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **DAVID BAILEY**

In this era of Bugaboo-pushing, jungle-gym-going, stay-at-home Alpha Dads, it's easy to forget that fathers were once considered unimportant in their children's growing up. There is a rich literature about parenting in which women have been the dominant objects of attention for psychologists, sociologists and everyone else in the advice-giving trade. Blame the industrial revolution. Blame Sigmund Freud. But you can still see the legacy of this social bias today: there are almost exactly twice as many lifestyle books in print about mothers than fathers.

Nevertheless, the man of the house has always mattered. Superficially, that's a function of how they conduct themselves as a patriarch – whether they choose to be a god of the Old Testament or the New. But their abiding impact is often far subtler. Research shows that the male parent's mood is usually reflected in that of the son, and that paternal rejection is the most psychologically disruptive kind.

The effects of this bond are varied and profound as *Sons And Fathers*, edited by Kathy Gilfillan, reveals. Published in aid of the Irish Hospice Foundation, this remarkable volume collates reflections by everyone from Paul McCartney to Jeff Koons. What emerges is a set of pen portraits rendered in small moments rather than grand statements, and the sense that each side of the father-son bargain is a mirror and a lamp for the other. This exclusive photographic portfolio, shot by David Bailey, features some of its contributors with their memories of the men who reared them. **Charlie Burton**



Cillian MURPHY

THE PEAKY BLINDER, BATMAN VILLAIN AND SCIENCE-FICTION HERO, ON HIS FATHER BRENDAN MURPHY

"When I was three or four years old, my dad took me out to the Blasket Islands for the first time. It's the most westerly part of Europe and to get there you have to drive a long way, then you have to get on a boat. But the amount of literature that has come from this tiny little island, this little dot on the coast of Europe, is quite extraordinary. It's a very spiritual place. When I go there it recharges me, so I'm very thankful to my dad for introducing me to it. I've been back recently with my boys and my brother, who has a boy as well. We're keeping the tradition going."



Paul McCARTNEY

THE KANYE COHORT AND HEAD BEATLE, ON HIS FATHER JIM McCARTNEY

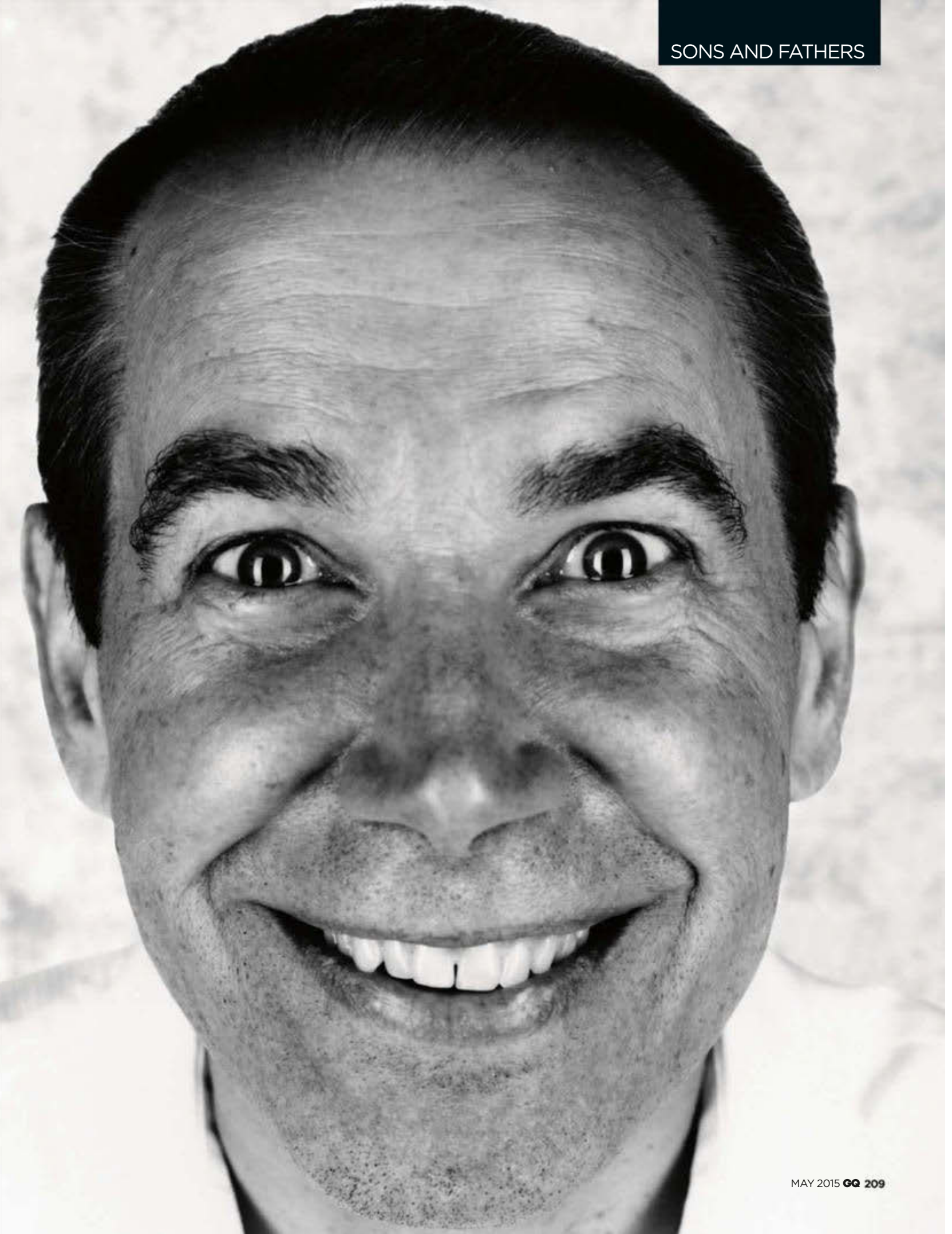
"My dad had a lot of expressions that he used. One was, 'Put it there if it weighs a ton.' After he passed I wrote a song using what he said and this is it."

Put it there
If it weighs a ton
That's what a father said
To his young son
I don't care if it weighs a ton
As long as you and I are here
Put it there
Long as you and I are here
Put it there!

Jeff KOONS

THE MAN MOST LIKELY TO BE REINCARNATED AS A BALLOON RABBIT, ON HIS FATHER HENRY KOONS

"I never met anyone who had known my father who didn't say that he was the nicest person that they had ever met. As far as my involvement in art, my father was always very supportive. I would watch him, an interior decorator, at work. He would start with graph paper and do an overview of a room and then an elevation drawing. So my father showed me how to go about exercising your vision. He taught me how colours and textures can affect the way you feel. I'm very grateful for his love and the foundation that he provided for me. I lost my father in 1994. I miss him every day."





Julian LENNON

THE MUSICIAN, PHOTOGRAPHER, PHILANTHROPIST AND SON, ON HIS FATHER JOHN LENNON

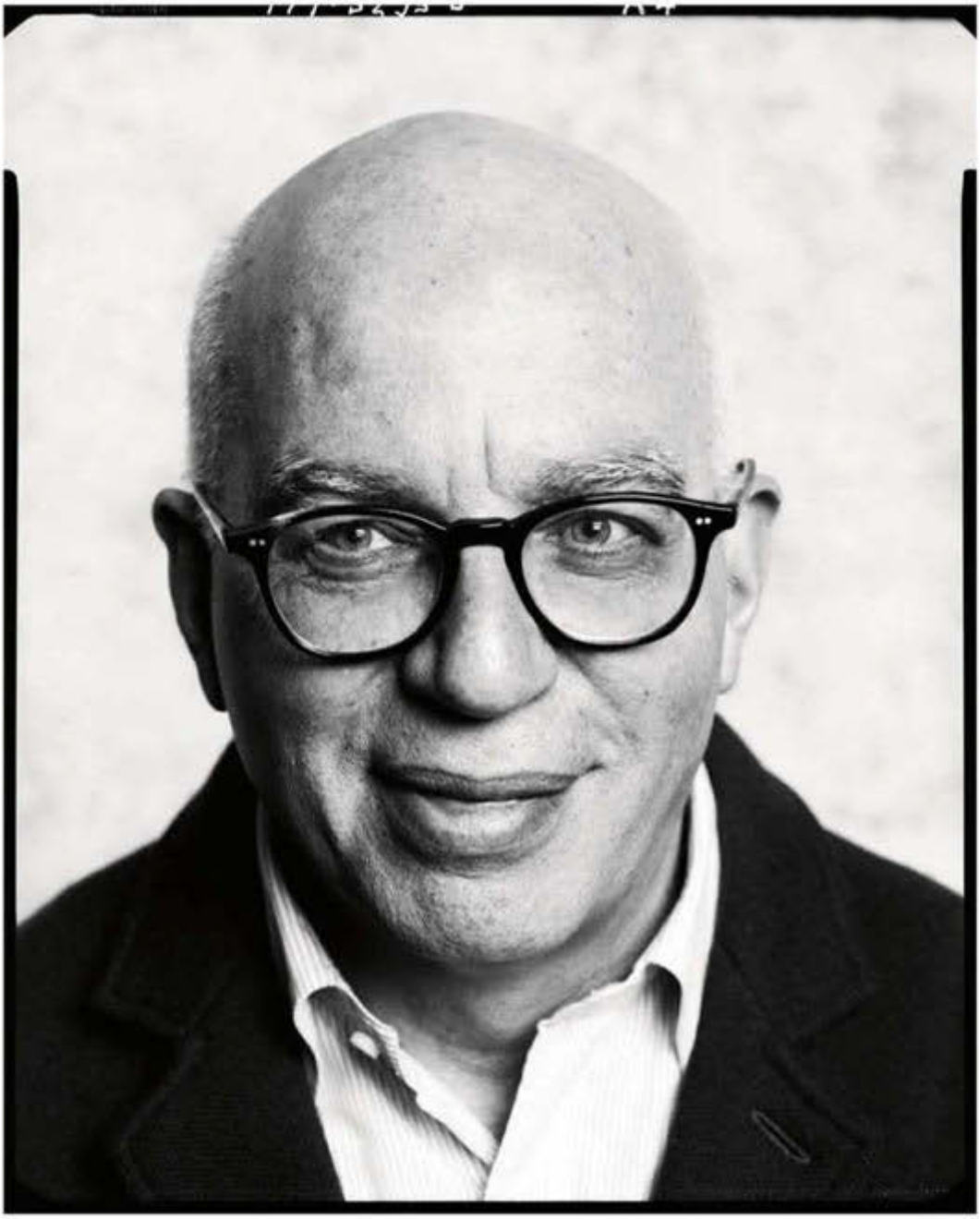
"And in the end, the Love you take, is equal to the Love you make..."
"The End" by John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Bob GELDOF

THE MAN ABOUT TO CELEBRATE THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF LIVE AID, ON HIS FATHER BOB GELDOF SNR

"My father would leave on Monday morning and come back Friday night. We shared a bedroom. It was awkward. But I think he liked it. Until I decided that I didn't want to do that any more. Then things got a little more difficult. He travelled the country roads before they were really roads, selling his towels and rugs and sometimes Phoenix crockery. My mother had died and he was lonely. Did he have girlfriends around about? I don't know, but he must have. Later I knew and loved him for the excellent man he was, but back then, how I dreaded his homecoming those Friday nights. He had to pretend that we were a family. That nothing was odd. But it was."





Michael WOLFF

THE EYES AND EARS OF NEW YORK, THE SPEAKER OF TRUTH TO POWER, ON HIS FATHER LEWIS WOLFF

"When my father was 29 and his father 64 they stopped speaking to each other. My father Lewis was deeply conflict averse, so seemed never to have the need to explain the origin of this enmity. But perhaps I can infer. My father started – without an iota of experience – an advertising agency, which was to prosper. So Morris, his father, likely counselled against – and felt threatened when Lewis flouted his advice. My father died at the point in my life that he stopped speaking to his father in his life. Yet my conversations with him continue daily, so much left unsaid. Did my father continue to address and look for approval from his old man in the years of silence? I must ask him."

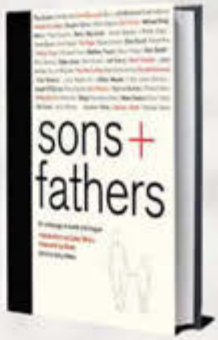
Matthew FREUD

THE MOST CONNECTED MAN WHO DOESN'T WORK FOR GQ, ON HIS FATHER CLEMENT FREUD

"My father wasn't easy to be close to. I never ate anything from his plate for fear of what may have been added by a kitchen seeking revenge for his bizarre requests. I remember the walks of shame from school to dad's office at the House of Commons to confess my latest suspension. He always fought my corner. He could never quite let me go, needing my achievements to be a reflection on him. After his death, I thought I might find some freedom in not being his son any more, but I had already lost myself completely in electing to become primarily George and Jonah and Samson's father. But I aspire to his best quality as one of the world's great foul-weather friends."







Sons And Fathers, edited by Kathy Gilfillan (Hutchinson, £14.99, sponsored by Park Hyatt), is out on 28 May. The money raised goes towards the Irish Hospice Foundation's "Nurses For Night Care" programme, and a proportion towards Hospice Africa Uganda

Alastair CAMPBELL

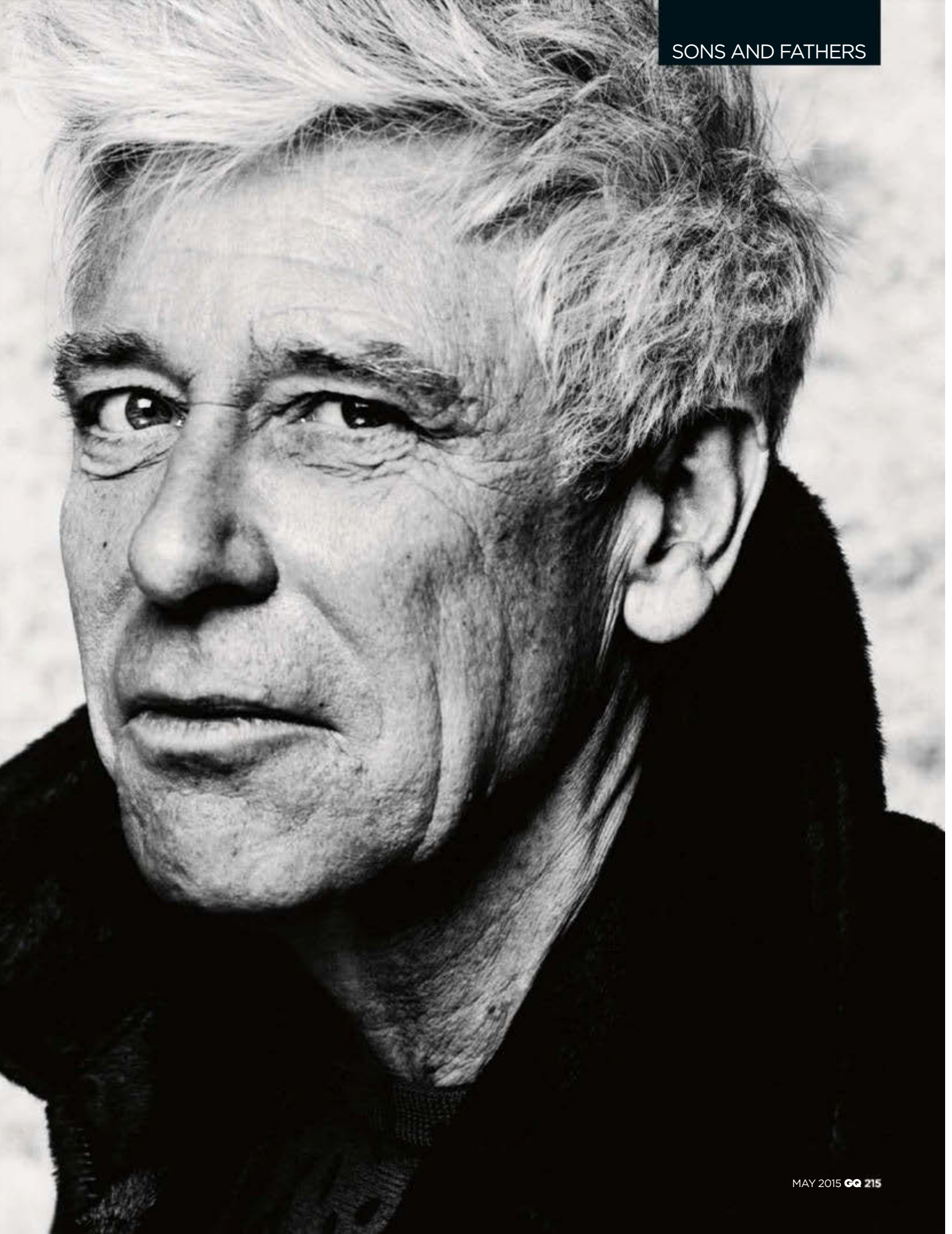
THE JOURNALIST, POWER BEHIND THE THRONE AND JOURNALIST AGAIN (SEE PAGE 144), ON HIS FATHER DONALD CAMPBELL

"I inherited my dad's love of Celtic music, and every time I play the bagpipes I think of him. One of the strongest connections I have ever felt with my dad came several years after his death thanks to the pipes. I was asked to make a film in which I played in front of 2,000 people. As I walked to the stage I caught sight of myself in a mirror and I could see my dad looking back at me, smiling. Then, as I started up on stage, I looked out and saw someone who was his complete double. I have probably never played better, before or since."

Adam CLAYTON

ACCORDING TO BONO, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BASS. HERE'S CLAYTON ON HIS FATHER BRIAN CLAYTON

"In 1976 I hadn't mastered the bass but had identified that I needed a better instrument, and my father – a practical man, not affected by music or art – was essential to this plan. He flew regularly to New York and second-hand instruments were much cheaper at Manny's on 48th Street. I gave him money and the magic words 'Fender Precision Bass' – and waited. When it arrived, it had a sunburst finish and I felt like a Rolling Stone. I often have this same feeling when touching an instrument for the first time. I doubt my father has a similar recall but I often think of what it was like for him to enter that music shop."



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Patrick Demarchelier © The Condé Nast Publications Ltd

Applications now open

"This course has been a dream come true. I have already received three job offers since I left."
- Barbara, graduate, 22

GQ Life

MANAGEMENT OF BODY & SOUL

EDITED BY
PAUL HENDERSON



Treasure trail: Challenges and surprises wait around every corner on GQ's path to enlightenment

POWER TRIPS

Chart a course to health and happiness with our selection of game-changing adventures, from life on the ocean waves to exploring wild Arabia

Illustration Owen Davey/Folio Art



CLEAN BREAKS

A world of difference

Whether you want to recharge your batteries, push your boundaries, conquer the unknown or just find inner peace – let summer be a passport to a better you... By **James Witts**

Illustration Owen Davey/Folio Art

Europe

1. Run wild
SCOTLAND

Discover the rustic beauty of Wester Ross in the Highlands. With daily runs of 10-40km, it's the great outdoors at its greatest. *From £795 for seven days. wildrunning.co.uk*

2. Plan like a pro
LONDON

The Strategic Management course at the London School of Economics and Political Science will turn you from a business drone to industry high-flyer. *£2,015. ise.ac.uk*

3. Pick up pulling tips
LONDON

Master the fine art of seduction from expert female PUA Kezia Noble. Her week-long residential course will turn clueless cads into sex Jedis. *£4,000. kezia-noble.com*

4. Get tied up
BRIGHTON

Brighton's Dungeon-on-Sea is a B&B where you and your partner(s) can enact BDSM fantasies. Pleasure and pain available. *From £80 per night. brightonkinkybnb.co.uk*

5. Lap the Nürburgring
GERMANY

The legendary 17.5-mile long racetrack is a pay and pray journey into F1 history. Think of it as one 'Ring to race them all. *A single lap costs £20. nurburgring.org.uk*

6. Be more mindful
ITALY

Leave the stress behind in a rural haven outside Assisi, giving in to mindfulness for the duration of the course (11-18 September). *From £860. mindfulness journeys.com*

7. Go back to school
ITALY

Take a 12-week sabbatical in the city of Florence and study any number of courses, from economics to political science, history to photography. *From £9,985. capa.org*



Fight like Genghis Khan
MONGOLIA

During this nine-day voyage you'll dress in full costume, learn battle skills, shoot from horseback, cook in the wilds and practise Mongolian wrestling. *From £2,350. responsibletravel.com*



Become 'you' of Arabia
OMAN

Like a great explorer, trek across deserts, and scale the Hajar Mountains. After all: "Life is like an ocean of sand." *From £2,150 for eleven days. another worldadventures.com*

Train your brain
INDIA

Neurolinguistic programming is like a "user's manual for the brain". An NLP course in India will unlock a brighter professional and personal future. *From £2,000 for eight days. sueknight.co.uk*

Take a religious retreat
THAILAND

Forget five-star Koh Samui and discover the authentic Thai Buddhist experience. The ultimate meditation and contemplation vacation. *Pay whatever you feel is appropriate. templeretreatthailand.com*

Speak up for yourself
SINGAPORE

Self-improvement ace Andy Harrington has made millions teaching people how to make... millions. His Public Speakers University hits Singapore in May. *From £25. andyharrington.com*

Bend over backwards
BALI

The Kura Kura Yoga Retreat offers yoga and meditation retreats throughout the year. As Madonna would say: "Strike a pose, there's nothing to it." *From £840 for seven nights. kurakurayogaretreat.com*



Rule the waves
MADAGASCAR

Coral reefs, beautiful waters, no crowds, local guides, surfing perfection. *Seven days at Anakao Surf Camp costs from £180. madagascar-surf-trip.com*

Take the plunge
SOUTH AFRICA

The Bloukrans Bridge, 216 metres above Bloukrans river valley in South Africa, is home to the world's highest bungy bridge. Watch out for the first step... *£45. faceadrenalin.com*



Hog the highways
AUSTRALIA

Take a Harley-Davidson through the Royal National Park in Australia, followed by a tandem skydive from 14,000ft on to beaches south of Sydney. A g'day indeed. *From £305. skydivethebeach.com.au*

Ski a glacier
NEW ZEALAND

The NZ ski season starts in June, so if hitting the slopes is preciousssss to you, head for Hobbit country. *From £825pp for four people for five days. queenstownmountainholiday.com*

Key

- GET SPIRITUAL
- NEED FOR SPEED
- SELF-IMPROVEMENT
- SEXUAL HEALING
- ADVENTURE TIME
- FITNESS FRENZY
- ACTION STATIONS
- CAREER BOOST
- PURIFY MIND AND BODY



‘Big’ Sam Allardyce’s shooting schedule

Take a life lesson or two from... West Ham United manager **Sam Allardyce**



When do you start your day?

Normally around 7.30am. I leave the apartment to drive to the training ground where I’ll have breakfast in a staff meeting and go through the day’s plan for training.

What is the most important decision you have made in your professional life?

Being brave enough to have faith in my **own ability** and take a job anywhere I needed to when I couldn’t get one. That’s how I ended up in Limerick as a player-manager. Better to be employed and building something people might recognise than scrapping around to get back into the game.

How do you separate working life from your personal life?

Delegate. The art of great management is to delegate to great people at the head of your departments, and then you **liaise and communicate** with them on a regular basis. That then separates the job from your social time, which is very important.



What’s the best piece of advice you’ve ever been given?



John McGrath [former Preston North End manager, *left*] said to me: “When you turn into a manager, Sam, do not think like a player.”

Who’s your biggest inspiration?



Sir Alex Ferguson, without a doubt. We’ve known each other for a long time, talking privately about how he got there, how he stayed there, why he stayed there, how he changed as the years went on. A hugely inspiring man.

What has been your biggest setback and how did you overcome it?

Being **sacked at Blackpool** after I’d got them to the play-offs [in 1996]. It’s pretty devastating the first time it happens to you, I must admit, especially the way it happened when I least expected it. I’d just failed, in my second season, to get them promoted out of the division, which was a major achievement considering they’d just missed being relegated when I took over.

When do you do your best work?

Late into the evening, thinking, when everybody is asleep. It’s calmer and I can deliberate on what is happening. Some good ideas arrive in your mind.



Do you have any films that stand out as inspiring to you?



Any Given Sunday, when **Al Pacino** gives his team talk.

What separates winners from losers?

Desire, the will to win. Muhammad Ali said that to be a world champion “the will must be stronger than the skill”.

What is the secret of your success?

I think I’m adventurous, more of a **risk taker** than most people. And I think that I’ve done it my way and nobody else’s. **Mark Russell**

West Ham United have launched Club London, an exclusive members-only club offering hospitality experiences at the new stadium. whufc.com.

Photographs Alamy; Eyevine; Getty Images; Rex

HEALTH

Breaking the silence over suicide

Male culture means vulnerable men often hide suicidal thoughts – so let's start talking

THE STIGMA surrounding suicide can have a devastating effect. Those who experience suicidal thoughts may well not want to talk about it, and if they do open up to someone, that someone might shirk from the matter, not take it seriously, not know how to deal with it or, indeed, not want to. Suicide, though, is not inevitable. Prevention is possible, and you can help.

According to the World Health Organization, more than 800,000 people take their own lives each year. In 2012 it was the second leading cause of death among 15- to 29-year-olds and, according to a 2014 British government report, it is three times as common in males, with rates highest for those aged 35 to 54. Because of the traditional role masculinity has played in society, explains Sam Challis, information manager at mental health charity Mind, "men are less likely [than women] to talk about their feelings and get support. So it would be more common for a man to take his own life and for nobody to have known there was anything wrong."

There are, though, warning signs – among them a change in sleeping and eating patterns, lack of energy, increased drug or alcohol abuse and social withdrawal. If you're concerned that someone might not be coping well, the crucial thing to do is to talk to them. "There is often a spontaneity issue with suicide, so it's about increasing the time between thought and action," says Lorna Fraser, media advisor at Samaritans. "If an intervention [can] be made, the likelihood is that the person will be able to go on, they'll be able to work through their problems and life will start to become better."

Just showing your support and giving someone space to communicate their feelings can be a huge release for them. Asking directly about suicide may help. It will not push them in the wrong direction. "That is a myth," says Fraser. "Sometimes being able to actually express that 'Yeah, actually, I've felt so bad that I have thought about taking my own life' can be a tremendous relief to share."

Sympathy and support are vital. Guilt trips are not – it is unproductive to tell someone that what they're thinking is wrong. Challis explains: "[Comments] such as, 'Think of what it'll do to your family' are often very unhelpful because it's likely that somebody who's thinking about suicide is already feeling pretty awful about themselves. It is almost irrelevant what the situation is or what the reason is for the person feeling that way, because they *do* feel that way. If somebody tells you they're feeling suicidal, then those feelings are real. So try not to judge their reasons, or the feelings themselves, but try to be there, listen and be supportive."

Ask them how you can help. They might prefer to speak to someone neutral, in which case you can point them in the direction of Samaritans or Mind. Certainly, if someone does tell you that they're thinking about suicide, don't take it lightly. If they're voicing it, it's likely to be a very real consideration. Contacting their GP with them can be of great value. And if you think somebody is on the verge of taking their own life there and then, call an ambulance. "People shouldn't be scared to do that," says Challis. "We hear from people saying they don't want to waste their time, but if somebody was having a heart attack you wouldn't think twice about it, and it's the same thing: it's somebody's life at risk."

There is hope. Just because a suicidal person can't see a way out of their situation, that doesn't mean they don't want to live. Talk is the first step to recovery. You can help.

Alex Godfrey

For more information or support, contact Samaritans (0845 790 9090, samaritans.org) or Mind (0300 123 3393, mind.org.uk).



In the open: Sympathy and the right support can be the key to recovery

800,000

People who take their own lives worldwide each year

THE FACTS ## SUICIDE STATISTICS



Suicide is three times more common in men

Males 12.4 per 100,000

Females 3.7 per 100,000

Statistic between 2010-12

The highest rate of suicide in the UK is **25.9** PER 100,000

This is among men aged **40-44**

One person in the world dies by suicide every **40** sec



Suicide accounted for 1.4 per cent of **all deaths worldwide** in 2012, making it the 15th leading cause of death

15th



1.4%

Photograph Alamy

PERSONAL TRAINER: MUSCLE BUILDER #5

Three war-chest work-outs to boost your pecs' appeal

Power-up your pectoral game by following this chest expanding, fat frying, shirt-button popping work-out twice a week for four weeks. By **Jonathan Goodair**

PRE WORK-OUT MEAL *2 hours before*



Sweet potatoes

+



Tuna

+



Green beans

+



Broccoli

PRE WORK-OUT SNACK *30 minutes before*



Whey protein shake

+



2 bananas

For more information, visit jonathangoodair.com or homehouse.co.uk

Target

Four rounds of three exercises, with 2-minute recoveries between circuits. 20 minutes to complete.

1

Press-up

Aim to perform as many as can be done in perfect form

Start in plank position, feet together, arms straight, with hands just wider than shoulder-width apart, elbows face outwards. Bend elbows and lower chest to floor over 3 seconds, maintaining alignment through knees, hips and shoulders. Return to start position, pushing from the armpits, keeping abdominals pulled in throughout.



2

Incline flys

20 reps

On back, on bench at 45-degree incline. Arms almost straight, holding dumbbells above chest, palms facing inwards. Fix elbows at slight bend and, from shoulder, lower dumbbells outwards and down over 3 seconds, to about shoulder level; dumbbells should be parallel to floor at bottom of movement. Return to start position and repeat without pausing.



3

Bench-press

Drop set x 6 reps (reduce weight by 10kg each set, to perform 3 sets of 6 reps in total)

On back, on bench, grip bar just wider than shoulder width apart. Lower bar to mid-chest over 3 seconds. Return to start position over 1 second and repeat without pausing.



BONUS *HIT CIRCUIT*

WORK-OUT A

- **3 x squat thrusts; 3 x jumps over bench**
- **5 sets**
- **40 seconds rest between sets**

From push-up position, put hands on weights bench. Jump feet-forward close to bench then back to start position. Repeat for 3 reps. Next, perform 3 jumps over bench with hands planted. Repeat whole sequence 8 times, rest 40 seconds and repeat for 5 complete sets.

WORK-OUT B

- **2 x burpee; 2 x star jumps**
- **5 sets**
- **40 seconds rest between sets**

From push-up position, lower body so chest touches floor. Return to start position and jump feet-forward to hands followed by 2 explosive jump-ups, reaching arms high. Repeat with 2 star jumps. Complete whole sequence 5 times. Rest for 40 seconds and perform 5 sets total.

Photographs Ben Riggott **Styling** Holly Roberts
Grooming Amy Conley **Model** Andrew Hulme at Storm

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Ménage à trois: the gentleman's guide

If a lucky third party is invited to join you, it's all about the etiquette, says **Rebecca Newman**. Plus, a glimpse inside some stylish holiday travel kits, and getting ahead of the curve...

Two's company, three sounds like fun. Any rules I should follow?
PT, by email

Rules is a big word, or at least one that sets itself up to be broken. However, there are certain points of etiquette you'd do well to observe, particularly if you are hoping for repeat business.

1 How they begin

It's all very well if you've met on 3nder, or fallen out of a club jacked up on life and already all over each other; that kind of scenario looks after itself. But what if two of you are already hooking up and you decide to add an extra player into the game? Simply dusting down your best moves for a new *chica* and assuming your beloved will be delighted to watch a Brazilian stranger relieve you is risky: aside from the fact your existing darling may well throw her high heels out of the pram, of the two of you she is the far more likely to make a successful bid for three-way love.

2 How they progress

We all know about sharing, right? Well, in troilism, this comes to the fore. Not that you necessarily need a hand on either party at all times, more that the marvellous panoply of being made to watch, made to wait, or taking the time to mercilessly team up will endlessly boost the dynamic.



In your thrall: Choose your travel kit wisely and you're bound to have a trip of a lifetime

3 Safe sex
I know I don't need to say this, but there are nasty things out there. Bag up.

4 Pace yourself
If you have, for example, a girl riding you, while she makes out with the other girl who is sitting on your face, consider carefully before you think about coming. Depending on your setup, likelihood is both women will be wanting a piece of your manhood.

5 A suitable conclusion
While the glorious panoply of adventures you can have with two friends tend to come easily, never miss the opportunity afterwards to kiss, to caress, to celebrate. Not every man does, and those who do are invited back…

Mistress, your kind advice. My old chap has a slight upward bend. How can I make the most of this?
SM, by email
You don't say if you mean mild slant (which can be peculiarly alluring) or proper right-angle curve. While the glory of the cock is its ability to fill and satisfy most wanting partners, there are certain shapes that can afford certain advantages.

Yours, for example, may provide delicious extra piquancy for her G in a position such as the standing T: while you stand, she is sitting on the kitchen counter (her body forming the right angle to yours); her legs may well feel fabulous if she wraps them around your waist, using her heel to dig your buttocks toward her. I'm sure you realise that your ass is every bit as arousing to her as hers might be to you. The male posterior is, after all, a truly gorgeous thing…

Summer is coming, and we like to take a few toys away with us on holiday. Are there any travel kits we should pack?
FL, by email
As a general rule, I see little point in kits: choosing your own tools and toys is part of the fun. And that way, you will never end up with humorous games or cheap body paint (if you must draw on her body, think Pierre Hermé, think Maison du Chocolat). That said, there are a few that might be worth the luggage space…

Lelo's Dare Me Pleasure Set (*£85. At labelle.co.uk*) is an unusually chic selection of toys with a light bondage edge: silk handcuffs, Luna Beads and a short suede whip (the three of them ideal to use together).

I have previously written about Box Of Grey (*boxofgrey.com*), the sensual hamper creators stocked in Selfridges, no less; its boxes can be tailor-made, with gorgeous suggestions including hide manacles by Tamzin Lillywhite, custom-made corsets by Sian Hoffman, and gold-plated suede floggers by Ouch.

Then there is the Jimmyjane Sweet Gift Set (*on offer, £230. At labelle.co.uk*) which is beautifully put together: its signature Little Gold (a 24-carat gold, cigar-size vibe – plain, chic, waterproof and designed to last a lifetime), a suede and silk blindfold, and a massage candle. Should guarantee you have a holiday to remember. GQ

SEX LIFE

At the top of your game

All orgasms are good, but some are better than others. The trick is to stimulate as many things as you possibly can at the same time, going slo-mo until you build up to the crowning, glorious moment.

With a few techniques, you can take the big O to the OMG.

1 **THE BDSM ORGASM**
Ernest Greene, a director of hundreds of hardcore BDSM porn films and the author of *Master Of O*, a BDSM novel that puts *Fifty Shades Of Grey* to shame, explains how it works. He calls BDSM a "**transcendent experience**" and says that the ritualistic aspect of the practice "mixes the physical experience with the cerebral and the emotional, making it more powerful". Greene is also a dominant "master" in his own sex life and says it can be an emotional experience for both the dominant person who is aroused by the sense of power exchange and the submissive person who is "vulnerable".

Greene, whose wife is legendary porn star **Nina Hartley** and with whom he has practised this sexual lifestyle for 15 years as the dom, says he doesn't ever see a reason to go back to vanilla sex. "BDSM gives you incredible orgasms because to do it right both people have to be incredibly focused for safety reasons. Plus you are calming yourself through the ritual of it and you are totally in the moment. At times it produces the same results as meditating or doing yoga. Well, it's like yoga, except you have a dildo up your ass."

2 **THE ANALASM**
"My gays", as they are politically correctly known, tell me they have already incorporated anal business into their sex lives, but claim that many heterosexual men have not. This is due to fear and, understandably, as nobody wants anyone to rip them a new a-hole. But with a little practice and lots of lube, the male orgasm can be very much intensified by stimulating this "intimate" area. Dr Ava Cadell PhD, author of the *Idiot's Guide: The Kama Sutra*, says, "For an erotic prostate massage, have your girl" (or guy, or trannie, or whatever) "use some latex gloves and a bottle of personal lubricant to get started.

"Have your lover begin by inserting a finger in a '**come hither**' motion (similar to G-spot exploration)," she says, "and feel for a walnut-sized bulge 5-7.5cm inside. Once she has found the prostate, she should massage it by rubbing against in a back and forth waving motion on all four sides, rather than place direct pressure on top of it." Have her go very slooowly, and with her other hand she can rub your wang. It's a lot of work for her, so be sure to take her out to dinner beforehand. Another, less going down the Hershey Highway, route is getting someone (anyone) to rub your perineum, or the "**P-spot**", the fleshy area between your boys and Anusburg, also thought of as the "landing strip of love". Also, having the rim rubbed once you start becoming aroused, will intensify your orgasms. It will make them longer, stronger and more pleasurable.

3 **THE TANTRIC ORGASM**
The tantric orgasm or the **full-body orgasm** involves touching and breathing to put you in a relaxed but excited state. Tantra is about weaving sexual energies and delaying male ejaculation for more intense orgasms. This is accomplished by synchronising your breathing, giving each other full-body massages, looking into each other's eyes and removing all distractions, such as wondering who just texted you, and attempting to keep from blowing your load while you are engaged in the 64 ridiculous positions of the *Kama Sutra*.

Like BDSM, Tantra can be an **emotional experience** and is used often in sex therapy with couples who have been in relationships for years. Dr Cadell says it may also be used for hook-ups, but warns it can be so intense that you could accidentally fall in love with the person you just hooked up with. **Anka Radakovic**

The Wild Girls Club, Part 2: Tales From New York To Hollywood by Anka Radakovic (Skytower, £9.99) is out now.

READING LIST

Tales with a climax



The Master Of O
By Ernest Greene
A fascinating look into the BDSM lifestyle, written by the master. Read it aloud to your lover and it's knickers to the floor in no time.



Moregasm
By Claire Cavanah and Rachel Venning
The authors learned a thing or two from owning one of the first upscale sex-toy shops in New York. This book will get you on the road to more pleasure with less work.



Idiot's Guides: The Kama Sutra
By Dr Ava Cadell
This book covers the basics of tantric sex including erotic massage, erotic talk, the *Kama Sutra* and multiple orgasms. AR

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32. STYLE NEVER GOES OUT OF FASHION. **COBRA & BELLAMY** make affordable, classically designed watches conveying timeless elegance. Pictured is the Sennen, featuring an ultra slim case. This timepiece is smooth and tactile, and is a joy to behold and wear. The Sennen is available in Stainless Steel at £139, 21 Carat or Rose Gold Plated at £159 and is a favourite of Sienna Miller who quoted "Cobra & Bellamy watches are classic, beautiful and affordable, I love all of them." To view the complete watch collection visit www.cobrabellamywatches.co.uk or call 01736 732112 for further information. **33. The Clubman Shirt**. White slim fit cotton shirt with extended collar with blue micro effect detailing, with complimentary blue button made from 100% recycled material. Labinjohlondon.com Contact: info@labinjohlondon.com **34. Represent** is an essential menswear brand, made in England. Focusing on layering top wear and tapered Biker denim, they push the boundaries between street and high-fashion. Visit www.representclo.com **35. W. T. Author**'s latest release, drawing inspiration from WWI, features a Swiss movement housed within a custom-built black stainless-steel case, numbered enamel case back, and a beautiful oil tan leather strap handmade in Britain. Visit www.wtauthor.com or contact info@wtauthor.com for further information. **36. Wrist Game** offers affordability with nothing over $75USD. The luxurious detail make the 'Golden Phoenix' an enduring symbol of elegance, matching inspired chronometry precision with classic style that oozes sophistication. Visit: www.wristgame.com.au to view their collection and enjoy FREE SHIPPING WORLDWIDE until May 31st 2015. **37. DANWARD** offers a collection of luxury swimwear, casualwear and footwear designed and produced to the highest quality in Italy. Their footwear elevates the every day summer staple to something special – a must-have for the stylish man. Available online at www.mrporter.com www.selfridges.com or www.danwardwear.com **38. Aesthetic Revolution.** Pushing beyond striving to build a physique the Greek Gods would envy, the Aesthetic Revolution is more than a hobby, it's more than a sport, it's more than just staying fit, it's creating a lifestyle. Join their revolution and shop their full collection of lifestyle gym apparel and accessories by visiting www.aestheticrevolution.com and using the code 'GQ10' for a 10% discount (expires 03/06/15). Thrive, achieve, conquer and never look back! Worldwide delivery available. **39. Anchor & Rose London** is an independently established brand. All designs are hand drawn by our in house artist, taking inspiration from everyday life, creating pieces relatable to all but unique to Anchor & Rose. We are not just another brand but a community, listening to our supporters and making more than just clothes. Use code 'GQ20' for 20% off in store until 31st May. Shop.anchorandroseldn.com anchorandroseldn@gmail.com call 07940 962007. **40. MBS** is a headwear and accessories brand based out of Jersey City, New Jersey offering quality products designed and manufactured in the U.S.A. The Grant 6-Panel Cap is constructed of 100% cotton bedford cord with a chambray liner, cotton twill taping and nylon buckle clasp. Available now at www.mbsmfg.co **41. Franco Florenzi**'s Bow & Arrow Bracelet personifies several factors of life such as love (Cupid), passion (Archery) and protection (Weapon). Very simplistic but intricately crafted for all occasions, designed in England and sourced from the best quality materials, adding value to your everyday appearance. £24.99 from www.francoflorenzi.com

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The Style File... Continued



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42. Podenco Elvissa is an independent brand that oozes Mediteraren style. Born on the island of Ibiza, this luxury brand offers a selection of printed, mid thigh length, colourful swim shorts that will keep your look fresh this summer. Purchase yours at www.podencoeivissa.com **43. Instrmnt.** Glasgow based Instrmnt produce minimal, stripped back watches inspired by the utilitarian design of the mid twentieth century. Available in four variants, Instrmnt 01 features a 40mm casing housing a Swiss movement and a sapphire crystal. Email enquire@instrmnt.co.uk or visit www.instrmnt.co.uk/GQMag **44. Rabbit Hole London** exclusive collaboration with Museenoir for SS15. Stunning Zenith waist coat for the perfect outerwear item. Visit museenoir.com / rabbitholelondon.com or contact info@rabbitholelondon.com **45. Botta Design.** Klaus Botta developed the amazingly simple one-hand principle back in 1986, allowing a more relaxed perception of time. The brand new NOVA with its minimalist 12 hour face is the ultimate single-hand watch. Shop online at www.botta-design.de **46. Filling Pieces** – Amsterdam Footwear. Their Spring Summer 2015 collection is available at Filling Pieces Store London – LN-CC – Selfridges – Harvey Nichols – POSTE – OKI-NI – The Unconventional – Foot Patrol – End Clothing – Concept/Cruise – Autograph – Pilot – Tessuti – Richmond Classics – Roulette or shop at www.fillingpieces.com **47. Max 'N Chester** was created in July 2012 by owner and founder, Peter Trainor in NYC. MNC is known to produce quality garments that can be worn with ease, comfort and sophistication. Visit http://www.maxnchester.com/ **48. The V03D** by **VOID Watches** is a classic watch made just simple enough. Available in several beautiful colour ways at www.voidwatches.com and at select retailers around the world. **49. Wear Fake ID** co-founded by Ross Gassman & Max Pallot is a clothing line that offers original fitted tall shirts. You can find them at their website https://squareup.com/market/wearfakeid Email: wearfakeid@gmail.com Phone: (305) 915-7582 / (786)-863-0569. ($40) **50.** Fine leather goods without the luxury markup. **Linjer**'s soft briefcase is made with full grain vegetable-tanned leather and YKK Excella zippers. Fits a 15" Macbook. Adjustable shoulder strap included. Comes in cognac, mocha, navy and black. Visit www.linjer.co **51. Equus Leather.** Bespoke Handmade Bridle Leather Belts using best quality English Leather and Solid Metal Buckles including Sterling Silver. Entirely hand stitched using traditional techniques. Visit www.equusleather.co.uk email enquiries@equusleather.co.uk or call 0191 640 8774.

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52. UnderCover MensWear stands for quality, sexiness, and comfort. Their exclusive collections represent the best that fashion and functionality have to offer. From scented underwear to sleek European undergarments, they will complete your couture experience to match your taste and elevate your lifestyle! **53. Apro Spectacles** have used their Italian passion for beauty and grace, to develop an original and innovative range of the highest quality glasses, with each model named after a famous Italian poem. Shop the full collection at www.aprospectacles.com **54. Mensch.** Menswear fashion accessories brand from Montreal, Canada. Using the finest woollens, blends from Europe giving you the quality and craftsmanship at a fair price, that you deserve. View all collections at www.menschwear.com or call +1 514 660 9861. **55. knot by TIFFA.** The next strut to the peacock revolution. Inspired by song, their products feature prints and colours that embody musical pieces' emotion, using quality silks, cottons, and specialty fabrics. "move on up" cotton bow tie (35 USD). Visit www.knotbytiffa.com **56. Dick Winters.** Stylishly cheeky, properly British – Dick Winters are a decadent underwear brand for gentlemen, offering the ultimate in comfort and design. Expertly crafted in Britain, using 'breathable' British material, their stylish boxers will certainly keep one cool and dry below deck. View their entire range at www.dickwinters.co.uk **57. John White** have been creating stylish, high quality shoes and boots since 1919. Using the finest materials and traditional methods to create long lasting, comfortable footwear. These Westbury Sport chukka boots are perfect for SS15. View more at www.johnwhiteshoes.com **58. FACA.** Guarded by the FACA lion – the FACA bracelet is a testament to our pursuit of beauty through simplicity. Made of 925 silver, plated in 18kt gold, handcrafted, hand painted, and hand polished, the FACA bracelet is a piece of art that can be worn. Completed with exclusive stingray leather. Shop the full collection online at www.facaintlaffair.com

The Dapper Gent... Feeling Fine!

1. Duchamp's Beard Co. delivers vintage inspired grooming products for the modern day man. DBC uses all natural ingredients that are hand crafted to create a truly amazing experience. Duchamp's is bringing quality back into men's grooming! For more information www.duchampsbeardco.com or email: info@duchampsbeardco.com

2. Five O'Clock Products. Authentic and locally handmade products, from the ingredients within and right down to the packaging. The Five O'clock range is sourced from Yorkshire with pride, valuing local business and ethics. For more information visit www.fiveoclockproducts.com or email fiveoclockproducts@gmail.com

3. Bolin Webb continues to bring award-winning design to the world of men's shaving in an inspired range of razors, bringing innovation and performance together for every-day grooming. Razors made in England and fitted with blades from Gillette. Bolin Webb razors are available in Harrods, Fortnum & Mason, The Conran Shop or online at www.bolinwebb.com or call 01572 868005.

4. Better Beard Company. The Better Beard Company cater to the modern Canadian beardsman by handcrafting 100% natural beard grooming products. The Better Beard Company hand crafts all products in small batches to ensure quality, but also because they enjoy working with their hands creating products for you which we believe in and use ourselves every day. Call 001-902-405-2492 Halifax Nova Scotia or visit www.betterbeardcompany.ca for more information.

5. Lucky Scruff are passionate about creating natural handcrafted beard care items including beard oils, beard balms and even mustache waxes and soaps that you'll go absolutely go crazy for. Check them out at: www.luckyscruff.com

6. The Thirsty Beard knows that a mans beard should never go thirsty. That's why our Beard Oil is made with all natural ingredients that nourish your skin and facial hair. Grab a bottle today, we know your beard will thank you. www.thethirstybeard.com / Instagram @thethirstybeard

7. Bixby is sophistication and grit. Their iconic comb collection is crafted in small batches from zyl sheets. Each Bixby starts by hand selecting a unique sheet of Zyl, then skilled craftsmen carefully carve and heat-form the contours using traditional shaping techniques. For more information visit www.BIXBYBRAND.com or call 001 805 657.

8. Award-winning British company **beardbase.co.uk** offer a range of products to make the life of any Beardsman easier. Beard Oil such as the Cedarwood and Pine scented "The Lumberjack" leaves a beard feeling smooth and smelling great. Visit www.beardbase.co.uk or email contact@beardbase.co.uk for more information.

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The Dapper Gent... Continued



9. Gentlemans Grooming offers the modern man a premium body waxing and manscaping service using luxury products. The company is fast becoming the preferred brand for all gentleman's body grooming treatments. Join the Gentlemans Club. Back and shoulder waxing start from £30. For more information visit www.gentlemansgrooming.co.uk call 020 3488 0667 or call info@gentlemansgrooming.co.uk



10. Since 1854, **Taylor of Old Bond Street** have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality. Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street, St James's, London, SW1Y 6NP, call 020 7930 5544 or visit them at www.tayloroldbondst.co.uk and www.selfridges.com



11. Since 2009, **Rex Wax** has been providing superior grooming products for gentlemen of quality, and meeting their needs with an ever-expanding line of handmade wares. Available www.gentlemanrex.com and from our UK distributor www.waxwonuk.bigcartel.com



12. The Mod Cabin is an all natural, hand crafted beard and skincare line who produce an amazing conditioning beard balm, nourishing beard oils, and their birch tar soap is often cited as the best beard soap available. For your healthiest, softest, and best smelling beard visit themodcabin.com or contact info@themodcabin.com



13. White Glo. Want to whiten your teeth without any hassle? Simply switch your ordinary toothpaste with White Glo! White Glo toothpastes use special micro polishing particles which work to lighten discolourationsand yellowing on tooth enamel to whiten teeth. White Glo Professional Choice is an Australian Dental Association approved product for its safety and efficacy. Look out for White Glo Professional Choice in a fresh vertical packaging wdesign with brand new bonus X-Action toothbrush! Available from Boots, ASDA, Amazon, Superdrug, and pharmacies. RRP £3.99. Visit www.whiteglo.com or call 00 44 20 8274 1258.



14. Stimulate your body and arouse your senses with **APPLE & BEARS** Natural and Organic Luxury Body Wash and Body Silk Gift Box, available in four invigorating fragrances. Retails from £34.95. Can be purchased separately. Visit www.appleandbear.com for stockist details.



15. This Volumizing Mist from **NATU** gives your hair the instant volume you crave without the stickiness or greasiness of most volumizing products. NATU's revolutionary formula uses key natural ingredients to provide that fuller look while remaining healthy for your hair and won't weigh it down allowing you to keep your style all day long. For more information please visit www.natuhaircare.com





16. Siam Botanicals. Simplify your life with this all-in-one shave and facial oil. The 100% natural blend provides superior glide for a close, smooth and satisfying shave, while seven organic seed oils hydrate and protect the skin. Handmade in small batches in Bangkok. www.siambotanicals.com info@siambotanicals.com

17. Black Dog Beard Oils: 100% natural products used to condition and style your facial hair. All Black Dog Beard Oil are sourced and produced in the UK for those not afraid to try something new. For sales visit our website www.blackdogbeardoils.co.uk or call our sales department on 01924 375122.







18. Handmade in Wales, **Gruff Beard** specialises in luxury beard grooming products. Our balms, oils and soaps are packed full of lovely things to help you grow a healthy beard and are available in a range of unique fragrances. Gruff Beard products are an essential bit of kit for any discerning man's daily routine. For more info visit www.gruffbeard.com or call 07843 487083.



19. Vitabiotics Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which contributes to normal skin health. RRP £17.30 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at www.wellman.co.uk



20. Dapper Dan. My dear chaps, fancy a dalliance with the finest torsorial-teasing pastes and pomades guaranteed to perfect your plumage? Look no further my folically fastidious friends! Dapper Dan offers 3 exemplary styling options for the discerning gent. Tame thy mane with limited slapdashery. Sold by Barbershops worldwide. Visit www.dapperdanuk.com or call 01144 490917 for more information.

21. Barberry Coast Shave Co. has impressively burst onto the luxury male grooming scene with premium, all-natural shave products. All of their ingredients are the highest quality available anywhere and are sourced from the absolutely best places on earth. Barberry Coast Shave Co. take's care to not use any toxic chemicals like you may find in many lower cost products. For more product information visit www.BarberryCoast.com or call them directly toll free at 1-877-500-7606.





22. Taun's Facial Repair Formula out of Brooklyn, NY is the most potent antiaging moisturizer money can buy. Absorbs quickly, doesn't smell and works all day. To purchase please visit taunskincareformen.com or email support@TaunUSA.com

Face The Pace... Join The Race!

1. Kalon Escuela de Surf is a boutique surf resort based in Dominical in the south of Costa Rica. Offering bespoke surfing sessions for all levels, packages include 5 three hour surfing lessons, 7 nights' accommodation in the luxurious Kalon Mansion (all rooms with sea view), healthy gourmet style meals and snacks each day, a massage and Pilates for Surfing lessons. To discover more, visit www.kalonsurf.com or email hello@kalonsurf.com



2. Valens®. "We're proud to introduce CLA-1000 by Valens®" – AJ Joshi. Valens® high-quality 1000mg capsules contain a pure and safe source of highly-concentrated CLA derived naturally from safflowers. Each 1000mg capsule is standardised to provide a minimum of 800mg pure CLA. Available now for just **£7.95** at **myValens.com** and all good stockists.







3. The Club Ride Buxton Jersey featuring RideXDry™ – lightweight, wicking fabric, a rear zippered pocket with media port and reflective accents is a perfect blend of fashion and functionality. Perfect for those wishing to commute via bike in kit that looks just as good around the office or in the Pub. For more information visit www.hotlines-uk.com or call 0131 319 1444. £39.99

4. Flare Rider Co. makes style-focused casual and mountain bike clothing using innovative fabrics, fashion trends and years of riding experience that will take you wherever the trail does, all made in the UK. Visit flarerider.co.com or call 01159 520568 for more information.



5. Jetvalve Seat Post Mount Lightweight and compact, this well thought-out mount fixes to your seat post and carries a CO^2 inflator, plus two spare cylinders meaning re-inflating your tyre after a puncture takes seconds, no matter what the road throws at you. For more information visit www.jetvalve.co.uk or email info@jetvalve.co.uk



6. Iddo BMX Sensor for Race and Freestyle, taking BMX to a whole new level. Now you can track your laps and tricks, share your achievements on Facebook and challenge your friends for a Ghost competition. Find more at imiddo.com or send an email to go@imiddo.com



7. X-BIONIC® THE TRICK® Along an insulation zone on the spine, an overheating of the body is simulated, and the brain kicks in with early sweat production. Even before the body overheats, it's cooled by sweat effectively and more quickly. The strain on physical systems is relieved. RESULT: You have more energy for performance. For more information visit www.X-Bionic.com or call 01250 873863.



8. [QUDOS] ACTION by **Knog**. The world's first hi-powered action video light. Whether you're surfing after sunset, riding at midnight, or diving to new depths – [oudos] to you. Designed to work with GoPro's and other action cameras, plus DSLRs. Price: £89.99. For more information, **visit knog.com.au** or call +61 3 9428 6352

9. EPIC-id – USB EMERGENCY ID. In an emergency, first responders can connect EPIC-id to their on-board computers and access your information. Once you input your medical information, it stays on the EPIC-id flash drive – not on a computer or cloud. For more information visit, www.EPIC-id.com or email info@epic-id.com



EPIC-id.com



10. Whether you're with a coach, trainer or workout partner, the RePose by **Kinian** provides the worlds most comfortable, non-invasive stretch. For more information, visit www.kinian.net

11. Master of Muscle WOD WHIPPER PRO Speed Rope is the best jump rope to whip you and your WOD's into shape. Ballbearing Turn for fast spinning, adjustable, Carry Pouch and Workout Ebook. Check it out on Amazon.co.uk £14.99 RRP.

12. Elephant Food. It's a jungle out there. And when you've just hit 40 Klicks on the bike or just finished a CrossFit class, you deserve something amazing to Nourish your body and delight your taste buds. That's why the team at 'Elephant Food' created three lovingly blended snack mixes, bursting with flavour and chock full of 100% natural ingredients including Goji Berries, Blueberries, Cacao Nibs, Bee Pollen, Buckwheat & Quinoa. Their superfood products contain copper which contributes to the normal function of the immune system, manganese which contributes to normal energy-yielding metabolism and vitamin C which contributes to the reduction of tiredness and fatigue. Elephant Food is versatile enough to be used on-the-go, or as a tasty pre or post workout snack. Include these Superfood Snacks in your daily diet–Eat and feel mighty! Now available at Holland & Barrett, GNC, Planet Organic, Booths & selected WHSmith stores or you can buy online at www.elephantsuperfood.com or call 08455 197802.





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Something For The Weekend... Come What May!



1. Ushuaïa Ibiza Beach Hotel has established itself as the place to stay, party, dine and relax in Ibiza, revolutionising the "daytime party" concept and becoming a mecca for music-lovers, promising guests a mixture of high-energy performances from world-class DJs and out-of-this-world spaces designed to stir up the senses with high-tech functionality. For more information visit www.ushuaiabeachhotel.com or call +34 902 080 212.



2. A collaboration between **Klein Constantia and Pascal Jolivet** has resulted in a new and inspirational Sauvignon Blanc, the Metis 2013. Made at Klein Constantia Wine Estate, the Metis is made in a unique style to show the true expression of the Estate's distinguishing terroir. For more information contact info@kleinconstantia.com or +27 21 794 5188.

3. Gilpin's Gin, the London-distilled winner of the 'World's Best Gin' title at the 2014 World Drinks Awards, offers smooth and delicate flavours from just eight fine botanicals creating the perfect taste balance. This London Dry gin not only tastes and looks great, but is becoming the stand out ingredient for the perfect G&T or Martini as served by some of the capital's coolest bars. Email: info@gilpinsgin.com or visit: www.gilpinsgin.com



4. Butler's Gin is an artisanal, craft spirit produced in East London's first gin distillery in over a century. Produced in a 20 litre jar and infused for 18 hours, each bottle is hand bottled, hand signed and made to order. Butler's Gin is available to purchase for £31.50 from www.burtlersgin.co.uk including free next day delivery.



5. Aloe Aloe! Introducing the chicest new Aloe drink on the market: **Simplee Aloe.** It's a brand new Aloe Vera and Grape juice drink that not only tastes amazing, but does your body good as well! Made with all-natural ingredients, and no preservatives or artificial nasties inside. Available in 330ml and 1Litre sizes from Waitrose, Wholefoods, Sainsbury and Ocado. Grab a £1.50 coupon from www.simpleealoe.com



6. Encapsulating the rich creativity and unique lifestyle of the effervescent London district, **The King of Soho Gin** delicately combines classic juniper with citrus botanicals to create a perfectly balanced London Dry Gin. Distilled in the heart of London. Ideal for cocktails and drinks where the spirit is King. Visit www.kingofsohodrinks.com or call +44 (0)1932 252100.



7. Bundaberg Brewed Drinks carefully craft-brew every drink, including their famous Bundaberg Ginger Beer, which has just landed in the UK. As a twist on a classic cocktail from our friends down under, for the perfect summer weekend drink, mix their flavour-filled Bundaberg Ginger Beer with 50ml of Japanese Whisky, 15ml of Dry Sake, 20ml of lime juice and a dash of sugar syrup, and serve with a wedge of lime. What's not to love? Available in leading retailers, for your nearest stockist please visit www.bundaberg.com



8. Beluga Noble Russian Vodka is produced by a unique technology, skillfully combining ages-old traditions and innovations. All ingredients that make up Beluga vodka pass a stringent purification and filtering process. Special malt spirit and Siberian artesian water combined with natural honey, infusion of oats and extracts of vanilla and Syllbum make its taste multi-faceted, complete and exquisite. Beluga Noble is now available in major UK stores: Fortnum & Maison, Selfridges, Harvey Nichols, Waitrose. Visit www.vodka-beluga.com





9. Monolith Kamado Grill. Grill, Roast, Bake and even Smoke food all year round over charcoal. Great for burgers or bangers and perfect for low and slow smoked pulled pork. Turn up the heat for traditional stone baked pizzas, breads and even stews and casseroles. Stunning German design with superior oriental ceramic's give you a barbeque that will last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes and 2 colours. Price: From £400. For more information including stockists please visit www.monolith-kamado-grill.co.uk or email info@monolith-kamado-grill.co.uk

10. Elephant Gin. Can a drink change the world? Probably not, but it can do its bit to help. The award-winning London Dry Gin is made with African botanicals and donates 15% of profits to fighting illegal elephant poaching. It's time to get into the right spirit. Buy your bottle at Fortnum & Mason or visit www.Elephant-Gin.com



11. Benromach handcraft their single malt scotch whisky and make it slowly, the time-honoured way. Using the finest natural ingredients, their three distillers orchestrate every second of the distillation process; there are no short cuts to perfection. Benromach 10 Years Old is the heart of their range; beautifully balanced with delicious forest fruits and creamy malt, a wisp of smoke and lingering luscious sherry notes. Visit www.benromach.com for more information.



12. Rock is an attitude. Hard Rock Hotel is in Ibiza to win over all who feel that rock music is a way of life. All will have a place to pay tribute to innovations that break the mold while still enjoying the luxury of a five-star hotel whose soul and essence is music. For more information call +44 (0) 8000 211521, visit www.hrhibiza.com or follow facebook.com/hrhibiza



13. Smug Drinks are quite possibly the SMUGGEST soft drinks in the world! With all natural ingredients, no added sugar and no preservatives, each bottle has around only 80 calories. Each flavour is infused with a B vitamin blend and delicious herbal extracts such as Milk Thistle, Ginseng and Green Tea. To find out more visit www.feelsmug.co.uk

14. Plymouth Tea, an independent family-run business based in the historic city of Plymouth, offers luxury tea that can be enjoyed by everyone. Blended and packaged in the Southwest, the business's key principles are quality and personalised service. With three original black leaf blends – Drake, Armada and Mayflower, they also have an expanding range of delicious loose leafs in black, green, white and herbal blends. Call 01752 517467 or visit www.plymouthtea.co.uk

15. Salty Sea Pigs specialise in delivering exquisite free-range British charcuterie straight to your door. Lovingly hand-crafted from the best artisan producers across the British Isles, from cured venison to air dried coppa. The very best of British preserved. To purchase visit www.saltyseapigs.com or email info@saltyseapigs.com for more information.







Presently Perfect... Treat Her!

1. Diamond Rocks has a stunning range of Engagement Rings, Diamond Jewellery and Designer Jewellery with over 1,500 items in stock and big savings compared to the High Street! You can Design Your Own Ring on the website by selecting from thousands of Certified Diamonds. Buy online at www.diamondrocks.co.uk Visit them in Hatton Garden (strictly by appointment only) or call 0800 977 4855. GQ Readers Offer – Enter code "GQROCKS" 5% off for GQ Readers. (Expires 31st May 2015).





2. Latham & Neve – known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £205 Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more... Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit www.lathamandneve.co.uk or call 01580 753399.

3. Merci Maman offers a beautiful range of personalised gifts. Featured is their personalised sterling silver Anchor Bracelet (£39) that will be engraved by hand with the names, dates or message of your choice. The dedicated team at Merci Maman will hand-craft your bracelet from start to finish within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap your order in their signature orange gift box. For more information, visit www.mercimamanboutique.com or call 0207 731 1377.



4. Introducing the new, silver-dial Daphne Signature by **Du Maurier Watches.** This Swiss-Made limited edition ladies watch comes on a pretty pink strap perfect for Spring! Daphne Signature on pink, blue, red or black lizard strap £440. See the full collection at www.dumaurierwatches.com or call 08455 193074.



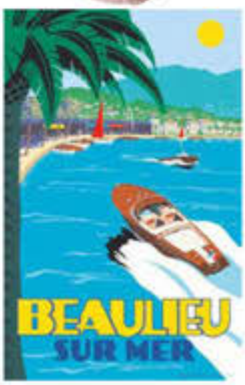
5. Perfect Image manufactures and develops highly effective skin peel preparations which includes hand-picked natural ingredients. The products moisturising properties can combat the signs of ageing and reduce the appearance of lines and wrinkles. Glycolic peel is perfect for beginner's looking to take their skin routine to the next level. Visit www.perfectimage-llc.com



6. New for 2015, bespoke jeweller **Simon Wright** is creating beautiful petite diamond Fiorella pendants. Each Fiorella pendant is individually made for you from a selection of natural fancy pink diamonds. Rare pink diamond and fine white diamond set in sparkling platinum. By appointment only. Contact: 020 7490 0665; www.sw-jewellery.com



7. Pullman Editions designs, commissions and publishes striking original posters which capture the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their newly-commissioned posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and the world's greatest historic automobiles. All £395 each. Call 020 7730 0547 or view and buy online at www.pullmaneditions.com



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The Gentlemens Quarters... Spruce up for Spring!

















1. Camerich's Lazytime plus corner sofa (pictured) is currently on sale with 40% off at £2,190. Lazytime combines modern design with exceptional comfort and can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; many modules available for immediate delivery. Call 020 7372 9887 or visit www.camerich.co.uk for more details (expires 31.5.15).

2. From the bedroom, to the living room, to the office **Man Furniture** is the premier retailer of contemporary furniture for men offering free delivery on all furniture to UK mainland customers. www.manfurniture.co.uk @MAN_Furniture

3. Millbrook Beds. It's your best kept secret in the bedroom. Traditionally handmade in the UK for almost 70 years, Millbrook Beds are made to order using only the finest, locally-sourced, natural materials to offer the ultimate in sleep luxury. For more information visit www.millbrook-beds.co.uk email enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk or call 0845 373 1111.

4. These linen cushions in Salamander design by London-based designer Petra Green make the perfect accessory for any sofa, chair or lounge space. **Room39** is a unisex brand dedicated to creating original, modern furnishings and accessories with subtle retro undertones and holds sustainability close to its heart. Available online at www.room39.co.uk from £45 RRP.

5. Luxury Safes are the ultimate lifestyle product for stylish protection of your assets. The interiors are hand-crafted in the UK, using the finest materials. These bespoke safes are perfect for cash, jewels and watches. For more information visit www.luxury-safes.co.uk or contact John on john@luxury-safes.co.uk or 07788 668236 for a consultation. (An approved Burton Safes Partner)

6. This early 1950's Dining Suite designed by Umberto Mascagni of Italy was retailed through Harrods London 1952-1955. It is a very rare set, in very good condition. The set, consisting of six chairs and dining table with glass top (removable) and matching side cupboards is available to purchase at **Mooie Stukken** - a Dutch design dealers specialising in exclusive furnishings and art. To view their current collection, please visit: www.mooiestukken.nl





7. Future Days. "Chrome Waves" is the paper vase that you place over your plastic bottle, as a cover. The vase got its name from a chillingly futuristic song by the british band Ride. Find out more at www.futuredays.se or call +46733367116.

8. Harley & Lola specialise in providing beautiful, high-quality, environmentally friendly furniture and home wares. The stunning Georgetown range of furniture mixes vintage French Oak with a black cast iron framework, creating an industrial contemporary feel. To see all collections visit www.harleyandlola.co.uk and get 10% off using the discount code GQ2, valid until 31/07/15.

9. Aditi Studios grew from a desire to create bespoke, beautiful lighting using environmentally sound production methods and technology. Every single piece of Aditi's work is designed, hand sculpted, worked and decorated and then assembled using traditional methods in a sustainable production process. To see more of the stunning collection, visit www.aditistudios.com or call 07977 514274.

10. Vinyl Me, Please is a record of the month club that sends its members exclusive pressings of amazing albums on vinyl and pairs each with an original art print and custom cocktail pairing. Discover us online at www.vinylmeplease.com

Wonderwall... Hang it Up!

1. Ben Mosley's work can be found in private collections throughout the world. His black and white London cityscapes have become iconic. Commissioned by Manchester United, ITV, and the Emirates Golf Club in Dubai to produce original artworks. He is currently Wembley Stadiums artist in residence creating two large murals with a permanent collection of work on display. To purchase Ben's work visit www.benmosleyart.com or call 0776 0119720 for more information.

2. Adam Colangelo is an established Canadian artist known for harnessing the natural beauty of copper. "Living, breathing landscapes" (102cm x 76cm), displays Colangelo's unique ability to create colour and movement without a single drop of paint. To view and purchase work visit www.adamcolangelo.com or call 001 416.884.1848.

3. Ana Kuni is Ukrainian born model-turned-artist based between London and Cape Town. Her african influenced portraits attract the viewer with vibrant, dynamic energy and strong signature style. To learn more visit her website www.anakuniart.com or instagram @ana_kuni or email anakuniart@gmail.com







Techno Treats... Gadgets Galore!















1. Yuneec Q500+ Aerial Video and Photographic (APV) system–Ready to Fly–straight from the box. Capture HD 1080p/60i-PS video and 12megapixel stills on a micro SD card or stream 'live' video to the transmitter's 5.4" LCD screen while flying. Price: £959.99. Visit www.yuneec.uk

2. Swiss producer **LUCRIN** specialises in exquisite handcrafted leather accessories. Their top-quality leather cases are tailored to be a perfect fit for your iPhone, iPod, iPad or Macbook, protecting them from scratches and dust. These light, sleek cases are available in a variety of luxury leathers and colours, and can be engraved. To find out more visit www.lucrin.co.uk

3. Bookniture unfolds from a book to a multifunctional furniture. In just a flip, you will never run out of tables and seats. Pre-order now at : www.bookniture.com Discount code: GQBOOKNITURE. Offer ends 10/5/2015.

4. With inspiration from the club life in Ibiza, **Urbanista** is launching earphones with the same name. Developed for music lovers and fashion conscious alike, the sound has been optimized with strong bass and ideal clarity. The comfort of the unique earpieces is a delight for long time listening and impulse dancing, with the volume control ready to be cranked up. Wear your music! www.urbanista.com

5. With it's high-impact protection yet compact design, the **mophie juice pack** delivers more then 100% (air) or 120% (plus) extra battery with the flip of a switch. Made for iPhone 6, this is the ideal case to keep you charged through the day and well into the night. Never need to take off the case, because it enables pass-through charge and sync while connected to a computer. Made for the iPhone 6 Plus, this is mophie's thinnest juice pack yet, but don't let the design fool you it will deliver you up to 14.5 hours talk time and 7.5 hours web browsing additional. Available in black, white and gold and fully Apple certified starting at £89.95. For more info visit mophie.co.uk

6. The **TDK Life on Record TREK™ Flex** speaker is made to move: weatherized design and built-in shock resistance –this speaker can take a tumble and keep playing your tunes. The TREK Flex offers 360 degrees of powerful audio with enhanced bass, whether you position it horizontally or vertically. Stylish and sturdy, the TREK Flex will provide the soundtrack to all your adventures, no matter what the forecast. Now available on Amazon.co.uk and at HMV for GBP 69.99.

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Techno Treats... Continued

7



8



9



10





11

7. Cycloramic. This iPhone 6 secret feature makes your iPhone rotate 360 degrees handsfree! Placed on its power adapter, the iPhone 6 spins while capturing panoramic photos or videos. The revolutionary £1.49 app has reached over 15 million downloads worldwide. Also available in the App Store for iPhone 5/5s. For more information visit cycloramic.com or email contact@egosventures.com and visit egosventures.com to learn about the company's other apps.

8. IN1 has produced the "Smarter" smartphone case, which not only provides a case for your phone but a huge range of useful tools, from pens to scissors to screw drivers and so on. For more information on the "swiss army case" of the cellphone market, visit www.IN1case.com or call 001-855-4-IN1 IN1.

9. Damaris Mode. The eclectic Solaris bag is a unique combination of style and sustainable tech. It features an integrated Solar Panel and built-in charger unit that can be charged via the Solar Panel or a mains socket. Available September 2015. Visit www.damarismode.com or email info@damarismode.com

10. Strax. Run out of memory on your iPhone or iPad? Leef iBridge is the iOS mobile storage solution designed to easily expand the storage capacity on your iPhone, iPad and iPod without ever worrying about deleting memories again. Safely backup photos and videos or enjoy your entire movie or music library without having to take up a single MB of space on your iOS device. Available at The Carphone Warehouse and Amazon.com For further details contact 01923 852923.

11. Travel in style with the new and improved **Tru Virtu** "Cash & Cards" aluminium wallet – a triumph in form and design. The aluminium wallet cleverly stores cash and cards in separate compartments and protects against illegal RFID-scanning of personal data; which is stored on credit cards. Stylish, compact, light and secure. Choose from 10 colours at www.stonegift.com or call 01732 771771. Enter promo code TVGQ10 to receive 10% off all Tru Virtu products. (Expires 31st May 2015).

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Belstaff
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berluti.com

Billionaire Couture
billionairecouture.com

Boglioli
boglioli.it

Bottega Veneta
bottegaveneta.com



Billionaire Couture at Harrods, ***87-135 Brompton Road,*** *London SW1. 020 7730 1234*



Levi's, ***174-176 Regent Street,*** *London W1. 020 7292 2500*

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H

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Jacob Cohen
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Sandro, ***30-31 King's Road,*** *London SW3. 020 7259 9539*

Russell & Bromley
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DESIGNER GARDENS *with* LANDSCAPER LABELS

Who needs to join the horticultural hordes at Chelsea when you can click your green fingers and move into one of these showstoppers? *Claire Pilton* delights in some dainty spadework

'There's no point having a garden if you aren't going to enjoy it, and to do this properly you should have places to sit or even lie down.' So says designer Andy Sturgeon, winner of six gold medals and a former 'Best in Show' award at RHS Chelsea Flower Show. Andy is designing the public green spaces at Lillie Square, Earls Court (**1**) [020-7381 9800] that will span over half the 7.4-acre scheme. Flanking an 80 metre long, tree-lined central square, in four low-rise mansion blocks, the Garden Collection provides the development's first release of 'private garden residences'. Priced in excess of £1 million, the 32 two-bedroom duplexes range from 1,097 sq ft to 1,354 sq ft and combine the benefits of a 'personal outdoor sanctuary' with views over, and doorstep proximity to, the communal square gardens.

While private gardens are at a premium in prime central London, it is one of the world's greenest cities with some 5,000 acres of Royal Parks. Well placed for the pleasures of Kensington Gardens and Holland Park, a pair of newly built seven-bedroom family houses on Campden Hill Road, W8, are also blessed with their own small but perfectly formed private gardens. Measuring 30 x 23 ft, there's certainly no room for football. Instead, three times gold medallist Philip Nixon has created 'relaxed, simple lifestyle spaces for entertaining or lounging'. Both houses sport swimming pools and, at 5,778 sq ft apiece, flutter £13.5 million price tags through John D Wood [020-7908 1100] and Savills [020-7535 3300].

By way of comparison, 19 miles from central London in the sought-after Hertfordshire village of Northaw, £2.75 million will stretch to a 5,989 sq ft, eight-bedroom, Grade II listed Georgian vicarage (**2**) with about an acre of grounds. Tended by the present owner for 40 years, the gardens feature fine topiary, colourful borders and immaculate lawns, as well as a pleasing variety of trees and hedges. At the far end, there is a free-form swimming pool, while directly opposite











the house is a small separate paddock. Families who dream of a village lifestyle close to London should contact Savills [020-7016 3780].

Another Grade II listed former vicarage (**3**), this time in Hilmarton, near Calne, Wiltshire, is on the market for £2 million through Strutt & Parker [020-7629 7282]. The 5,005 sq ft five-bedroom property and its rose-clad, one-bedroom coach house are set in established grounds of five acres. Parts of the formal garden have been designed by nine times RHS Chelsea Flower Show gold medal winner Peter Dowle and include a Victorian walled garden with an ornamental pond, an Italianate secret garden, woodland and herb gardens. Two adjacent paddocks incorporate a wild-flower meadow, an orchard and kitchen garden.

At Sundridge near Sevenoaks, Knight Frank [020-7861 1552] is selling a five-bedroom, 6,372 sq ft, Arts & Crafts style house that was built five years ago in 7.5-acre grounds (**4**). The landscaped gardens are the work of Chelsea gold medallist and former 'Best in Show' winner Roger Platts, who is judging this year's show-garden entries. Affording views over open countryside and the church spire in Sundridge, the £3 million property has a tennis court, swimming pool and a little former oast house that is perfect for poolside entertaining.

Alternatively near Thursley, Godalming, Surrey, Hamptons [020-7493 8222] is seeking £6.75 million for that most coveted of Arts & Crafts combinations: a Lutyens house set in wonderful grounds first laid down by Gertrude Jekyll (**5**). Extending to 51 acres, the property incorporates three lakes, paddock and woodland, a swimming pool, tennis court, stabling and a four-bedroom cottage. The main house (9,695 sq ft), which has eight bedroom suites, dates from the sixteenth century and was remodelled by the 28-year old British starchitect-to-be in 1897.

With roots dating back to the seventh century and medieval Malmesbury Abbey for a neighbour, hugely historic Grade I listed Abbey House (**6**) is probably best known for its gardens. Spanning some 4.5 acres, they first opened to the public in 1998, four years after the present owners moved in. These self-styled 'naked gardeners' who promote regular 'clothes optional' viewing days, have created a veritable Eden where, as Alan Titchmarsh observed, 'the wow factor is in abundance.' The gardens are visible from all the principal rooms in Abbey House which, at 12,637 sq ft, boasts a generous 14 bedrooms and is for sale through Strutt & Parker [020-7629 7282] and Savills [020-7016 3820] for £3.5 million.

Savills [020-7409 8881] is also seeking £3.5 million for Peplow Hall near Market Drayton in Shropshire (**7**); it is the Grade II* listed family seat of Lord Newborough whose famously organic Rhug Esate in Denbighshire supplies Michelin-star restaurants around the world. Peplow is surrounded by some 64 acres and comprises a most elegant eight-bedroom Georgian residence (11,635 sq ft) with a coach house, stabling, tennis court and swimming pool, pasture, parkland and a seven-acre lake. The walled garden – which is listed and one of the few curved examples in the country – together with the 10-acre landscaped gardens are, quite simply, glorious.



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London• *view*

By Knight Frank



On your doorstep... Fine dining

The wishlist

We speak to Sol Campbell



A London *perspective*

London's property life provides a unique perspective on one of the world's most energetic and fast-changing cities. The skyline is a constant symbol of the capital's quest for growth, while at street-level communities are continually evolving and re-inventing themselves. So what is it that drives this momentum and makes London such a desirable location?

A city capable of attracting successful, high-spending people from all corners of the globe. The short and unscientific answer is that people just like it. The architecture, the tree-lined streets, the parks and the river that winds through its centre. The fact that the latest shows, the hottest brands, the best chefs and the finest architects are all here. It is being in the centre of things, whatever your thing happens to be.

There are other drivers too. The time zone that has helped to make London a financial centre – positioned between the US and the Far East – is a key factor for those in business. All have ensured a constant flow of investment in London's property market and fuelled the changes that go with it. Neighbourhoods become hotspots as homeowners look away from the traditional postcodes for value. Standards are raised as the market demands ever more luxurious properties.

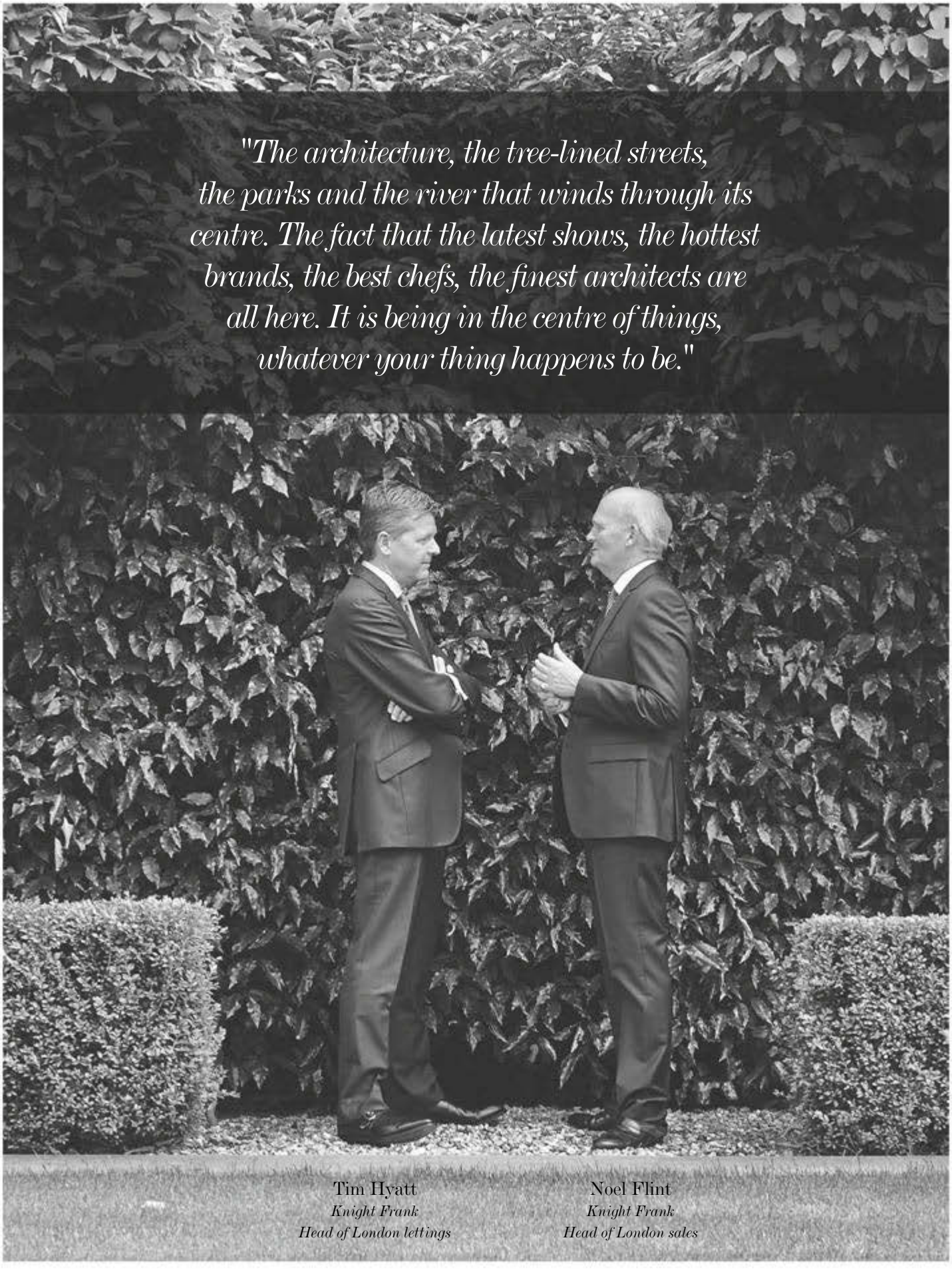
At the top end of the market, buyers have been looking beyond the golden postcodes of Mayfair, Belgravia and Knightsbridge. Their search parameters have changed in terms of location, but they are still insisting on the very best finishes and facilities such as concierges, 24-hr health spas and residents' clubs. There is usually a 'star-chitect' attached too.

Against the backdrop of a strengthening economy, this ripple effect has broader implications that are being felt in the rest of the capital and in surrounding markets. Those selling up in the prime areas – or priced out of them – are buying in Chiswick and Barnes and Richmond and enjoying the extra space that comes with a less central location.

The net result has been to calm the strong growth in Central London of recent years and generate more modest rises elsewhere, a trend likely to continue for 2015.

What is an absolute certainty is that London will continue to evolve, grow and surprise those lucky enough to call it home. And if you want a unique perspective on what's happening to the city around you, all you have to do is keep an eye on the property pages.

Comment from Knight Frank Research



Tim Hyatt
Knight Frank
Head of London lettings

Noel Flint
Knight Frank
Head of London sales



Guide price: £7,950,000
Knight Frank Kensington, sales - +44 20 3463 0308



"The trend towards penthouses is driven by the fact that it's such a perfect fit with the lifestyle needs of today's high net worth buyers"



Guide price: £6,600 per week
Knight Frank Mayfair, lettings - +44 20 3463 0230



Guide price: £7,500,000
Knight Frank Riverside, sales - +44 20 3328 6542



Guide price: £20,000,000
Knight Frank Hyde Park, sales
+44 20 3463 0240



Guide price: £2,500,000
Knight Frank Hampstead, sales
+44 20 3463 0127



Guide price: £1,695 per week
Knight Frank Wapping, lettings
+44 20 3463 0227

"As a concept it's something of an import from New York, where sweeping views have long been a must-have for wealthy buyers"

Rise above it



Guide price: £1,600,000
Knight Frank Canary Wharf, sales - +44 20 3463 0231

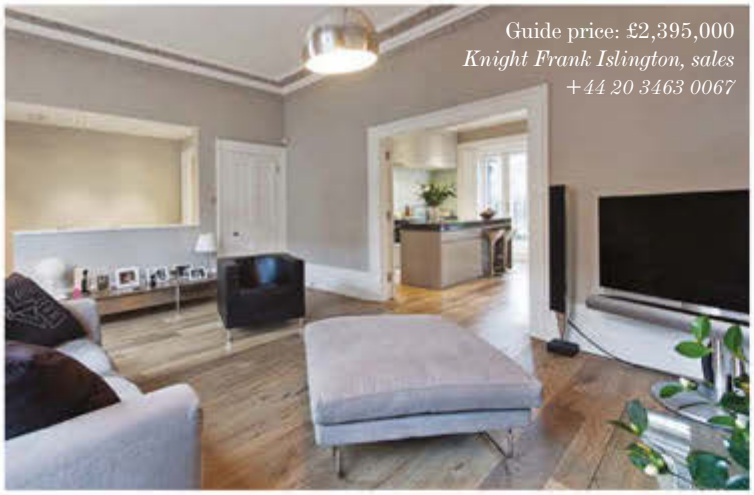
There's something rather special about hitting the 'penthouse' button when you enter a lift. It speaks of exclusivity taken to new heights, of privacy in the heart of the city, of living it up in a very literal sense. As a concept it's something of an import from New York, where sweeping views have long been a must-have for wealthy buyers seeking to escape the crush of the Manhattan streets below. And it's captured the imagination of London buyers and tenants in a big way in recent years, with sales and lettings of penthouses on a vertiginous upward trend.

The appeal of the views from on high goes without saying – whether it's a bird's eye view of one of London's Royal Parks or the opportunity to gaze out across the Square Mile's skyline. And a wraparound terrace is so much less hassle to maintain than a garden, after all. Another big attraction is the ease of lateral living. With London's traditional townhouses tending to be spread across three or more floors, buyers are drawn to life on one level that doesn't come with the compromise on space. Quite the opposite in fact; modern penthouses are characterised by grand open interiors and vaulted ceilings that live up to the panoramic outlook.

With the vast majority of penthouses forming part of larger luxury developments, there are also the wider benefits to consider – such as resident's clubs, concierges, gyms, bars and screening rooms. So when owners do descend to the less rarefied air of ground level, they are still able to enjoy high-living at its best. The trend towards penthouses is driven by the fact that it's such a perfect fit with the lifestyle needs of today's high net worth buyers. They want luxury and convenience in equal measure; a stylish and secure base in the heart of the city. All of which means that the penthouse market is only looking up.



Guide price: £1,850,000
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Guide price: £2,395,000
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Guide price: £3,250 per week
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The property wishlist

Whether you are looking for a batchelor pad in the city or a family home further afield, with over 25 offices in London we can help you find your dream home



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Guide price: £1,350 per week
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Guide price: £8,250,000
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Guide price: £850 per week
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Guide price: £1,700 per week
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Guide price: £3,750,000
Knight Frank Knightsbridge, sales - +44 20 3463 0234



Guide price: £3,250 per week
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Guide price: £24,000,000
Knight Frank Mayfair, sales
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Guide price: £450 per week
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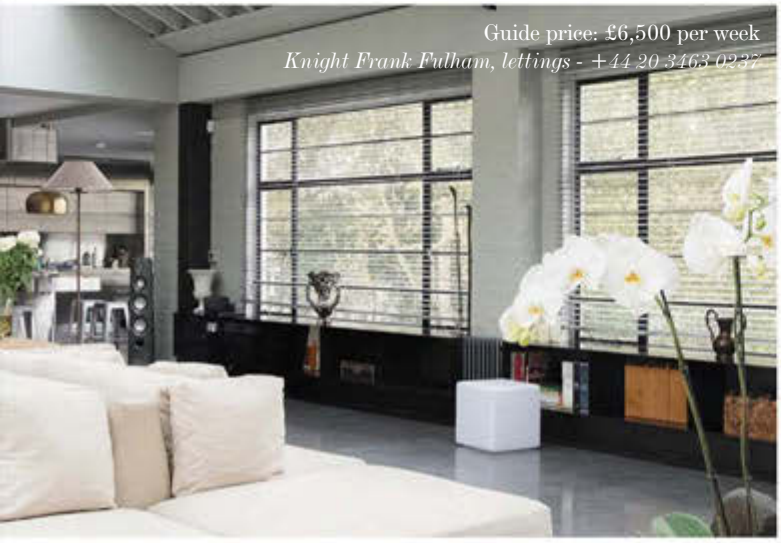
The City Club Gascon

Sandwiched between the financial institutions of the City and the creative powerhouses of Clerkenwell, Club Gascon brings serious Gascony cuisine to a knowledgeable and eager audience. Perhaps fittingly for a restaurant in the shadow of Spitalfields Market, well-sourced meat features highly on the menu, but it is foie gras that anchors this robust cooking. The 400-bin wine list is another reason connoissieurs have been beating a path to Club Gascon's door for going-on 20 years.

(Property above)
0.9 mile from restaurant.

On your doorstep...

Fine dining



Guide price: £6,500 per week
Knight Frank Fulham, lettings - +44 20 3463 0237

Fulham - The Harwood Arms

There are pubs, there are gastro pubs and there is The Harwood Arms. Tucked away in the back roads of Fulham this is London's only hostelry to be graced with a Michelin star. The menu champions the best of British produce and, with the emphasis on game and wild food, brings a taste of the country to this ever-desirable urban neighbourhood. Crisp pressed rabbit shoulder anyone?

(Property above) 0.9 mile from restaurant



Guide price: £1,295,000
Knight Frank Chelsea, sales - +44 20 3463 0149

Chelsea - Gordon Ramsay

The chef who needs no introduction has won a coveted three Michelin stars at his flagship restaurant in the heart of Chelsea, a few minutes' stroll from the King's Road. A regular feature on 'Best Restaurants in the World' lists, Gordon Ramsay manages to strike a rare balance between the warmth of the welcome and the ambition f the food. You need to be organised, though - those without a direct line to the Maitre'D need to book three months in advance…

(Property above) 0.7 mile from restaurant



Guide price: £923 per week
Knight Frank Marylebone, lettings - +44 20 3328 6537

Advertisement Feature

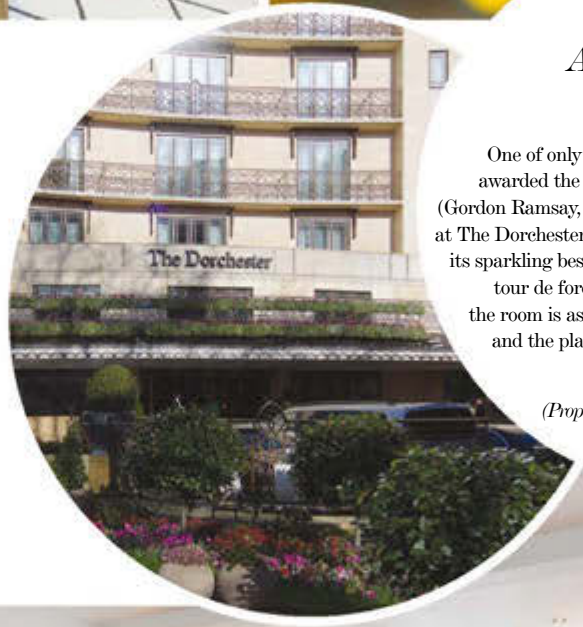
Fitzrovia – Pied à Terre

In this intimate townhouse restaurant you can easily forget that the manic bustle of Oxford Street is only moments away. Here the dynamism comes from Marcus Eaves' perfectly poised cooking. Rooted in the French classics, it still manages to be right at the sharp end of modern cuisine. The set lunch is rightfully considered to be one of the best Michelin-starred deals in town, and if you're there for dinner, make time to enjoy an aperitif in the delightful private bar.

(Property left) 0.5 mile from restaurant.



With a Michelin-starred restaurant seemingly around every corner in London's finer postcodes, the city well-deserves its reputation as one of the foodie capitals of the world. It's home to some of the most exciting and inventive cooking you'll find anywhere, and you can equally settle down to a cosy menu of the classics cooked by a master. So in a city where you're never more than a sautéed scallop's throw from cuisine of the highest order, here's an à la carte selection of our favourites.



Hyde Park Alain Ducasse at The Dorchester

One of only a handful of London restaurants to be awarded the highest accolade of three Michelin stars (Gordon Ramsay, Chelsea *(Top left)* is another), Alain Ducasse at The Dorchester conjures up contemporary French cuisine at its sparkling best. The seven-course tasting menu is a gallic tour de force that's worth skipping breakfast for, the room is as smart and elegant as its Mayfair setting and the plates are every bit as well-dressed as the well-heeled clientele.

(Property below) 0.9 mile from restaurant.

Guide price: £3,350,000
Knight Frank Hyde Park, sales
+44 20 3463 0240



Life & Sol

Sitting on the vast sofa in his penthouse in Chelsea's Cheyne Walk, Sol Campbell is talking animatedly about the complete renovation that he and his wife, interior designer Fiona Barratt-Campbell, have recently masterminded

The energy that he previously expended defending the England and Arsenal goal-lines is still very much in evidence, but these days it's focused on more creative pursuits. As well as ambitious projects to transform their own homes, this design-led couple are also busy building Fiona's ever-growing brand as it opens its new London headquarters and first LA outpost. "When we first saw this place, we knew that being in an Edwardian mansion block meant it had a great bone structure – large room sizes and ceiling heights, lots of original features – but it needed reconfiguring to fit with the way we live our lives today. Moving the kitchen from the middle of the apartment was priority number one – we spend so much time in there as a family that we wanted to be able to enjoy the amazing river views. Now we have the kitchen and the drawing room taking up the full span at the front of the apartment and it works incredibly well.

"We spend so much time in there as a family that we wanted to be able to enjoy the amazing river views"

We also opened up the entrance hallway, removing walls to allow light to flood in from the big windows in the double-aspect living space. As the penthouse is south- and west-facing, we get great light all day. And at night the Albert Bridge is lit up – it's really an amazing backdrop for dinner parties.

Elsewhere, a lot of thought went into maximising the use of space. Things like repurposing rooms to make en-suites, built-in dressing rooms and a utility room. The result is an unusually large lateral living space that really delivers as a family home.

Of course it's also a showcase for Fiona's style; an example of how it can all flow and work together from the furniture to the finishes. As with everything she does, the accent is on the bespoke, the handmade and the highest quality materials. She works with a fantastic team of craftspeople in the north east where she's from so there's a really strong providence in her designs. There are also pieces by other designers the brand is collaborating with, such as the Lindsey Adelman chandelier in the living space.

Another key thing for us about this apartment is what's on the doorstep. There's the river of course, plus parks for the kids, great neighbourhood restaurants - like La Delizia for perfect pizza, Kurobuta for its Japanese s and The Painted Heron which is a local institution. Then there's all the shopping of the King's Road. You get a real sense of community here too – it's the kind of place where petitions get signed if one of the pubs comes under threat of development.

I just feel really connected to this corner of London – and I've lived all over. We're only moving a couple of hundred yards back to our family home. That's the next project...













Guide price: £6,750,000
4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms

For more details on this property please contact

James Pace
Knight Frank Chelsea, sales
+44 20 3163 0149

With views over the Epsom Downs, you can be at the races in less than 10 minutes

Surrey - Price on application
Knight Frank Esher, sales - +44 1372 434002

Known for its beautiful beaches and endless watersports, Cornwall is a popular destination. From here you could be at Falmouth Beach in 20 minutes

(Property right)
Cornwall - Guide price: £1,750,000
Knight Frank Exeter, sales - +44 1392 248038

2.2 miles from Kington Golf Course

Herefordshire - Guide price: £825,000
Knight Frank Hereford, sales - +44 1432 367064



12 miles from Lymington harbour from where you can sail The Solent - the stretch of water between the South Coast mainland and the Isle of Wight; to France and the Channel Islands; and down the coast towards Dorset, Devon and Cornwall.

Hampshire - Guide price: £2,250,000
Knight Frank Winchester, sales - +44 1962 278004

Good sports

For some, living outside London is an opportunity to enjoy the outdoors and get a bit more active, for others it's a chance to watch others working up a sweat. There are sporting spots to suit all interests, from the coastal waters of the south to the rugby pitches of the north.

For watersports enthusiasts, there are plenty of towns along the south coast that offer the best of both worlds – a sophisticated cultural life with somewhere you can moor your craft nearby. Exeter is ever-popular, and Winchester has heaps of historical charm while still being in easy-enough reach of the capital. The closer you are to the water, though, the higher the price tag, with waterfront homes commanding up to 60% more.

If spectating is more your thing, Epsom has the famous races, or perhaps you could venture to Sevenoaks with nearby Brands Hatch and its packed motorsport calendar. Rugby fans have their pick of the league's towns, but you won't find many more passionately supported teams than Lauder's own Melrose. It's up there with Bath in terms of the fervor of its fans and the beauty of its architecture.

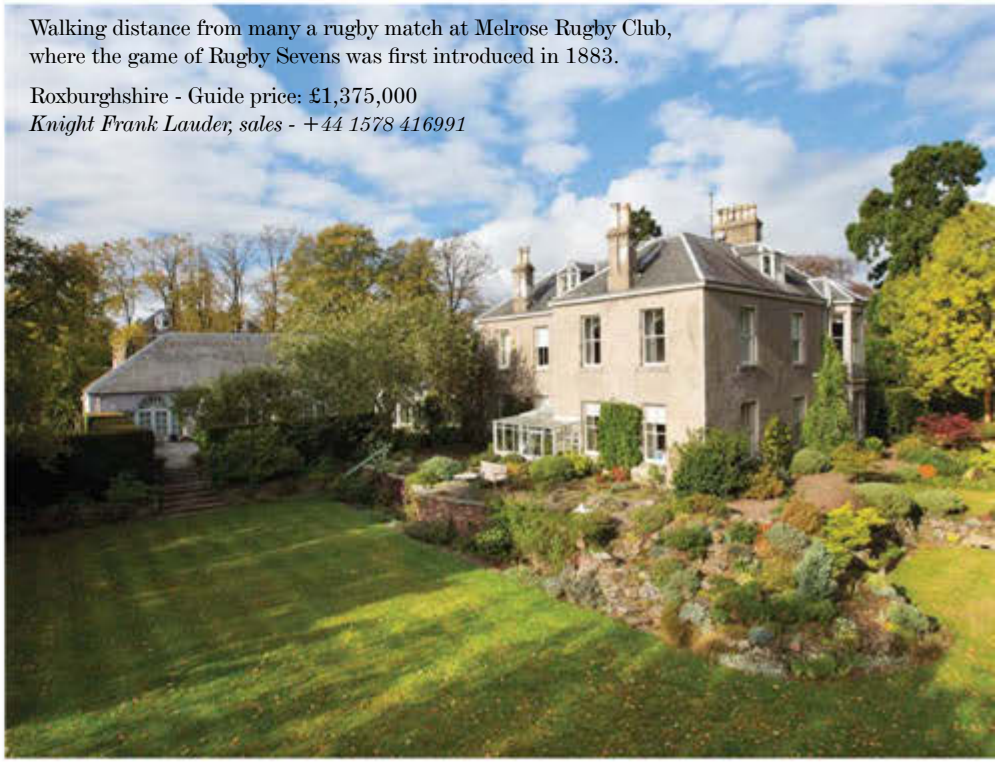
A short drive to Brands Hatch where you can enjoy a number of Championship races

Kent - Guide price: £1,599,950
Knight Frank Sevenoaks, sales - +44 1732 658002



Walking distance from many a rugby match at Melrose Rugby Club, where the game of Rugby Sevens was first introduced in 1883.

Roxburghshire - Guide price: £1,375,000
Knight Frank Lauder, sales - +44 1578 416991



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REDROW
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For sale through Savills Kensington for £13,500,000

Contemporary homes are more demanding of space with many having home offices, media and study rooms

ROOM TO MANOEUVRE

With property taxation firmly on the political agenda, anticipating tomorrow's demands against today's requirements has never been more important when buying your home. ***Claire Pilton*** *discusses with leading property advisors and buying agents Prime Purchase why our interpretation of home, and the way we use it, is changing*



As the property market absorbs the stamp duty changes and prepares itself for possibly more taxation post election, moving house has become a costly matter. It is not something that you want to get wrong, particularly in the capital where, for example, purchasing a £3 million property will set you back a further £273,750 in stamp duty, an increase of over £60,000 since the slab system was taken away. Today's taxes are a disincentive to frequent moving, so finding the right property has never been more important.

Against this backdrop the demands put on today's home have changed significantly over recent years. 'Home is where the office is; it is where you can entertain clients as well as friends and family; where you exercise, where the children are tutored, where art is displayed and your fine wines are savoured,' says Guy Meacock, who heads up the London team at Prime Purchase. 'Our clients are looking for a multi-functional environment and a multi-faceted investment.'

Arguably the biggest impact on the home is when it is used as an office. In the UK, over 10% of the population are home workers, made up of part-time workers, professionals wanting a break from the five-day commute or entrepreneurs wanting the flexibility and cost-savings of a home office in which to start up and run their own business. 'With London proving to be globally competitive in terms of fast and efficient connectivity, why waste time travelling when you don't have to, when one acquisition can meet two requirements?' says Jazmin Atkins. She cites the requirements of a recent client for whom sufficient office space at home was a priority, allowing both husband and wife to run their businesses and look after their children at the same time. 'Whilst the property we found saved on childcare costs and negated the age-old dilemma of the commute, most importantly, it allowed for a much more rounded family life,' she says.

Anticipating future needs can mean that the benefits of using a buying agent to gain that all-important impartial perspective are huge. Prime Purchase is helping a number of buyers 'to locate and acquire a property that fits, or can be adapted to meet, each member of the family's different requirements long-term. Young working parents who need self-contained accommodation for a live-in au pair now, may require separate space for university-based offspring in years to come,' adds Guy. Prime Purchase is able to add value and steer buyers who are, in the words of one client, 'wary of settling for somewhere now that won't be right in 25 years' time'.

Most of us only ever live in four or five houses in our lifetime, but the Prime Purchase team has years of experience seeing and understanding how homes operate. They advise how a property can best respond to every aspect of all its occupants' lifestyles and assess whether accommodation can expand or shrink to suit long-term circumstances. 'Such homes are hard to find and invariably command a premium,' adds Guy. 'While we advocate that would-be buyers should be property-led, not market-driven, we are experiencing one of those rare periods when the pendulum is swinging towards the buyer. The historical uncertainty that precedes any election has resulted in the softest London market for five years. That market is likely to continue to favour purchasers through the second quarter.'

To home in on London, visit www.prime-purchase.com or call 020-7881 2388
Prime Purchase is a wholly owned subsidiary of Savills plc and operates throughout the UK



For sale through Savills East Sheen for £5,950,000

HOMES TO VIEW

THE HIGH COMMAND ANCHOR BREWHOUSE

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THE HIGH COMMAND
ANCHOR BREWHOUSE
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Price on application – 4 bedrooms
EPC rating: C | Ref: TOW150010

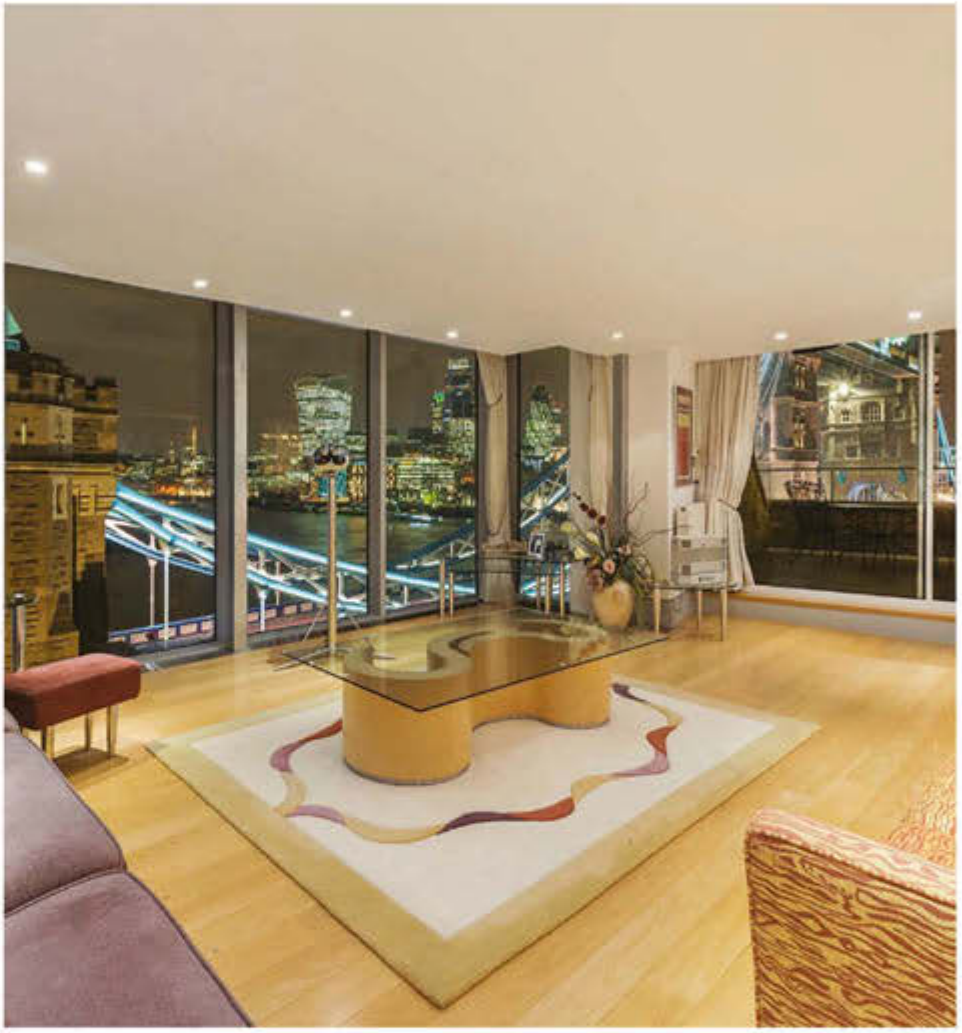
The apartment comprises of over 4,280 sq ft of accommodation, arranged over four floors, with an internal private lift. There are five spacious entertaining and viewing terraces flowing from various rooms throughout the penthouse offering views of London's most interesting and historic landmarks.

The penthouse is located in the heart of Shad Thames, close to the large variety of bars and restaurants the area has to offer.

- 5 terraces
- Internal private lift
- 4 car parking spaces
- 24hr concierge
- 4 bedrooms
- River views

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66
The only penthouse on the River Thames where Tower Bridge feels as if it is within touching distance.
99









LONDON DEVELOPMENT *update*

Claire Pilton looks at new schemes and individual houses in Notting Hill, Limehouse, Highgate, Wandsworth and Westminster



LIMEHOUSE

Regal Homes has just launched Royal Quay in Limehouse, E14, a fabulous scheme of 90 apartments with a 'headline' starting price of £250,000. The studios, one and two bedroom apartments – which go up to £600,000 – will occupy a series of historic warehouses on the Limehouse Cut canal. The 0.35-hectare water-fronting site (which Regal acquired to the tune of £15 million) is well placed for the Westferry DLR and for Canary Wharf: the latter is a three-minute ride or 15-minute walk away. Due for completion next spring, Royal Quay [020-7328 7171] will retain many original warehouse features, including exposed brickwork, high ceilings and industrially engineered wooden flooring, that afford these edgy apartments a desirably 'industrial-chic design'.



WESTMINSTER

Most recently occupied by the Cabinet Office, 67 Tufton Street, SW1, sits in the St John's conservation area of Westminster some ten minutes' walk from Westminster underground and the Thames Clippers stop. Within four months of launching the 19 apartments, eight have been snapped up off-plan, reports Rachael Gibbs of BNP Paribas Real Estate [020-7338 1010] who is joint agent with Hamptons. Prices now range from £1.5 million for a 916 sq ft two-bedroom flat with a private courtyard to £2.25 million for a 1,141 sq ft three-bedroom apartment. Three duplex penthouses on the fifth and sixth floors will offer 1,600 sq ft to 2,000 sq ft of three-bedroom accommodation and a private terrace. Enjoying views over Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, they will be released when the development is completed this summer. Watch this space!

WHITEHALL

Situated between the River Thames and Whitehall, The Corinthia Residences comprise a unique collection of 11 private apartments with privileged services. Each one has a dedicated service entrance for 24/7 room service, laundry and day to day needs, and a direct line to the concierge of The Corinthia; known as London's twenty-first century Grand Hotel, its two restaurants are overseen by a Michelin starred chef, while the spa – which residents access via a private entrance – was recently voted London's leading hotel spa by the readers of Condé Nast Traveller. Priced from £8.56 million up to £15.66 million through Savills [020-7409 8756] and Knight Frank [020-7861 5195], the residences have two, three or four bedrooms. High ceilings are teamed with the finest interiors in keeping with this former ministerial HQ's magnificent façade.



HIGHGATE

The unveiling of an English Heritage blue plaque this month on Highgate's Bishopswood Road, N6, marks the former home of Archibald Vivian Hill who shared the Nobel Prize for Physiology in 1922. The house and its detached neighbour (which Archibald's wife Margaret Hill CBE acquired in 1944 to house elderly war victims) have been newly built and reconfigured behind their Victorian red-brick façades by international developer Atelier. Each offers some 10,000 sq ft of six-bedroom accommodation over six storeys with a lift; the basement extensions provide a swimming pool, spa and gym as well as a cinema and bar. Complete with a predictably tip-top specification, they are for sale through Savills [020-7472 5000] and Glentree [020-8458 7311] for £13.25 million apiece.





LADBROKE GROVE

Luxury developer Landmass has a reputation for ensuring that every inch of space maximises its potential. Having achieved a record-breaking price for a mews house in Belgravia that nudged £3,000 per sq ft last year, Landmass is now quintupling a 622 sq ft site in Notting Hill to create a 3,326 sq ft house. Externally this looks like a modest, modern three-storey home, but step inside and it is hard to believe there is more space underground than above. By 'dropping' the patio garden to lower-ground level it is accessible from the open plan kitchen/dining/living area, while a double-height ceiling to the ground floor reception room allows light to flow throughout the space below. Featuring four bedroom suites, a media room, gym (or fifth bedroom) and integral garage, 76 Ladbroke Grove, W11 is due for completion in July, when it will be 'dressed to sell'. Prior to that, Landmass [020-7439 8095] is quoting an 'early bird' £6 million guide price for the freehold.



BATTERSEA

Come 2020, Battersea Reach, SW18, will provide 1,352 apartments and 194,000 sq ft of commercial space. The waterside community, which presently numbers some 1,800 residents, benefits from a 300 metre river-front walkway, 2.7 hectares of landscaped gardens and open space, a choice of on-site restaurants, bars, cafes, fitness facilities and 24-hour concierge. With 10 of the scheme's 17 buildings completed, developer St George is constructing The Pinnacle [020-7978 4141], a 15-storey tower that has been hailed as the development's 'jewel in the crown'. Ready for occupation in summer 2016, 75% of the 88 apartments are already sold. Prices now range from £775,000 for a 613 sq ft one-bedroom flat on the fifth floor to £1.9 million for a 1,252 sq ft three-bedroom apartment on the tenth; a £7 million four-bedroom duplex penthouse with extensive terraces and panoramic river views occupies the thirteenth and fourteenth floors. Following The Pinnacle, St George will start work on Meridian House, which will provide 38 one, two and three-bedroom apartments and two penthouses. It will be launched off-plan later this month.

PROPERTY

NOTEBOOK

Rosemary Brooke takes stock of desirable properties and new developments



A Private Estate

If heaven really was a place on earth – specifically in south-east England – then that place would probably be Wentworth Private Estate. It may be named after an African game reserve, but Shamwari is nestled amid the leafy lanes of this Surrey idyll. Offering speedy access to London and Heathrow airport, this top-notch new build is perfectly positioned and has immaculate interiors. Private, south-facing landscaped grounds, five reception rooms, four bedroom suites, further bedrooms, cinema, detached guest lodge/annexe, triple garaging and a staff flat – utter paradise. *Barton Wyatt: 01344-843000; ge@bartonwyatt.co.uk*



The Getaway

If you're longing to escape to the countryside, Bramley and Teal Holiday Cottages can help you find the perfect holiday getaway. The company offers tip-top, self-catering holiday homes, in fabulous coastal or rural locations, with properties dotted across the beautiful countries of Kent and Sussex. *To find out more, telephone 01580-860840, email info@bramleyandteal.co.uk or visit www.bramleyandteal.co.uk*



PLANNING AHEAD

If you believe in keeping your estate in the family, then you're in luck: Rupert Phelps has joined Savills to establish a Family Office Services practice. If you need objective advice on family governance, succession planning and all the rest of the palaver associated with managing substantial family investments, then Rupert's your man. As it's through Savills, you get all the company's advice and access to their huge network of industry contacts, from commercial and residential investments to rural land. Problem solved – hurrah! For further information, call 020-7877 4748 or email rphelps@savills.com



Island Adventure

Experience island living at its most luxurious at Soneva Jani in the Maldives. The latest venture from The Soneva Group is a mere 50 minutes by speedboat from Soneva Fushi on Kunfunadhoo – the first 'castaway' resort in the Indian Ocean. Soneva Jani will comprise 21 overwater residences and a further 30 on land – built on a bespoke basis according to the buyer's wishes. Prices from $2.5 million; the first phase will be completed at the end of 2016. 00-66-26 31 96 25; www.soneva.com

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Founded by William Morris, the SPAB protects the historic environment from decay, damage and demolition. It responds to threats to old buildings, trains building professionals, craftspeople, homeowners and volunteers and gives advice about maintenance and repairs. Since 1877 countless buildings have been saved for future generations.



Drawing of St Dunstan-in-the-West by SPAB Scholar Ptolomy Dean

Information about maintaining your home is available through events, courses, lectures, publications and telephone advice.

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Taking the measurements of the GQ world

№ 23

Boutique swimwear brands for your next beach holiday

FRESCOBOL CARIOCA

For: Gap years in South America
frescobolcarioca.com

FRESCOBOL: The Brazilian term for beach bat-and-ball games
CARIOCA: There's no translation for this Brazilian adjective, which (roughly speaking) refers to Rio locals
THE VIBE: Rio-inspired beachwear (*right*)
£115: Starting price
HOUSE PRINTS: The Copacabana, Búzios, Ipanema, Angra and São Paulo designs are available in swimwear and accessories
GAME, SET, MATCH: Andy Murray was once spotted playing Frescobol
FLAGSHIP: 47 Blandford Street, London W1



MAKE YOUR ODYSSEY

For: Santa Cruz surfing tours
makeyourodyssey.com

FKA: Formerly known as MYO, it was relaunched for SS15
THE FATTAL BROTHERS: David (35) and William (28) founded the brand in 2011
ABOVE THE SURF: Name of the collection inspired by the social side of the beach. Think bright colours with geometric designs
BELOW THE SURF: Name of the collection inspired by the ocean depths. Darker colours, with a more architectural wetsuit-esque cut
FREEBIE: All swimwear purchases come with a waterproof dive bag to protect your stuff
AS WORN BY: Edward Norton

VILEBREQUIN

For: Lounging in Club 55
uk.vilebrequin.com

1971: The year Vilebrequin was founded
CREATED BY: Sports journalist Fred Prysquel in Saint-Tropez after he cut some shorts from a checked tablecloth
£5,200: The starting price of the Golden Turtle collection, which features its classic design in 24-carat gold thread
COMING SOON: A collection designed with photographer Massimo Vitali arrives in June
WORN BY: Prince William – he chose a pair with red chilli-pattern print
FLAGSHIP: Burlington Arcade, 51 Piccadilly, London W1

SUNSPEL

For: British staycations
sunspel.com

1860: The year that Sunspel was founded in Nottingham by Thomas Hill
NEVER SAY NEVER: Sir Sean Connery's early Bond roles were the inspiration for Sunspel's more recent swimwear line
PRICE: £120
BEYOND BOND: Sunspel products can also be seen in films as varied as *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* and *Paddington*
COLLABORATORS HAVE INCLUDED: Paul Smith
INDULGE: Go for the Sea Island Cotton range – Jamaican cotton, hand-spun in Switzerland
FLAGSHIP: 7 Redchurch Street, London E2

ROBINSON LES BAINS

For: Posing on Muscle Beach
robinsonlesbains.com

FOUNDER: Christophe Vérot, 45
NAMED AFTER: Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe's shipwrecked hero
22: Swimwear products available in their current line-up. Seven trunks, 15 shorts
POPULAR: The Oxford short style is their best seller
£155: The price of a pair of Oxfords
57: The number of individual pieces involved in creating a single pair of Oxford shorts
TAILORING: Get a custom-fitted pair at the Paris store

ORLEBAR BROWN

For: Portafino people watching
orlebarbrown.co.uk

LAUNCHED: 2007
"GHASTLY": How photographer Adam Brown describes the state of mid-noughties men's swimwear – an observation that prompted him to get into the business
THE APPROACH: Not swim shorts, but shorts you can swim in
£130: Average price
THE NAME'S ORLEBAR: Daniel Craig wore their sky-blue Setters in *Skyfall*
COLLABORATORS: Slim Aarons, David Hicks, and most recently Emilio Pucci
FLAGSHIP: 24 Sackville Street, London W1

DANWARD

For: Adventure holidays
danwardwear.com

DAN WARD: The name of the founder, who has more than 20 years experience working for brands such as Hermès and Calvin Klein
THE AIM: Clothes that look as good off the beach as they do on the beach
WORN BY: GB Olympian Chris Mears
£115: Price of mid-length swim shorts
BEACH FOOTWEAR: Pick up dress sandals made in Italy from real Italian leather
COMING SOON: A new range based around an "urban surfer" theme. Whatever exactly that means...

ONIA

For: Hamptons beach parties
onia.com

28: The age of Onia founders Carl Cunow and Nathan Romano
THE NAME: Comes from the Hebrew word for "ship"
CALDER 7.5": Their signature short, designed to look and feel like traditional chino material
STARTING PRICE: £85
"BONDING TECHNOLOGY": Translates as a short with a seam-free finish
VINTAGE DESIGNS: Each season Onia use different archived prints from Liberty Of London

Story Ben Travis



James Anderson

England's No.1 wicket taker of all time*

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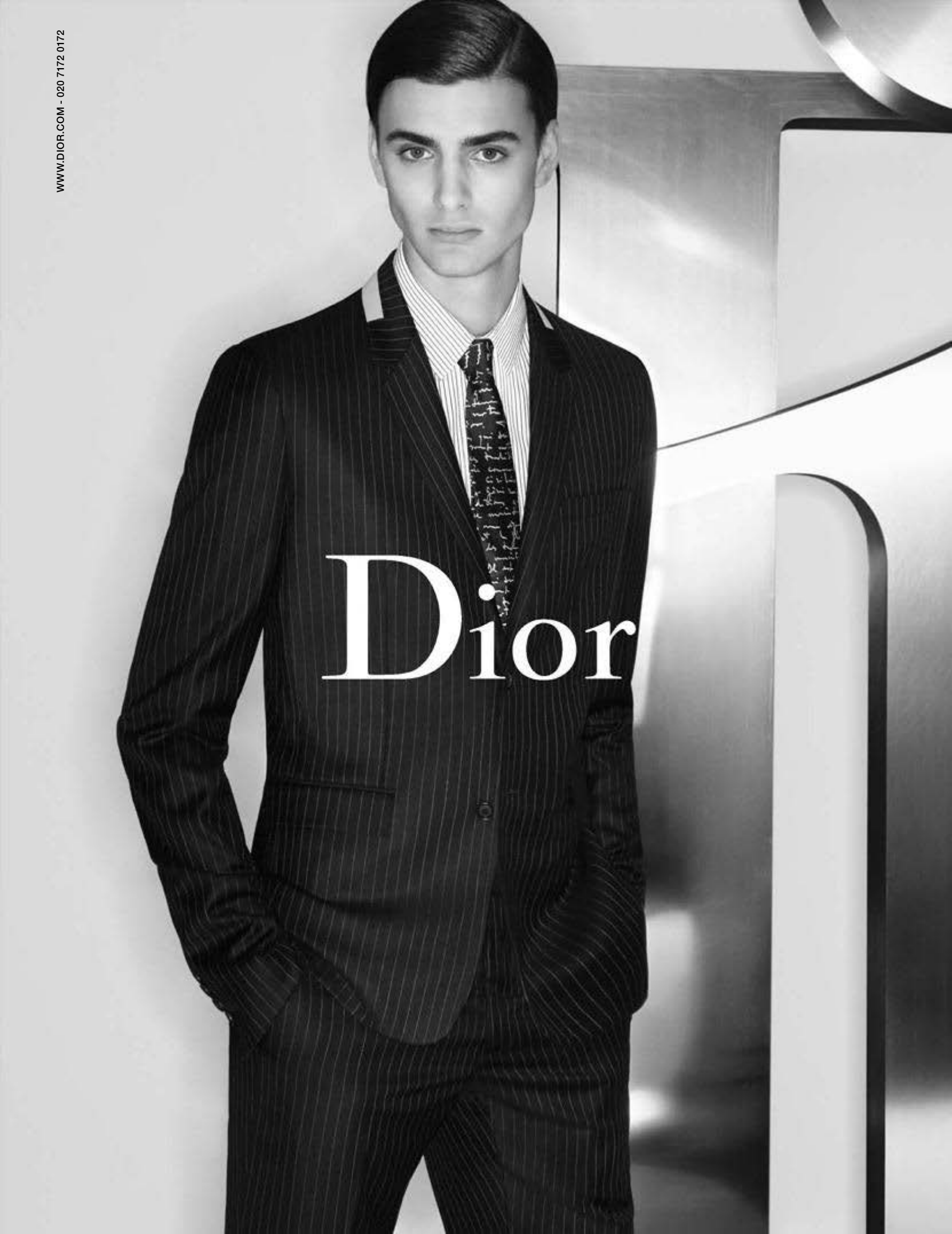
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*England's all time highest international wicket-taker, 380 test wickets correct at 16 Jan 2015.
Source: www.jamesanderson613.com ** UK's No1 men's supplement brand. †IRI value sales. 52 w/e 6th September 2014.

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